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THE HOUSE OF HUMAN WELFARE

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

LAST Spring, after a bitter political feud, Judge Lindsey retired from the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, which he had made famous all over the world by his scientific and humanitarian methods of dealing with delinquency and crime. Thereupon THE FORUM *invited him to preside over a court of his own choosing in the well known land of Utopia, — a land where right and wrong are not the toys of legal wits, and courts of law are Temples of Justice. The article which follows presents Judge Lindsey's plan for a new kind of court, — a clinic having legal sanctions to deal with the causes of crime and not alone with its effects.*

JOHN BROWN had forged a cheque for $100 and the bank had caught him doing it. John Brown was not an habitual criminal. Investigation showed that he had always worked hard and faithfully, and that he had supported his wife and five children apparently to the best of his ability. His family loved him. It seemed evident to any humane observer that he had forged the cheque in a moment of weakness. One reason he gave for the act, indeed, was that he had not been able to provide for his family as well as he wanted to, and that they needed things he had never been able to afford. This, while it does not justify forgery, would seem to suggest sensible ways by which, having been required to pay back the stolen money, John Brown might become permanently convinced of the unwisdom of further attempts to provide for his family in such a manner. In short, it was a case where the redemption of John Brown and his restoration to good citizenship could readily have been accomplished by any social agency more interested in his redemption than in taking revenge for what he had done.

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John Brown was tried in a criminal court in Denver. Now a criminal court is a punishment machine. Criminal courts are seldom interested in the redemption of social weaklings. Their usual function is to crush such persons. This court that tried John Brown ran true to form. Brown was sent up for from five to ten years. That was the end of John Brown and his hapless family. The iron fist of the law descended on the frail, economically precarious structure that they called their home, and left it a flattened ruin. The father who was its one source of support, and on whom it depended utterly, was in prison. And not only was he in prison, but he was deprived by law of all opportunity and right to contribute, through his prison labor, the support he would have been glad and happy to render to his wife and children.

The frantic mother faced not only the loss of her husband's presence in the home, but extreme poverty as well. Her only recourse now was to take some ill paid job which would keep her from home all day while her children made shift as best they could. The children themselves were now deprived by the state of certain inalienable rights: they had no father, and they faced poverty, squalor, hunger, malnutrition, and insufficient schooling. They had not had any too large a chance in that lower middle-class home while their father was with them. Now they stood on a par with the children in the slum where they went to live. Ahead of them lay a psychic and a physical crippling. The law had created here a situation which was likely to breed one or more criminals among those five children as they grew up in poverty and want, and with the stigma of a father in prison always attached to them.

Since this man has most of his term yet to serve, there is the further prospect ahead that John Brown will emerge from prison, not the fairly valuable citizen he was, but an embittered and broken man, a psychic cripple, confirmed in the very weaknesses that induced him to make that disastrous theft.

Before he was discovered in the commission of a forgery, the State of Colorado required John Brown to support his family. Had he wilfully failed in such support he would have been adjudged guilty of a felony considerably worse in its social consequences than the stealing of a hundred dollars. And yet the same state, acting with ponderous and pompous stupidity through one of its criminal courts, now turned right around and made itself party to such non-support. Nay, it became the principal in that

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crime; it did the very thing which, in John Brown, it would have branded a felony. For the sake of revenge on John Brown, because he had laid hands on the property of another man, and not at all for the purpose of making him a good citizen and restoring him as such to the community, it stooped to the crime of robbing his family of, let us say, ten thousand dollars which he might have earned in the period covered by his sentence. All this to even the score on a theft of one hundred dollars.

When I say that the state robbed those people, I mean it literally, just as truly as if it had confiscated their land and goods. Whatever may be said of the wisdom of imprisoning a man without a criminal record, for such a time, on the commission of such a theft, there can be no question that to deprive him, in prison or out, of the privilege of supporting his family under some sort of state supervision was cruel, stupid, barbarous, and criminal. It was all this because it was utterly needless and deliberately revengeful.

Consider the fine delicacy of touch shown by the court which sent that man to prison. As an agency for correcting evil and wrong-doing and for safeguarding society from such thefts and forgeries, it acted with about as much discrimination and delicacy and respect for human rights as the operating officials in a medieval torture chamber. The attitude toward human weakness and human need was the same in both cases. There was only a difference of degree in the atrocity committed. Instead of putting the man's body on the rack and his foot in a boot, — instead of hanging, drawing, and quartering him, as was till quite recently the custom in many "civilized" countries, — it subjected him to slow torture of the spirit for a term of from five to ten years. It did this by locking him up in four walls and compelling him to labor for nothing; for the fruits of his labor went, not to his family, if you please, but to the state! It was confiscation pure and simple. And yet the Constitution of the United States is supposed to provide against that kind of thing.

It is true that even the laws of Colorado contain a safeguard against such abuse of power in what is known as the Redemption of Offenders Act. We had the machinery whereby that man could have been saved to his family and to society in the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, of which I was Judge at the time this case came up. But when hard-boiled district attorneys prefer the atmosphere of the criminal courts, there isn't much that can be

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done about it. In this case I am of the opinion that what Brown needed was not a jailer but a physician, — preferably one versed in glands, teeth, eyes, and nutrition. One needed only to look at Brown to realize that he was physically inadequate for the job of supporting a wife and five children. With two children, through birth control, and with better health, through right medical aid, John Brown would never have felt tempted to forge a hundred-dollar cheque.

Since he was by no means a confirmed criminal, he might, under proper supervision, have made a living for his family outside of prison, and lived with them, so that his children would have had a father. By a little wise and kindly guidance, society would have been enriched by a relatively happy and productive home. Meanwhile Brown would have had a chance to pay back the stolen money, if it was not recovered at the time of his arrest. Thus he would have regained an added measure of self-respect. Moreover, he might have been given the medical attention he needed under conditions favorable to the regaining of his physical and mental health.

But he is in prison. And his family and himself can go to the devil for all the criminal courts or the lawyers that sent him up care about it. Money, politics, and the guardianship of property pay far better than looking after the poor wretches who lack both money and power.

A Clinic for Social Misfits

This story is just one of scores of similar ones that occur to me as I look back over my long experience as a judge. To me, they are just so many terrible reasons for believing that in every city and town in the United States, — and every county seat, if you like, — there should be, far from the jail, at the other end of town, a cool, quiet refuge, a sanctuary to which the weary and the heavy laden and the spiritually and physically sick, might come or be brought for help. I would call it a House of Human Welfare. Its purpose would be, not to punish people, but to save them. If they could be saved only by punishment, it would punish; but not otherwise. If society were imperiled by their being at liberty, it would imprison them; but not otherwise. Revenge would be no part of its program. Its work would be medicinal, restorative.

It would need more than the services of a judge, probation

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officers, and social workers. It would need medical men, trained psychiatrists, vocational experts, and others who would be capable of creating a machinery of adjustment, at once delicate and powerful, like the great scales in the mint that are said to be capable of weighing anything from a grain of gold dust to a ton of bullion. The great resources and authority of the state would be behind it. It would not merely be able to determine what things needed to be done, it would also have the power to do them. Like the differential of an automobile, always seeking to strike a true compensation between the contradictions and conflicts of society, it could work adjustments in human lives possible to no other social agency.

Everywhere the House of Human Welfare would be considered no less essential than the public school system, with its playgrounds, its medical examinations, its school lunches, its special provision for crippled or defective children, and its general effort to bring children to healthy, happy, and normal maturity under the parental guidance of the state. The principle is the same in kind, for adults are merely children grown up; and most of them need more help, and more kinds of help, in meeting the complex conditions of their lives than as children they ever needed.

The House of Human Welfare would practise religion as Jesus conceived and practised it when He said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." In pursuing such a course it would doubtless come into sharp collision with the Scribes and Pharisees of this day, and with all who confine their religious activities to mere preaching. On the other hand it would be assured of sympathetic cooperation from those forces of organized religion which practise what they preach. In Denver, in my work as Judge of the Juvenile and Family Court, I found that division, — church hostility on the one hand, and church cooperation on the other. I have no doubt which wing of the Church will ultimately win.

In the meantime, let the genuinely religious people of this country look at the issue and define it. And let them understand, when they are troubled in mind by the weakening grip of the Church upon the people, that the mission of Jesus was not a mission of judgment, coercion, threats, and punishments, but a mission of healing. In so far as the Church chooses to align itself with the methods of justice that are satisfied to dispose of the John Browns by destroying them and their families, and of the

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Saccos and the Vanzettis, — whether innocent or guilty, — by practising on them barbarisms that have issued from the jungle, the Church will be an object of indifference or derision in the eyes of thousands who seek the Way, the Truth, and the Life. A cup of cold water from the hand of an atheist is a better symbol of religion than a sponge of vinegar offered on the end of a stick by Pharisees who believe the way to make people "good" is to crucify them, or else to terrify them with the "example" of other offenders being crucified.

I am not here concerned to discuss at length the question of the extent to which the punishment of law-breakers serves to deter other would-be offenders. Yet the point is a vital one in the eyes of those who believe that punishment and the threat of punishment are the only effective deterrents. There are doubtless persons who can be restrained from wrong-doing only by the prospect of punishment. Our present social system produces them, like poisonous toadstools. With a different system we could avoid producing them; but since they are here, they must be dealt with. Those of them who are so warped that they can not be made straight again, must be restrained by knowing that unless they govern their impulses and conform to the law, the law will lock them up and isolate them from society exactly like any other lunatics. But they will feel a much greater impulse to self-control in the face of such a threat, if they know that the law regards lunatics with compassion, that it thinks of them as sick people, and that its concern is not to torture them but to restrain them and protect society.

The Art of Healing

I think all such "lunatics", in their lucid moments, would find in that thought a Christlike magic which in some instances might heal them. I have found it so in my dealings with lunatics and near-lunatics, — if I may use the word in its broadest sense to include all persons whose way of thought and action is markedly aberrant from the social norm. The moment you convince them that your purpose is to heal them, their belief makes them whole, or tends to. Jesus knew this, and said it time and again; but many of His followers have failed to grasp His thought.

My ideal in the work of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver has always been a healing ideal. I have learned by more than a quarter of a century of practical experience with an enor-

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mous variety of human material, that this law of faith achieved by the casting out of fear is universal. When you make a man believe that you can help him, you can then cast out the psychic devils within him. You can not do it with the power and completeness with which Jesus did it, for His was a supreme genius and a personality so radiant that few could resist it; but you can do it in your degree. You can be persuasive, you can be sympathetic, you can be as wise as long study and experience may chance to have made you. You can cut loose from those racial ways of thought that do not stand the test of reason and the light of inquiry. You can have faith and courage in yourself, — the faith and courage which leap like a spark into the dry tinder of other souls and set them on fire. Each can do this in his degree, and according to his own gift of insight. Some have more of this insight than others; and all can cultivate the gift and increase it by use.

Those who have it most are those whom I visualize as functioning in a House of Human Welfare. I think such a talent, such a gift for seeing into the hidden places of the heart, is like any other artistic gift. Some persons have it just as some have the gift of music, or of painting, or of working in marble, or of writing or talking with words that are like search-lights. And some artists are great artists, while others are merely good, and still others mistake their calling because they yearn for a certain kind of insight and lack it.

This is especially true among those who undertake social work. It is true, indeed, among all who choose to become healers, whether of the body or of the mind, or of both. I know physicians who are geniuses. They have a gift for diagnosis which appears to be based more on an unanalyzable delicacy of perception than on their fund of objective scientific knowledge. I have known doctors whose fund of technical knowledge was enormous, but who lacked this faculty of diagnosis and the healing touch of spirit on spirit. Again I have known men of small scientific attainment who had it in abundance. The old family doctor of tradition was often a genius of this kind. I have known surgeons who were artistic wizards with the knife; they knew where and how to cut. That was their gift, their insight. But they could do nothing with a man aside from that. I have known still others who were bungling surgeons, but who could take a man after a desperate operation and bring him through when the more skilful surgeon might have lost him.

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In social service work it is the same. In my court I had dealings in the course of years with scores of social workers. Some of them were geniuses. I could entrust them with work that required genius. Others were fair. Some were well intentioned bunglers, utterly out of their field. Some were not even well intentioned; they were merely meddlesome old cats with a taste for investigating the smelly places, back alleys, and garbage cans of life, and a relish for punishing people. They had no gift of sympathy, and if permitted to have their way, — as they often were, — wrought very great harm and destruction in lives that could have been salvaged. Many of these were sex-starved women who would have been horrified to know what ailed them. They were bent on revenge, and often obtained it. I often think that something of the sort is the matter with some of these judges who exact from culprits the last ounce of the permitted pound of flesh. Many of them take a sadistic delight in punishing people who have done things they themselves would secretly like to do.

The establishment of Houses of Human Welfare would, therefore, be an even more difficult enterprise than the establishment of good schools with good teachers, or of good hospitals manned by good doctors and good nurses. Everybody knows that in these institutions the result is a mixture of good and bad; but we insist, nevertheless, on having schools and hospitals. So with the House of Human Welfare. It would be imperfect because it would be human, and because in our present state of evolution we produce only a small number of geniuses. I am not suggesting the House of Human Welfare, therefore, as a sudden step into Utopia. But I believe it offers as big an improvement on the condition of having *no* House of Human Welfare as the existence of schools and hospitals, however imperfect, offers on the condition of having no schools and hospitals.

The Denver Experiment

I think of the House of Human Welfare as an extension and development of the kind of work which, with the assistance of social workers, physicians, ministers, lawyers, and humanitarians, I carried on with marked success in Denver for twenty-seven years. Certain political forces of Denver, with the assistance of the Ku Klux Klan, have temporarily destroyed that work, and have put something totally different in its place. Laws relating to certain fundamental human problems, — laws which I wrote

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into the statute books and problems which I dealt with by methods of my own, — are now administered in Denver by a judge who announced when he took office that he was "neither a sociologist nor a psychologist", but just a judge; that under his administration the court would be conducted like any other court of law; that the work of the court would be done on a strictly legal basis; and, by inference, that my peculiar and informal methods would be abandoned. In short, there was to be no more "high-falutin' sociological nonsense". Plain legalism was reenthroned.

This policy is now being carried out. People who come to the court for assistance, guidance, counsel, and help are now required, as in any other court, to employ attorneys, who argue the cases in attorney fashion and who receive fees. Those without money to employ such legal aid are now as badly out of luck as they are in other courts. In pointing this out I do not intend to criticize my successor. I am very thankful for his frankness in stating his position, and I think such candor much to his credit. He has thus made it clear, beyond all possibility of dispute or debate, that the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, as I created it and conducted it, no longer exists; and that the present court, though it bears the same name, is quite a different thing. He has a perfect right to make such a choice. And since he has made it by public avowal of his program, I am sure he would not want his present court in any way confused with the *old* Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. This present court is his own creation, and he should certainly receive full credit for having made it what it is. Whether it is better or worse than the court I created is, of course, a matter of opinion; and people are by no means wanting who think the new court an improvement.

I, of course, do not agree with this verdict, because to me the idea of a House of Human Welfare is the vital thing about a court of domestic relations. The great difference between the old court and the new lies, indeed, in this one fact: the conception of the court as a House of Human Welfare has gone out of it. It has been openly and specifically discarded. And the reason it isn't there is that such an idea can not be put into practice amid the traditions of an ordinary court of law. One might as well try to grow a flower garden on an iceberg.

I made the court a House of Human Welfare, — on a very limited scale, it is true, as compared with what would have been

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possible if it had been more generously supported financially by the state. It *was* a House of Human Welfare, and it was *real*, — not merely a millennial dream. I had a staff of expert men and women working with me in various capacities and for the most part they worked effectively. The fact that our House of Human Welfare became a going concern is evidence to me that the same thing could be done anywhere, and that my dream of similar institutions over the length and breadth of America is not just a Utopian mirage.

In creating such institutions, I think the core of organization must be a court of human relations planned upon the same general model as the old Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, and with similar laws back of it. These laws should provide for an extension of chancery court procedure in dealing with adult criminal cases, as they do in Colorado, — the first and, I think, the only state so far to adopt this procedure. The judge of such a court should be a man of adequate capacity and genius for the work, and part of his purpose would be to build up out of the material at hand a corps of trained workers who would suit the local need. There can be no rigid formula for this. When an artist paints a picture, it must be his own work, unique and original. So here, creative artists, experts in human artistry, adepts in dealing with human material, would in each instance create something unique. No two Houses of Human Welfare would be exactly alike, nor would any of them be mere duplications of the thing we created in Denver. And yet they would all have the same regenerative purpose.

A House of Human Welfare in any community should be housed in a single impressive building, — a social temple, so to speak, of a beauty and dignity in keeping with its function. But this is by no means an essential point. It could exist, indeed, without a building, for essentially it would be a house not made with hands. And since the material resources required for the building of such a house would be very small, it could be created in any community where the needful spiritual resources were available.

I am not saying that money would not be needed. On the contrary, it should be available in generous measure, as for schools and hospitals. But the start could be made on a modest scale. The Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, when it functioned as a House of Human Welfare, did its work in recent years on an average budget of $40,000 a year, as compared with a budget of

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about $200,000 for the Criminal and Civil Court. And we handled some ten thousand cases a year as compared with their four or five thousand. Moreover, a very large part of these criminal and civil cases were mere formal filings involving no contacts whatever with people and no hearing of arguments, while every one of our cases involved personal contacts and service to individuals.

Suppose we had had $200,000 a year for salvaging the John Browns of society, with adequate chancery laws that would have given our court the power to deal with many of the adult cases that went to the criminal courts! As it was, we saved the State of Colorado millions of dollars in court costs, and other millions in the economic value of the human beings we salvaged. We might have done more, — far more, — and every dollar invested in that work would have been returned to the State of Colorado a hundredfold. In short, I am not proposing something to drain the resources of a state or community; I am proposing a paying investment, just as clearly so as good schools and good hospitals.

The Scope of the Work

The House of Human Welfare, as we had it in Denver, involved a cooperative, coordinated effort by a large number of humanitarian agencies in the city, agencies which, save as we brought them together in such cooperation, tended to function separately and hence less effectively. These agencies were already in existence. We created our House of Human Welfare simply by making the court a channel through which they could coordinate while they functioned. And what made this possible in a way that could have been compassed by no private agency was that the court had judicial power. The state was behind it. We could get things done, and we could enlist the voluntary, sympathetic aid of many private agencies in getting them done. With more money we could have worked miracles. We worked them anyway.

The work that could be done by a fully developed, well equipped, adequately supported House of Human Welfare would be as various as human need. Its concern would be the spiritual, physical, and economic health of human beings. Its work would be preventive as well as curative. It would do more than pull people out of trouble, it would try to teach them how to live. To this end it would invite their confidences and their confessions without any attempt at impertinent prying. It would be a Palace of Consultation and Counsel. As such it would be sufficiently impersonal to

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make confession possible, as to a physician; and it would be sufficiently personal to be sympathetic and intimate in its approach. It would have more than the effectiveness of the Roman Catholic confessional, for example, because its point of view would be scientific rather than theological. By this I mean to cast no reflections on the Roman Catholic confessional, which is one of the wisest institutions in the world. I want to see its principles applied on lines broad enough to be available to non-Catholics.

The House of Human Welfare would fall in line with those educational forces in this country that are trying to teach boys and girls and men and women the ideal of a sane mind in a sound body. It would not attempt to replace such forces nor to compete with them; it would try rather to become a kind of moral clearing-house, a centre through which their manifold activities could be distributed and apportioned in the particular community where it was functioning. I can even conceive of such local Houses of Human Welfare coordinating their efforts through some national organization, housed, let us say, in some great building of suitable beauty and dignity in one of our great population centres, perhaps at Washington under the wing of the Federal Government.

I can best illustrate what I mean by referring back to the work of my court in Denver. We dealt there with every kind of human difficulty, and fully two-thirds of the cases that came our way came of their own accord for help. They had no police escort. Even after the Ku Klux Klan had succeeded in ousting me and in destroying the system which, with the help of my associates, I had built up, hundreds of people in need of help and guidance still continued to come to my home. The number of those who sought me there was greater, in fact, than it had been when I was in office. When I told them that they should seek the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver which had the judicial power to help them, they would shake their heads. They said in effect: "We don't want a law court; we want help. We can't afford lawsuits and lawyers. We want some one we can talk to in private, some one who will listen, and advise us, and tell us what we should do." Deprived of my power to give them practical assistance, I did what I could under the circumstances. Some of the tragedies, of course, were beyond my help. It made me more sorry than ever that my successor was "neither a sociologist nor a psychologist".

The work of the House of Human Welfare, as I picture it to myself, would have to do mainly with certain broad problems of

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human life which are so universal that they touch all of us more or less vitally. Want of balance in the emotional life is the source of most human troubles. Such want of balance may spring from wrong conditions of living, from wrong training and education, and from bad health. This last needs emphasis. It reacts on the emotional life in ways that are particularly disastrous. If people knew how to keep their bodies in good health, a large percentage of crime and misery would be wiped out at a single stroke. Children who have been wrongly nurtured find it hard to adjust themselves to the rights and demands of society. Outwardly they may achieve such adjustment, while inwardly they remain in conflict with it. Since many of them come to adult years with that conflict still unsettled, the result is adult infantilism. Adult infantilism is one of our national maladies.

Education in Sex

I have gone extendedly into the causes of this condition in two books, *The Revolt of Modern Youth* and *The Companionate Marriage*. One chief manifestation of this internal emotional conflict to-day is to be found in the sex obsessions and the generally unbalanced and unintelligent sex life of the American people. Witness the violent and rapid changes in our sex conventions. Many of these changes are dangerous and ill considered; others have reason in them. It is in this field of sex education and adjustment, I should say, that the House of Human Welfare might perform one of its most important functions. Our sex conventions are inadequate; and I am in sympathy with the effort to alter them in sane and careful ways that would meet the needs of our civilization.

But the people who are doing the changing are densely ignorant about sex; they play with this dynamite as if it were sawdust. They need experts to tell them the truth about themselves and their inner life, and the truth about sex as it relates to the welfare and stability of human society. Where can they get such counsel to-day? Here are a girl and a boy, ignorant of their bodies and their minds, beset with desire for one another. They are torn between that desire and their fear of society, and perhaps the Wrath of God threatened by the Church. They don't dare seek advice from anybody older, wiser, and more experienced than themselves, because that would subject them to reproach and exposure, and deprive them of the power to make their

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own choice. They would be courting coercion and punishment. So they keep their own counsel and take their chance.

What they should have is sex instruction of the most thoroughgoing, expert, and honest kind, — sex instruction without reservations, — sex instruction that would lay all the cards on the table, and leave the moral decisions to them. Such a plan would make possible these moral decisions which are now rendered impossible by ignorance and fear. But they can't get sex instruction of the right sort under present conditions. Hence they follow their own blind inclinations, often to destruction. If they practise contraception, it will be of the crudest sort. Ignorance again! They know nothing of scientific contraception; but this ignorance does not deter them, for they are ignorant even of their ignorance. If, in consequence of such ignorance, the girl becomes pregnant, they face a still worse difficulty, with nobody to whom they can turn for counsel and help, save by putting themselves in the path of punishment and social vengeance, and "ruin" for the girl.

Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy* is the most utterly true and complete presentation of this situation that I know. That case, taken from life, ended in the murder of the girl by a weak boy who was driven nearly mad with fear. I have known many instances where it ended with the girl's suicide, or with the murder of her unborn child by an abortionist, or in her exposure and disgrace in a variety of other tragic complications. The House of Human Welfare would be a refuge for such people. It would help many of them out of trouble, and it would *keep* many out of it by preventing their getting into it in the first place.

Disagreement and quarrels between husbands and wives usually spring either from poverty and financial stress or from their ignorance of how to make their sex life an asset instead of a liability. They should have been instructed in scientific contraception before marriage; and they should have been taught how to make love. But they have been taught nothing. They blunder into marriage, into their marital sex relations, and into parenthood, — the three most vital things in their lives, — utterly uninstructed. They have babies they can't afford; they live so ignorantly and unwisely that they are old with disease by the time they are forty; they become nervous wrecks through financial anxiety; and so they go on the rocks by thousands. Most of it is not only needless but avoidable. Houses of Human Welfare

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could do much to educate people, especially young people, in these matters.

Since the welfare of children is usually involved in such domestic difficulties, I have had to deal with many parents, trying to untangle the snarls into which they had involved their affairs. Where sex ignorance is the cause of trouble, sex instruction by skilled medical men frequently puts an end to it. The House of Human Welfare should be a place where all could go for scientific and entirely proper instruction in the art of love; for that's what love is, — an art. Most divorce cases result from ignorance of that art and of blundering attempts to practise it.

Parents could also obtain instruction in the House of Human Welfare concerning the care and training of their children. I have long urged that there should be a law in Colorado providing training in parenthood for prospective and actual parents. A House of Human Welfare could function in such work as that.

Naturally the more manifold the activities of such an institution, the bigger and costlier it would become. It would be foolish to have illusions on this point. It would be an undertaking of the first magnitude if the nation as a whole, or if any state, should attempt to apply it adequately. It would be so because it would deal with every phase of human life. The art of living would be its field and nothing human would be foreign to it.

Moreover, such an enterprise would have to enlist the services of specialists and scientists of the highest order; and these highly skilled people would have to be adequately paid for their services. If they were to do their work properly, they would have to have economic security and security of tenure also, — which means that the work would have to be done outside of politics. Under such conditions there would result the creation of a new profession, the profession of Human Artistry. It would be among the noblest of callings, and among the most exacting of the arts. And it would be a challenge to the best talent America could produce.

It should be understood that whatever money was spent on this work would be as profitable an investment as that spent on our public schools. It should also be understood that money spent on criminal courts, prisons, and other instruments for making criminals and increasing criminality is worse than wasted. It is a sowing of the wind from which already we reap the whirlwind.

I should like to see some one, or a group, of our enormously

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rich men, who have seen fit to endow humanitarian institutions of many kinds, furnish the money for the founding of a real House of Human Welfare in some great population centre, due provision being made to obtain for it from the state powers of a judicial nature which would give to its work an effectiveness that would not otherwise be possible. Brought into existence in such a way, such a House of Human Welfare could be set up as a model of its kind; and its value would become so patent that gradually communities all over the country would create something similar for their own profit. Much of the work would, of course, be done in cooperation with already established social agencies, physicians, hospitals, schools, homes, and churches. Consequently the skilled inside staff would not have to be formidably large or costly to maintain. Many industries could set up such Houses of Human Welfare for their own use. I recently suggested to certain leaders of the motion picture industry that they ought to have some such thing, — a Court of Human Relations within the industry.

We had a working model for the House of Human Welfare out in Denver, and though the model has been smashed, the plans and specifications for it still exist in the record made by my old court. I have faith that the same thing will again come to life, either in Denver or elsewhere, on a vastly greater scale; and that the House of Human Welfare, in the fulness of time, will become a reality, not in a few scattered places only, but throughout the length and breadth of America, and ultimately of the civilized world.

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THE ARMCHAIR MILLENNIUM

ROSE MACAULAY

Forum Table Talk

A BRIGHT millennium (why do we thus limit our expected felicities to periods of a thousand years?) seems to be rapidly approaching. It is to be a millennium of comfort and ease, — an armchair millennium.

What preachers have, for the last several centuries, called "this age of hurry and unrest" is drawing to a close. Already we need not leave our happy homes in order to hear music, for we have music pouring into our sitting rooms, bedrooms, or wherever we elect to hear it. No more, either, need we go out to dance, for dance music fills our passages and parlors and we can Charleston round the dining room anyhow until midnight.

Nor is it necessary to sally forth in search of oratory (if we chance to have a taste for this pleasure), for ever and anon, and quite often enough to suit most of us, the sonorous voices of eloquent speakers declaim into our drawing-rooms. Nor need Sunday evening services any more be attended in person, for those of us who have a fancy for these can join in prayers, hymns, psalms, and sermons, sitting on our own sofas. Many persons, indeed, do this who never dreamed, nor ever would dream, of being found within a church.

As to the drama, the arrangements for its transmission to an armchair audience are not yet completed; at present they can only hear it, which is unsatisfactory, if economical and comfortable. But one understands that before long television will give us quite a good view of the stage and performers. That, for many of us, will be the millennium. To see and hear a play every night, without further trouble and expense than one's own wireless set entails, without the tedium of going out and coming back and the discomfort of being surrounded by other people as noisy and tiresome as ourselves (for those in our homes we should be able, with a little firmness, to keep in order), — here, indeed, is bliss, only a little marred by the fact that we can not choose what play we see

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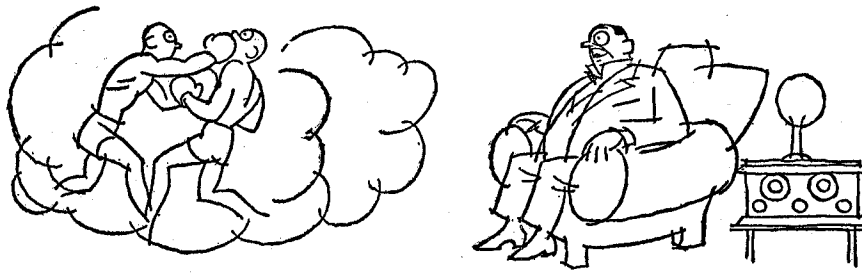

but must accept what is given us. And, if our taste is rather for the Silent Drama, we shall doubtless be able soon to behold that too, captions and all.

All the same, we shall not even then have attained perfect convenience. There will still be life to be lived, and I, for one, feel strongly that we ought not to have the trouble of living it. *Everything* ought to be done for us by what is, oddly enough, called wireless, and what I, — observing the tangle, as of nests of vipers, which crawls profusely about my own set and runs down my passage, — prefer to call wires.

Yes, everything should be done for us. Why not? It is rumored that we may soon have rushing into our homes over the wires all kinds of domestic help. Unseen power will come at our need and will clean our rooms, wash our dishes, cook our food, run up meals to our armchairs on electrically propelled tables, make our beds, turn on our baths, divest us of our clothes and dress us again, shave us, wash us, do our hair, and fling us into bed.

And as to our recreations, why should we not have dinner parties by wireless of an evening, instead of sallying out from our homes to the homes of others? Tune us in on any dinner party where there is jollity, wit, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul, transmit to us the taste of savory viands (this should be a simple business) and let us sit and enjoy the evening without trouble.

It may be objected that, if every one thus sat at home, there would be no dinner parties to be broadcast to him, but to provide these should, of course, be the task of the staff at our hotels. As for the public houses, they may as well, when these arrangements are completed, close down, for every sensation they provide of liquor imbibed will be conveyed to us, and even, if desired, the sensation of having imbibed too much.

But broadcasting will have to become also more selective. Each

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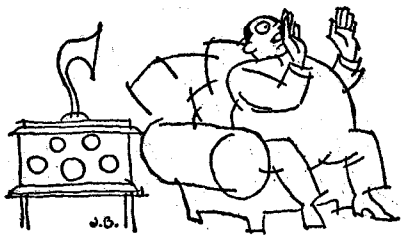

set owner must be able to call for what he wants and get it; he will set his wave-length for a Scotch and splash, or a small lager, or a large raspberry syrup, without necessarily inflicting these beverages on others.

Indeed, this matter of individual selection is the most important of the points which the broadcasting authorities must see to. In a world with so many million different tastes and desires, it is not to be expected that we should all want to see and hear the same things. At present there is nearly always some one in each home ready to say "turn that nonsense off" just when the others are enjoying themselves. There is no reason why one listener should not enjoy "Who's My Baby?" while others listen to Bach, Debussy, or Sir Oliver Lodge on the atom.

In the millennium, those of us who have a whim to see a little country landscape, without the trouble of taking a walk or a journey, will be shown vignettes of fields, woods, and lanes which would cause others to expire of boredom. Those who wish to do so will be able to enjoy country scenery without the tedium of "living in Kent and being content", or of "going to Surrey and living without worry", while those more urban souls who find the home and other countries distasteful, and prefer art to nature, will instead look at picture exhibitions from their chairs (but heaven forbid that those who lack this taste should have to do so).

And for those with a taste for literature there will be reading aloud of infinite variety, so that never again need we trouble to wear out our eyes by studying print. As to those of us who desire to write, the gift of words will rush into us along the wires, and we shall be electrically impelled to fluency, if not to intelligence. Our pens will be propelled over the paper as if planchette pushed them, and page after page will rapidly be filled with dashing electric thoughts.

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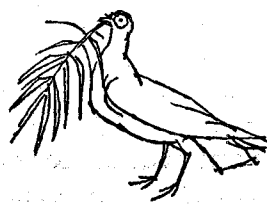
I should like all this to occur. I hold that there has always been too much action and initiative in this world where all things travail together. We have made of it a restless, untranquil place, in which created beings, human and other, hurtle about from spot to spot, hectically intent on their private ends. Why, for instance, go forth to see doctors, dentists, osteopaths, and other healers, when the same treatment could be so much more restfully meted out to us as we sit at home? We should be able to press a button and be, — well, not healed, for to heal human ills is usually beyond the skill either of human or electrical physicians, and can only be done by the processes of time, — but anyhow, treated.

I contemplate starting a Society For Not Taking Any Trouble. Most societies seem rather to have been started with some other end in view than this; it is quite time that mine got going. As to most of the societies now functioning, a short and convenient way with them has been suggested, which would suspend their activities and hasten the advent of the armchair millennium: they should each pair with some society of opposed tendencies, as do Members of Parliament on opposite sides of the House. Thus, the Anti-Vivisection Society should pair with the Society for Anatomical Research, the Vegetarians' Guild with the Butchers' Union, the Birth Controllers with the More Men for the Empire League, Fascists with Socialists, the Miners' Federation with the Coal Owners' Association. The newspapers might do a little pairing too. And as to that, and while we are on the subject of pairing, and not wishing to be in the least offensive, what about a little of it among private persons? We all know some people who would be better paired than actively functioning; perhaps most of us would.

But here we are on delicate and controversial ground. This paper started with an exaltation of the marvels of science and the pleasures of inactivity, and an exhortation to keep both of these going, only more so. Let it end on the same note, — that of perfect peace.



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IS THE UNITED STATES IMPERIALISTIC?—A DEBATE

YES, says Mr. William J. McNally, who believes that the policy of the United States is now predominantly imperialistic, though varied with moods of knight-errantry which are objectionable in their practical results. He thinks that the United States would do far better to discard knight-errantry altogether and follow an openly admitted, enlightened, and intellectually honest imperialism.

NO, says Mr. Diòmedes Pereyra, who treats us to the unusual spectacle of a South American calling the United States an honest neighbor. He believes that the expansion of the United States is different in kind and purpose from the expansion of the European powers: theirs is offensive and illogical, ours defensive and limited by the "manifest destiny" of the United States in the western hemisphere.

I—OPEN IMPERIALISM OPENLY ARRIVED AT

WILLIAM J. MCNALLY

THE discomfiture of the average American when he hears any one speak of his country's imperialism, bears a striking resemblance to the confusion of the Victorian lady at any mention of her legs. It will be remembered that these concluding touches to the human figure were both unnecessary and undesirable as far as she was concerned. They represented, on nature's part, an error of taste which the lady could but pass over in frigid silence. She snubbed the topic, as much as possible, by studied and systematic avoidance; when this strategy failed, she would, if hard pressed, concede a point and, resorting to pseudonym, would extend unwilling and distant recognition to her "limbs". Yet, despite the pertinacity of her efforts, disrespectful and even derisive laughter constantly greeted the assumption that her anatomical structure consisted of a head and torso rising, in defiance of gravity, out of a nebulous and neutral-tinted haze. And the sounds of such laughter brought a chill to her soul.

The American attitude toward imperialism is cut from the same piece of prudish self-deception. The average American regards imperialism with moral disapproval. To think of his revered republic in the rôle of imperialist is to think in terms of the

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unthinkable. So he avoids the topic whenever he can; and when he can't, he calms his moral sense with a pseudonym. And of late, the same disrespectful and derisive laughter which greeted the pretensions of the Victorian lady, have been called forth by the portrait of the United States as a selfless knight-errant using his shining armor solely in the rescue of the deserving weak nations of the world from the predatory strong. And the sounds of such laughter bring a chill to the American's soul. The same devotion to sentiment which made our Victorian grandmother ridiculous has been passed on as a family trait to her grandsons in contemporary America. Her sentiment made her deny a biological fact; his, a political fact. She was simply not rational on the subject of legs; he is not rational on the subject of imperialism.

It does not require a psychoanalyst to explain the origin of the American "complex imperialismus". The historian has furnished all the necessary facts. The United States was conceived in the spirit of anti-imperialism. When it emerged from the womb in 1776, it had an arrogant imperialism to fight; and fight it it did with all the fury and moral passion of the born hater of imperialism. So abnormal a national birth could not but leave a permanent mark on the national mind. It would have been extraordinary, indeed, if a nation so begotten and so trained in its childhood could ever thereafter be quite sane when the word "imperialism" was as much as mentioned. And so it has developed. The babe, now grown up, has become the mightiest nation in the world, and it has achieved this power through the paradoxical policy of detesting imperialism in principle while favoring it in practice. Were the nations of the world to vote to-day to choose the leading imperialist among them, there is every probability that the United States would be the majority candidate for the honor. And yet this same United States continues to think of itself complacently as an anti-imperialist.

The United States likes to think of itself as a consistent knight-errant. But a dispassionate survey of the American record in foreign affairs leads one to conclude that the United States has consistently been an imperialist, and only sporadically a knight-errant. One can never tell in advance when the mood of Don Quixote is likely to seize it; but one may be sure that the mood will be only a mood and in the end will vanish quite as certainly as it appeared. Like the aurora borealis, the mood of American knight-errantry can not be depended upon: at times it floods the

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world with light, then disappears, not to be witnessed again for months or even years. The American people marched into the Spanish-American War in a mood of knight-errantry, and marched out of it conspicuously bearing aloft Guam, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and, less conspicuously, Cuba. In a mood of knight-errantry they marched into the World War, but within three years they had so far soured on the rôle that they were almost ready to stone the President who wanted to give knight-errantry a further lease on life.

Knight-errantry is not the word to describe the United States' ordinary dealings with other nations. It is not the word to describe the taking of what is now Texas, Colorado, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Wyoming away from Mexico. It is not the word to describe the wresting of Guam, Porto Rico, and the Philippines from Spain. It is not the word to describe its equivocal activities in Panama, its anything but disinterested activities in Hawaii, its "strong-arm" policy in American Samoa, and its expansionist and supervisionist program in the Caribbean. Some other word must be found and the task of finding it is not difficult.

The inevitable word is "imperialism". None the less, it should be conceded that the United States' record as an imperialist is not bad. It is bad only when juxtaposed to the sanctimonious American claims. Were the United States to pit its imperialistic record against that of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Japan, Spain, Holland, or Belgium (not to speak of several smaller powers), it would have little of which to be ashamed. Considering its temptations and its opportunities, America may well stand amazed at its own moderation and enlightenment. Nor could any nation in the foregoing list sneer, as one imperialist at another, at such an attitude.

Why the United States should be so inordinately proud of its knight-errantry and so inordinately ashamed of its imperialism is, I must confess, beyond my comprehension. I could understand the phenomenon better if the sentiments of pride and shame were reversed. It seems to me that the United States' knight-errantry is far more of a nuisance to the world than its imperialism. In the first place, America's claim to knight-errantry is fraudulent. The drinker who abstains from drinking only on the third Tuesday of every month (at which time he sobers up and delivers a public lecture on the evils of drink) taxes everybody's patience when he

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refers to himself as a teetotaler. And the United States is this same kind of knight-errant.

But it is not merely the intellectual dishonesty of America's claims of disinterestedness that is objectionable. The practical results are even more pernicious. Let me cite the practical results wrought by knight-errantry in three modern instances: the Spanish-American War, the World War, and the recent Nicaraguan tangle.

The Spanish-American War. Had the United States not been troubled by its peculiar "complex imperialismus", it would have annexed Cuba and the Philippines outright at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War. Any other nation similarly situated would have done just that. Not so the United States, with its distaste for intellectually honest imperialism. It had to trim its imperialism to its phobia; that is, it had to temper its imperialism with knight-errantry. Cuba the United States would not annex but "liberate"; the Philippines the United States would not annex permanently but "temporarily", with independence so pledged as to represent a mortgage on the national honor.

The recklessness of the statesmanship behind this course is worth observing. In the first instance, self-government was to be conferred upon a people about whose capacity for self-government there was considerable doubt. In the second instance, the national honor of the United States was to be pledged to an action which might very well prove impracticable, impolitic, and unwise. And what happened? The United States had to modify its first declaration and back water on its second. On the Cuban question the position of the United States is now that of a power which did a generous thing, advertised it as such, and then undid it,—i.e., "Platt-amended" it. On the Philippine question the United States stands before the world as a power which is perpetually finding excuses for not doing the generous thing it is still perpetually promising to do.

The foregoing illustrations are characteristic of the way in which imperialist-phobia tends to drive the United States into cart-before-the-horse statesmanship. Let it be remarked at once that I have nothing against the liberation of either Cuba or the Philippines. I am simply saying that it is always stupid to promise more than you know you can fulfil. Why promise then? The United States would have been better off if, at the very start, it had annexed both Cuba and the Philippines unconditionally.

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It would still have been free to liberate them at any time it saw fit. And, if unable or unwilling to liberate them, it would not have had, on that account, to look foolish, — which it does at present.

The United States seems curiously slow to grasp the not necessarily subtle point that when, in a mood of transient knight-errantry, it is moved to create among alien peoples (whether they be Filipinos or Europeans) expectations greater than it can fulfil, the "let-down" is bound to give rise to a sense of burning grievance; and in that sense of burning grievance all gratitude for favors past and present will quickly evaporate. Only superficially and ephemerally is knight-errantry a good-will policy. Basically and permanently it makes for ill will.

The World War. Had the United States based its entrance into the World War on solid nationalist grounds, it would have spared itself a great deal of gratuitous grief. Any other nation similarly situated would have done so. But the United States could not do a simple thing simply. It had to enter the War in a transport of grandiloquent knight-errantry. The result? The European nations took America's declarations of knight-errantry literally. They became infatuated with the idea, and when the United States, wearying of the mood, decided to discard it, they became incensed. They believed, or affected to believe, that in some way they had been swindled. In their rage they went so far as to say that the United States had never been the knight-errant, but the hypocritical self-seeker and trickster from the start.

Thus out of its knight-errantry, — which was real enough while it lasted, — the United States derived neither glory nor gratitude, but only misunderstanding, contumely, and unnecessary hatred. Another nation remote from Europe, — Japan, — entered the War as a candid nationalist. It punctiliously fulfilled a nationalist contract which required of it only some trifling exertions, and then retired. And Japan, doing the minimum required of it and nothing more, is not to-day despised by European nations. Their contempt and enmity are reserved for the power which made a magnificent, colossal, and, relatively speaking, selfless effort on their behalf. Knight-errantry is not a practical policy. Donned with ease, like the shirt of Nessus it is not to be doffed without serious and unlooked-for difficulties and pointless suffering.

The recent Nicaraguan tangle. Had the United States Senate ratified in its original form the Bryan-Chamorro treaty, — which

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virtually converted Nicaragua into an American protectorate and explicitly established the American right to intervene in Nicaraguan affairs, — the Diaz-Sacasa civil war in December, 1926 would have found the United States armed with power to do the thing which, in fact, it did do, but without the right. Then its intervention on behalf of Diaz would have been no more than the activities of a fireman fighting a fire in his own district. Without this authority its intervention looked to the world, and to a large part of the American public, like the activities of a burglar seeking to break into a house not his own. Why, then, during the Wilson administration, did the United States refuse to assume the interventionist rights which Nicaragua was ready to accord, — which represented, after all, only an intellectually honest recognition of the realities of the relation already existing between the two nations, and which, at a later date, the United States government was destined so desperately to need? One can only shrug one's shoulder and answer: "The old story. Imperialist-phobia. Knight-errantry. The desire to make the grand gesture at the expense of common sense."

In Nicaragua the United States had been, if the expression may be used, "legitimately imperialistic." In 1912 Nicaragua had become an American protectorate, unacknowledged it is true, but a protectorate none the less, and under circumstances by no means discreditable to the United States. The American government had had its choice of intervening in Nicaragua or of letting Zelaya (the president-dictator) plunge Central America into a general war. It had chosen to intervene, with the result that, in 1912, it discovered that it had on its hands a small, wrecked republic. Realistic statesmanship demanded that it acknowledge its new ward as a protectorate. But the word was too much for a nation troubled by a "complex imperialismus" and it had to be stricken out, though the fact remained.

Had the United States acknowledged its protectorate, admitted its imperialism, and contended merely that its intervention was legitimate, it would have had a strong case. But it was not content to let well enough alone. It had to create the impression that it was not imperialistic at all, and, in consequence, it ultimately succeeded in appearing before the world as a nation illegitimately given to imperialism and brazenly dishonest in the bargain. And that is the crushing reward which it usually gets, — and perhaps not undeservedly, — for its masqueradings.

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Above all, American imperialism fears exposure. It is forever pretending that it is not itself but something different. It lacks the courage to stand up and meet a situation openly. It is cowed in advance by the national prejudice; hence its predilection for crawling rather than for walking erect, its penchant for subterfuge rather than argument, its mania for obscure and devious paths rather than for straight and open highways. The fact that its transparent disguises would scarcely deceive a child disturbs it not in the least.

The British take their imperialism less irrationally. They would no more think of denying the obvious fact that theirs was an imperialistic nation than they would the equally obvious fact that theirs was a monarchical government. To be sure, they would explain that imperialism, with them, like monarchy, was subservient to public opinion, and that they had both, so to speak, in chains. They would remark that they recognized great danger in either unrestricted and irresponsible imperialism, or in unrestricted and irresponsible monarchy; but that, under proper control, both represented forces which, in their opinion, were distinctly useful. The American looks upon the word "imperialism" as simultaneously a noun and an adjective. He would think it redundant to speak of an "evil imperialism", for imperialism, by his definition, is an "evil policy". To the Englishman the word is as devoid of ethical significance as "government". He understands that imperialism, like government, may be good or bad, and in any specific instance he must hear the particulars before deciding which adjective to use.

I do not hold that British imperialism is, perforce, intellectually honest. I do hold that it is not nearly so intellectually dishonest as American imperialism. The British have an advantage over the Americans at least in this: that they candidly recognize their imperialism as such, and hence are spared the awkward experience of parading it before the world in a false face. And they have still another advantage in that beneficent imperialism appears to them as an ideal worth striving for. Beneficent imperialism impresses the Americans as no more of an ideal than beneficent wickedness. They can not make sense of so paradoxical a phrase. Thus the British have a practical working ideal which is susceptible, in some measure, of human realization. The Americans, on the other hand, have a supra-mundane ideal which, for practical purposes, is valueless and even harmful. Not only is it not susceptible of

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realization in the world as at present organized, but the occasional attempts to realize it only result in confusing, misleading, and irritating other powers, and ultimately in involving the United States in unnecessary, unpleasant, and humiliating situations.

Lest I be mistaken for a Bourbon imperialist, I might here remark that it is a matter of indifference to me whether the United States turn non-imperialist or continue as it is, — an unmistakably imperialistic power. The mere fact of its "going" imperialist or the reverse is as meaningless as its "going" Republican or Democratic. The important consideration is whether it "goes" intelligent or stupid. Intelligent imperialism is preferable to stupid non-imperialism, and intelligent non-imperialism is preferable to stupid imperialism.

Speaking simply in the capacity of an humble observer, I think that imperialism is with the United States to stay. It is less a necessity than an irresistible temptation. The strongest power on the globe, the United States can do what it wishes, and there is no one to say it nay. Nor should the fact be ignored that its ancient doctrine of security has been so amplified, amended, and inflated as to amount virtually to a claim that the United States has the right to exercise its will, as it sees fit, anywhere in the western hemisphere. Of course, such a claim reveals our imperialism in all its naive vanity. There is, I dare say, a good deal of sheer childish fustian in the claim, for the United States hardly has the disposition, though it undoubtedly has the force, to back the claim to the limit. Nevertheless, I do credit the United States with the disposition to make the hemisphere safe for the dollar. And so long as it has this disposition, it will incessantly be "tinkering" with countries which are dollar-doubtful. A true non-imperialism would require of the United States a complete abandonment of both neo-Monroeism and dollar-and-national protectionism abroad. And that American opinion would ever sanction such a program of renunciation is scarcely conceivable.

Since, then, imperialism we have and imperialism we are going to have, would not the nation be spared an endless loss of dignity, a vast deal of humiliation, and many an unnecessary practical embarrassment, if it were to discard its present covert imperialism deviously arrived at and substitute for it an open imperialism openly arrived at?

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II — A SOUTH AMERICAN DENIAL

Diòmedes Pereyra

UPON the recent development of new complications in Central America, the United States has again been branded a hypocritical imperialist. For this reason it is opportune to examine the charge and see what grounds there are to support it; and in doing so, we must look back through American history and see how this notion that the United States is an imperialistic nation first gained currency. That the notion is absurd is most clearly shown by the record of the last ten years. Never before in all history has a nation been so openly invited to enter upon an imperialistic program. And yet these ten years have been marked by the most unmistakable refusal by the United States to adopt such a policy, — a refusal so patent, indeed, that other nations have been unable to comprehend it when the temptation was so great and the chances of success so certain. In fact, it is this refusal of America to play the rôle of imperialist when every circumstance of the situation made the refusal seem so illogical, that has given rise to the accusation whenever some minor occurrence in Nicaragua or Mexico seemed to lend itself to that interpretation.

Assertions of North American imperialism were first heard after the war between the United States and Mexico. But before we concede the point, had we not better make up our minds what imperialism is, as well as what it is not? For we must be on our guard against an explanation which is too easy and explains more than the facts will warrant. It has been the fashion to say that imperialism is the key to an understanding of the foreign policy of nations since the middle of the last century. Certainly, the last seventy-five years have seen imperialism rampant in many quarters; and for this very reason it is misleading to accept it blindly to explain every variety of national expansion which those years brought forth. National expansion may be imperialistic, and again it may be something quite different.

The war between the United States and Mexico makes clear this difference. That war, as we all know, was fought over the possession of Texas. Mexico had assented to the independence of Texas, but opposed its annexation to the United States. This cost Mexico not only Texas, but Colorado, California, Nevada,

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Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming as well, — territories at that time almost uninhabited, and which (as a glance at the map will show) completed the geographical independence of the Anglo-Saxon republic. They are an integral part of the United States, essential for the protection of the nation. To acquire this new territory *was* expansion, certainly; but I deny that it was imperialism. It was the final guarantee of the national security of the United States; and it is just as absurd to call it an imperialistic expansion as it would be to call the Declaration of 1776 an imperialistic document. Mr. McNally has admitted that the spirit of 1776 was the reverse of imperialistic, and I do not see how the dispassionate judgment of history can call the spirit of 1848 anything but the inevitable continuance of that same anti-imperialistic policy. Without geographical independence, political independence has little meaning and no force.

We are not dealing here with an ethical theory, but with a rational judgment of events. A case can be made, — and, indeed, has been made often enough by British historians, — that the original independence of the United States from Great Britain was not justified. So, too, an even better case can be made against the abstract justice of acquiring these Mexican lands. The money that the United States paid to Mexico for them has often been called "conscience money". But all this is beside the point when we ask ourselves whether the acquisition was evidence of imperialism. It was the exact opposite of imperialism: it was dictated by a fear, — a very real and very wise fear, — of some future imperialism of a foreign power which might be aimed at the security and independence of the new republic. A far-seeing nation from the very beginning, the United States was greatly concerned over her disadvantageous frontier which left her in danger of being one day dominated by Mexico, or by some European power which in turn might dominate Mexico. The fact that France actually tried this a little later, shows how real was the danger and how necessary the step America took to forestall it. And because it was inevitable, and logical, and necessary, — in short, a defensive measure in the fullest meaning of the term, — I say that it was not imperialistic.

Here we come to the heart of this debate, and the point I wish to make becomes quite clear when we consider, along with this episode from American history, those acts of European powers which are rightly called imperialistic. The partition of Africa by

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England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Portugal; England's dominance in India; the intrigues and concessions obtained by England, France, Germany, and Russia in China, — Mr. McNally can not confuse us here with his knight-errantry, for there is nothing but imperialism, stark and undisguised, in these acts. To be sure, all of them are acts of expansion, but there the parallel with the American situation ends. The expansion of the European powers was not inevitable, not necessary, not even logical. More important still, theirs was an offensive expansion in every sense. Each of these far-flung colonies and protectorates was a liability, and not an asset, from the point of view of defense. Quite a different situation from the expansion of the United States to fulfil her "manifest destiny"; and this phrase, now treated somewhat lightly by cynical historians, we can not discard, for it explains why the destined expansion of the United States, manifest from considerations of defense and security, has not been imperialistic.

The conception of Uncle Sam, mounted on Rocinante, with his lance thrust against every "bad man" while he leaves captive at home the maidens he pretends to have saved, ignores his valor and imputes to him the diplomacy of a romantic chieftain. Roosevelt, the fearless man of action, would have demolished such a theory if it had been true; and if not he, then Wilson, advocate of open diplomacy, or Hughes, spokesman of pan-Americanism. It is nonsense to speak in such a vein of a power that has so often held the position to dictate her will to the world, and yet, as in the war with Mexico, has always gone frankly after what she wanted. The fact is, the United States pursues a moral end difficult for the world to understand because it is so far from the current practice in international relations, and, therefore, so inexplicable when America holds such a dictatorial position and such ascendency as she has since the World War.

As for the Monroe Doctrine, whence do some infer its tyranny? If one looks for imperialism in that disguise, he had better look twice and convince himself that what he sees is only the ghost of his own fears. So far as the sensible Latin-American republics are concerned, they either ignore it completely or continue to live as in the past, unaware that it has ever existed. And the United States, conscious of this, must herself consider it obsolete, because she now speaks only in terms of pan-Americanism.

Mr. McNally cites Cuba as an example of the knight-errantry of his country turned imperialist at the end of the romance. Far

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from annexing it, as an imperialistic nation would have done, the United States, by her guardianship, has put the country in the way of being a nation. Cuba has a President who is Cuban by race, name, and ideas, and her flag is not the star spangled banner. Cuba is now, — more than in the days when she was fighting for her liberty, — arrogantly free in spirit. The policy of constructive republicanism which the United States has imposed upon that young country, has developed in the hearts of Cubans an idealistic nationalism now impossible to subjugate. No régime, regardless of how pseudo-Quixotic its aspirations might be, would, just for the sake of appearances, instil in the conscience of a people sentiments which it plans in the end to ignore. This would be to defy all logic and lose the battle beforehand. Still, Cuba seems to be the victim of imperialism; if so, the word has taken on a decidedly new meaning.

When Santo Domingo was finally liberated from Spain, the people of that country voted for their annexation to the United States and presented a demand to President Grant. Washington refused the petition. Is this imperialism?

The Philippines, where it was expected that the United States would set her rule firmly and permanently from the outset, — if only in consideration of the island's great value as a base for her commerce with China and as a producer of tropical raw materials on which several of her large industries depend, — has been included in her list of "pupils". Is this imperialism? Until we have more evidence than Mr. McNally has given us of a new spirit in American policy, we may, with reasonable warrant, accept the promise of future independence in good faith.

In 1917, the United States became the decisive factor in the European conflict. How is it that an aspirant to imperialism happened to go into it unconditionally, when her participation had been solicited at any price, and discussed from all angles during two years by the whole country? The United States had an opportunity then that may not come again to obtain for the asking, — if it had ever been in her program, — possessions wherever she would have wished. Nothing would have been simpler for America at the time than to emerge from the War the conspicuous leader of imperialism, even though under the pretext of imposing much needed order and discipline on the world.

How is it that when the War was over the United States, relinquishing all claims, sought instead to institute in Europe a

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code of fourteen points, — all against imperialism, — as unique compensation for her gigantic part in the victory? How is it that in after years (it being always possible) Harding, and now Coolidge, have not so much as suggested any change of policy tending toward imperialism? How is it that this "octopus" leaves even the minor countries of Central America still free and masters of their destinies, when we have heard for decades that it wishes to annex them, and while with every year they drift more and more out of its grasp? How is it that even now it allows the Philippines to talk of independence, when it is apparent that American interests are menaced from that side by an enemy whose designs on the islands are known and with whom America has a racial problem pending? If the answer is "knight-errantry", then this is what the world has been waiting for all the time, and it is good to know it by its new name.

Only recently has the United States retired from the table set in China by a greedy power which had promised herself a feast at the expense of the wretched coolie. And through all these years we have witnessed Washington's untiring efforts toward world disarmament, and toward pan-Americanism as a solution of her actual dissensions with Central America. All of this bespeaks the opposite of imperialism, and it is time to advertise it in order to reassure those who doubt honestly concerning the purpose of their country in international politics.

The Panama affair, — long denounced as an arbitrary act of North America, — has been correctly understood at last. It was all that was needed to discard Colombia's accusation of imperialism and justify the conduct of President Roosevelt in her regard. The United States entered Panama, after the failure of the French company, with rights already extended by Colombia when she was still Nueva Granada, and then by the Hay-Herran treaty confirmed years later by the new republic. But then, the despot Marroquin became president of that country and he conceived the idea of first allowing the contract with the French company to lapse, hoping in this way to make himself the beneficiary of the forty million dollars which the United States had agreed to pay to the departing company for the absolute surrender and the immediate transmission of all her rights. Panama, which saw in this another abuse by her hated mistress, Colombia, and a new transgression on her interests, — traditionally overlooked, and which, for this reason, had already been the cause of fifty-two

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revolutions since 1850 to gain independence, — rose to arms once more in 1902; and, this time, thanks to the support of President Roosevelt, — who could not accept the outrageous pretension of Marroquin, — won its long-sought freedom. This event would never have occurred without the despot, — Marroquin, — an obscure individual who was solely responsible for the planting of that ill-bearing seed, for so long a stumbling block between the two Americas.

Almost parallel to this runs the Nicaraguan incident, which brings into evidence an all-too-saddening and ridiculous affair to be charged as an act of American imperialism. It reduces itself to nothing more important than this: Washington, — which must by treaty assist the President in power of that country, — went in good faith to help Diaz upon his declaration that he could not otherwise protect either the lives or the interests of foreigners from his political opponent, — another Nicaraguan, a man so exceptionally patriotic and constitutional that he did not hesitate to launch his beloved country into civil war rather than let the actual ruler rule. This lays bare but another side of the political corruption that is bred in these "republics" by a caste of tyrants who, — rather than forego their personal ambitions, — will unhesitatingly risk the dignity of their countries in a desperate adventure. And the judgment of all Latin America, due to the temperament of her peoples, is always bound to pronounce itself prematurely and unjustly.

In regard to dollar diplomacy, Mr. McNally considers that his country has at least the disposition to make her hemisphere safe for the dollar. He expresses here an obvious wish of all America, but in a plutocratic sense. And plutocracy in the United States, — as has been proved in the defeat it suffered when it opposed the creation of the reserve bank system and the laws taxing income, both of which have greatly weakened it, — does not represent the country. The best guarantee on loans, anywhere, is equity. Guy J. Inman, who speaks at least for eighty million North Americans, does not tire of urging this and bitterly condemns both the financial tyranny of unadvised capitalists in their relations with small countries in Latin America and the inconsequential and inevitable political slips of certain factions in Washington on this account.

I like Mr. McNally's sincerity when he confesses that he, personally, does not care a fig whether his country becomes im-

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perialistic or not, and only wants her to abandon her knight-errantry which he claims ridiculously hides her real intentions. His indifference to an issue so highly important, even when hinting at it with such frankness, weakens, I think, the force of his arguments, just as it casts doubt upon the sincerity of the speaker. Wilson, the undeniable exponent of the highest opinion and intellect of North America, carried to Europe a revolutionary program in no manner as a knight-errant concealing mercenary aspirations. He went there to tell them that it was requisite to abandon all purposes of expansion and to pave, in that very hour of victory, the road to a peace that would reconcile all peoples and span the formidable chasm that separated them.

How then could any one try to give a hypocritical aspect to this policy of strict amity and disinterestedness of the United States which, through all the frequent changes of men and opinions, remains unchanged? No, the United States follows a well defined plan of wisdom taken from the balance of history, — the only one which will continue making of the American continent the home of harmony and the refuge of the "brave and the free". This is her purpose and she has the will to carry it through. Already Chile and Peru, acknowledging this, have made her the arbiter of their dispute over Tacna and Arica, and the other republics entrust her with the building of their railroads and numberless enterprises which more and more increase their power, soon to attain fantastic proportions. This fact proves a reciprocal confidence of which not enough is being said, and proves, moreover, that the interest of North America has been definitely directed toward continental cooperation and understanding.

Lands of conquest in America no longer exist! History has taught us Latin Americans to hate imperialism. We know what we should do if it returned and how we could combat it. We know and appreciate the golden fruits of peace. We know that from war would be born the worm that would destroy the solid frame of our constitutions. Latin America, strong, overflowing with energy, — is now confident and tranquil in respect to her future, sure that the United States, disgusted with the very "open imperialism" of tottering England, — called the perfidious, and unfortunately alluded to by Mr. McNally as an example of sincerity, — will march hand in hand with her over the road shown to them by their forefathers.

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Woodcut by Charles A. Wilimovsky

DEVIL'S ISLAND

Desperate Escapes from the French Penal Colony

BLAIR NILES

I SAT on the rocks of forbidden Devil's Island, knowing that no woman had ever sat there before me, listening to strange stories which never reach the outside world. About the three little islands clustered off the north coast of South America, the heavy seas of the great northwest current rushed and swirled, foaming here and there over dangerous, rocky shoals. South of us on the mainland, huge rollers combed the coast.

Yet my convict friends told me it was on a flimsy raft of banana stems that Eugene Dieudonné had dared to cross from

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the islands to the mainland, in a desperate attempt to regain his lost freedom. "He was a man," they said, "a man in every sense of the word." And in the prison interpretation, that means one who is strong, reckless, defiant, of indomitable spirit; one who never to the end gives up the struggle for liberty, and one who has never been known to betray a fellow convict to the authorities.

"It takes courage," they explained, "to brave the open ocean on a bunch of banana stems tied together. You haven't a show at rescue, you know. No ship carrying any but the French flag is allowed within a mile and a half of Devil's Island. International law bears that out. And a French flag to one of us on a raft is certain capture and punishment. So it takes a man to do what Dieudonné did. No, we don't think he had blood on his hands. Of course you're never sure about a thing like that. But we're pretty good judges, — better than many on the bench. And Dieudonné struck us as innocent.

"The time he left the Island on the banana raft was his first try at escape, and he made it, — got to the coast, abandoned his raft and struck out on foot through the jungle. He had maps of the trails traced by some of the comrades who knew the mainland. But he didn't go far, — arrested and sent back. He got two years' solitary confinement on the punishment island. That's the Ile Joseph. Well, it would take more than two years in a cell to knock the fight out of Dieudonné. But it was 1926 before he got a chance again. And this time he reached Brazil. Oh, of course, plenty of hardships on sea and land. We don't count hardships when it comes to getting out of this. We know well enough that half of those who try to escape by sea are drowned. And of the other half, not over one in a hundred succeeds. The rest are brought back and take their punishment. Yet there is hardly a week that we don't see far off a little sail. If it's a crazy little sail, made of pantaloons and a shirt, then we know that another comrade is making the dash for freedom. And we say, 'Poor devil!' and wish him luck."

The perils faced and the daring courage shown by these fugitives would win them crosses and medals on a battlefield or in the panic of fire. As criminals, they are rewarded with years of solitary confinement. Except always those who meet their death, and the very few who fight through to freedom, so often in the end to be denounced like Dieudonné and returned to what I have seen with my own eyes to be worse than death. Often it is long before

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the prisoners learn the fate of a departing comrade, perhaps never. Of Dieudonné they said, "At first the noise of his death ran about. But lately we have heard that he is free." Those imprisoned men will now mourn his capture and anxiously wait the details of his fate. For was he not to them in every sense "a man"?

A thousand and one such tales I heard from the prisoners of Guiana. There was, for example, the convict stationed on one of the Devil's Island group, who, some months ago was missing at the 5 o'clock roll-call. At that hour the keepers are busy rounding up the men and locking the correct number into each dormitory for the night. Number X was missing; he failed to answer to his name. Search was made of the three islands. It revealed nothing. The sun was sinking; in a few moments the tropical night would fall. The canoemen were commanded to launch the boats; far, far out a speck was seen on the deserted ocean. The prison authorities focused their glasses. But they saw only a dark mass on the surface and above it the great spreading horns of one of the water-buffalo which the administration imports from French Indo-China. Only a dead water-buffalo floating out to sea. They revoked the order to the canoemen. Anyway, darkness had suddenly shut down.

But the prisoners knew that the dead water-buffalo was one of their comrades, his body bound to a plank and covered with banana leaves, while with arms and legs he swam desperately. The buffalo horns, — didn't a buffalo die on the Islands only last week? The horns were the escaping convict's camouflage.

"But," they say, "he's never been heard of. Perhaps we'll never know what happened. If he succeeds, somehow he'll manage to tell us. But it's months now without a word."

Thus there are three possible endings to tales of escape from the prisons of the Devil's Island Penal Colony. They may end in death at the hands of sea or jungle. Very rarely, as in the case of Dieudonné, their climax may be freedom. Or the final sentence may read, "and so they were returned to prison and to punishment." Few Guiana convicts have not made at least one try for freedom. Many attempt it again and again, regardless of danger or of punishment.

"It takes courage," said a young Parisian whom we will call Z. "If you've known only city streets, the jungle frightens you.

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I sometimes wonder now how I ever dared to pick up my knapsack and walk off into it alone. Of course I couldn't have done it if I hadn't come to a point where anything seemed better than prison. It was a piece of injustice from a keeper that made me feel I couldn't stand it. I had to get away. I couldn't wait. One comrade found some food and put it in my knapsack. Another gave me a knife to cut my way. And one let me have a tracing of the trails.

"Well, the first day was easy. For I followed the trails of the rubber men. I had food, and just to be free was so good that I wasn't thinking much ahead. Then the trails came to an end. And of course the food was doing that too. The second day I never saw the sun. Rain all day. Poured. The way it does in Guiana. You wonder where all the water comes from. But I kept going. That matter of the food made me know I couldn't take a day off to shelter myself from the rain. I kept right on, cutting every foot of my way. And that's slow moving.

"Then I came to mud and thorn trees. I went down ankle deep. Roots covered the ground and they were shaped like the iron loops they put our feet in when we are confined to the blockhouse. The roots caught me just that way. And I stumbled and fell. If I tried to hold on to a tree, the thorns were so terrible I had to let go. Worse than anything were the mosquitoes. They wouldn't let me stop to rest. But when night came, I had to. There was nothing but mud to sit on. So I backed up against a tree, — and waited for dawn. Smoking one cigarette after another, — fighting mosquitoes.

"It was an everlasting night. When the light came, I was so stiff and sore I could hardly move. But there was nothing else to do. Again the same mud. The same thorns and the same roots. I slipped so often that I was covered with mud. The sweat rolled down my face. I had walked the whole day before I came to a creek. Then I had to work fast to get a raft made before it was too dark. I set to cutting bamboos. I tied them together and put up a pole in the middle. On that I hung my knapsack. I undressed, hung my clothes with the knapsack on the pole, and jumped in to cool off. The night was black. I didn't bother to get dressed again. I just got on the raft and let it go wherever the creek wanted to take it. The stream widened out and the current got more and more rapid.

"I was drawing my first long breath when all of a sudden the

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raft ran against something and capsized. What happened? I never knew. I floundered about for ever so long. But the creek was blacker than the night. I couldn't see. And I could feel nothing but the cool water. No raft. No knapsack. Everything was gone. I was naked. Alone. Lost. A Parisian helpless in the jungle. What to do? I swam for the bank. Not a cigarette to think it over with. I decided to stay in the creek all night. Then in the morning I would swim down with the tide. I waited. Was it long? It was forever. Once in a while I'd duck my head under water just to cheat the mosquitoes for a minute or so.

"As soon as there was day, I began to swim. I was a rag for hunger. I didn't know what you could eat and what was poison. I saw fruit but I didn't dare eat it. I swam and when I was blind tired, I'd pull out and sit on a log to rest. There'd be biting ants on the log and mosquitoes always. You don't know what a helpless beast you are until you've tried being naked in the jungle. I was afraid to think of night. But night came. I was now so tired I was afraid to stay in the creek. I knew I couldn't keep awake. I'd fall asleep and sink to the bottom. That would be the end. So I decided to climb a tree. I might lie in a crotch, perhaps too high for mosquitoes. A Parisian, naked, climbing a jungle tree, — really it seemed as if a man oughtn't be born as defenseless as he is. Another long night. Off and on I'd sleep a little. There weren't so many mosquitoes, but things were crawling over me and sticking into me.

"At last again the day. Again the creek where a strong current carried me along. I was past swimming. All I could do was to keep afloat. Then I saw that my creek was about to empty itself into another bigger creek. And there in the bigger creek was a canoe tied by a vine to the bank. And I heard voices. I climbed ashore and went toward the voices. I came to a fire and there were three men around it. They were white men and they spoke in French. They heard the leaves and twigs crack under my feet. All jumped up. I was a ghost to them. A naked ghost with a torn, bleeding body. I saw that the same idea struck them all, that I was a madman lost in the forest. But they gave me food. They let me lie down in their hut and sleep. Nobody bothered me with questions. I didn't wake until night. Then they told me to wash and put on some of their old clothes.

"'Now,' they said, 'we're *libérés*, — ex-convicts, exiled for life. Who are you? And what happened to you?'

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Block print by Lowell L. Balcom

"Prison bars" of Devil's Island, and the "town-crier", an ex-prisoner exiled for life in isolated French Guiana

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"I told my story. They wanted me to stay but they knew I was right to go before the man-hunters got on my trail. I explained that at Hattes I had comrades, — fellow prisoners. My chance was to organize with them and escape by sea. Hattes I found was only a day and a half away, and there was a trail. I left them with good heart. I thought luck had turned my way. I had clothes and they spared me a little food. They hadn't much left themselves. They'd been out for rubber and were in a couple of days going back to trade it in for supplies. But they gave enough to last me to Hattes. So I was full of hope. Then I was out of the mud and thorn country. I marched well that day and at night made myself a leaf hut to sleep in. The next day I would reach Hattes. My brain was busy with plans for the big try for freedom. Then, almost in sight of the village, they got me. Man-hunters on the track of other fugitives found me.

"That's the end. Throw up your hands! Return to prison. Punishment. All the suffering for nothing. It's a lottery. A few get through. And the chance is worth taking. I don't give up."

The story of Verne I have from a convict who had many times heard him tell it. In this great penal colony there are no newspapers. The prisoners know nothing of what is happening in our world. Has there been war in China? Do women swim the Channel? Have Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Byrd made non-stop Atlantic flights? All this is nothing to men doomed to forced labor in the Guiana climate and to slow starvation on the scanty prison rations. In their world nothing is really important but the problem of somehow adding a few bananas or a cake of chocolate to their wretched diet. And when it comes to spectacular exploits, what interests them above everything is how to find their way through the trackless jungle, or how to navigate a raft on the dangerous seas which lie between Guiana and the freedom which convicts hope to find in Brazil or Venezuela.

The headlines of the prisons are escapes. The prisoners are their own reporters. And by word of mouth from prison to prison the details of victory and of defeat circulate, are contradicted, corrected, enlarged, until at last every convict is in possession of the latest thriller. Thus, though Verne has been two years dead, his story survives, retold to the new victims which the only convict ship in existence brings every year to Guiana.

It is a story of tempest and wreck. The goal had been Venezuela

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where no extradition treaty obliges the Government to return fugitives. There, it was said, a man could rebuild his life. All had heard of the escaped French convict who was rumored to have risen to be Chief of Police in Caracas. That might or might not be true. But it was certain that opportunity waited in Venezuela. If one could only get through the great rollers which so endlessly break along South America's north coast; if one could but avoid arrest in the two Guianas, — French and Dutch, — which must be passed before one reaches Venezuela!

There were nine men in Verne's party and they proposed to make their dash for freedom in a dugout canoe, — in thirty feet of hollowed tree trunk, to which they added a keel, a rudder, and a sail. As helmsman they appointed the only one of the nine who had had experience in navigation. To all but this old sailor the sea was as strange and terrifying as the jungle had been to Z, the young Parisian. The desperation of their enterprise is sufficiently eloquent of the wretched life from which they were fleeing.

Night and the jungle hid their departure from prison. An ebb-tide speeded their canoe down the river and out into the sea. But rain fell heavily and steadily; the men were forced to bail with their tin food basins. When they were out of the river, a surging ocean threw itself upon them. Waves slapped the sides of their canoe, tossing it about as though it were the butt of some cruel joke. All realized now that one man held their fate in his hands, — their helmsman. None had had experience enough to relieve him. With the passing hours they watched him even more anxiously than they watched the sea. They saw their lives hanging upon his strength and upon the wisdom of his judgment. From time to time one of them lit a cigarette for him, or gave him a swallow of rum.

Day followed night, and again night fell. But the demon of the sea was still unchained. Shivering with cold and fear, the fugitives bailed and watched the muscles pulse in the arms of their helmsman. Did his grip weaken? And how long could he hold to the task? Forty-four hours passed before he confessed that he must have a few hours' rest. They must make a landing. They headed her south. But where were they? Would it be Surinam or Demerara? Dutch or British Guiana? With their altered direction, the rollers swept them forward so fast that the vague line of the coast darkened and seemed rushing to meet them. But what coast was it? The water had grown suddenly shallow and very muddy.

"It is the marshes of Nickery," the old helmsman said.

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The men in the boat felt their blood stand still in their hearts. For the Dutch call Nickery the "Frenchman's Tomb", — so many are the fugitives who sleep their last sleep in its mud. And how many more, thought to have reached freedom, lie beside those whose end is known!

"It is Nickery."

Before them stood the jungle into which the sea penetrated and disappeared. Hundreds of dead trees rose stark from the water. And toward this sunken forest the rollers were hurling them.

"Jump!" was the command. All obeyed. "Jump! And hold her back."

Half buried in the mud they pitted their combined strength against the rollers which drove the boat forward. But a great sea lifted her out of their hands and raised her to the trunk of a fallen tree, receded and left her there. Scrambling out and on to the tree, the men silently took in their situation. A falling tide, fifty yards away a flooded forest growing out of unfathomed mud, hordes of mosquitoes, their helmsman already asleep, broken by fatigue. There was nothing to do but await the flood tide. Meanwhile the helmsman might rest.

The sun set and an early moon rose. The water came whispering back to the lower branches of their tree, flowing and ebbing with the apparent indecision of tides, but always little by little rising to the level of the stranded boat. The helmsman woke. "We must push her off," he said. The men climbed down and slowly slid the canoe free of the tree and out toward the sea, where once more they were to battle with the marching regiments of rollers. When day came the coast of the "Frenchman's Tomb" had vanished, and again they were on the high sea headed for Venezuela. But now they drifted in a limitless calm under a burning sun. In the disaster off Nickery, their water jar had been overturned. That meant another landing. But so long as thirst could be borne they would go on; for all were anxious to be well out of danger of the marshes.

Always a little farther. Endure a little longer. Perhaps it was Verne who urged them on; for the helmsman's force all flowed into his arms. Some one else had to steer the rudder of the spirit. According to Verne they were three days from Nickery before they surrendered and made again for land. Then all went well. A friendly village of British Guiana blacks gave them food and water. With forty-eight hours of rest, all spirits rose. Venezuela,

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the blacks told them, was but three days off. Victory seemed already won. When they pushed off from shore the Negroes sent up hurrahs for good luck, while in the boat, the fugitives responded with the old familiar stirring song of liberty!

The morning of the second day they rounded the southern end of Trinidad, and there, far off, they actually saw Venezuela! On the following day they would make their last landing. With night a wind sprang up. A gentle wind at first. But soon the stars went out and great black clouds drove across the sky. Never mind. Was it not to be the last night, the night before freedom? The wind strengthened and blew the canoe toward the west. *Eh bien*, in the west was Venezuela!

"At this speed," Verne recalled that one of the men had said, "at this speed we'll be in Panama to-morrow, — instead of Venezuela!"

They were the last words he was ever to speak. For all at once the boat was overturned. Perhaps there were cries but Verne could not remember. As he fought his way toward the boat tossing upside down like a dark cork on black waves, he heard nothing but the wind and the sea. Two men gained the boat before him. Of the other six nothing was to be seen. The remaining three clung to the canoe floating in that terrible darkness. Morning came and in the pale early light these three recognized each other. One was the little dark Italian; one was G, the counterfeiter; and the third was Verne. On all sides there was water. A peaceful sea stretched unbroken from horizon to horizon. Somewhere beneath its polished blue six men full of hope were gone. And among them was the brave helmsman.

The three hung desperately to the boat. Alive, yes, — but how ghastly their plight! Exhausted. Hungry. Thirsty. Clinging to an overturned canoe in a deserted sea. The day passed. No sail crossed even the farthest horizon. By night the Italian was talking wildly. He saw land. He felt the bottom under his feet. He was going to walk. Why didn't the others walk too? It was dreadful, Verne said, to hear him. And then suddenly he let go. For him it was all over. With the creeping moments of the night, the last two felt their strength slowly ooze like a tide which would never again turn. Another morning. Again a calm sea. The sun rose over a radiant ocean. "Yet to-day," they thought, "to-day we are going to die." But another day dragged out its allotted time and in the brief dusk of its close, one of the two without a

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word to the other began to swim. He swam out a hundred yards, never turning to answer the faint call sent after him. Then all at once he disappeared. "Was it despair or madness?" Verne could never decide. Hours of solitary anguish. Verne saw all his past whirl in his reeling brain. He saw it give place to an imaginary future, pictured as clear-cut as the stars, which were so bright that he remembered the little banners of light they cast along the still dark water. The anguish had left him and he saw strangely bright visions. Morning dawned and before his bewildered eyes there lay the low line of the Venezuela coast. Or was he also mad? He must reach that beach. Perhaps it was no more real than the land the Italian had felt beneath his feet. But he would try for it anyway. He struck out from the canoe, swimming with the tide in his favor. He called up a strength which he would have said did not exist. He doubled that strength until at last he could touch bottom. Then he stood up and stumbled through the shallows to fall fainting on the blessed solid earth of a little white beach.

When he woke two Negroes stood looking down at him. He opened his mouth to speak. He tried to say, "I am thirsty," but he was not sure that the words came through. Perhaps he only gasped. But the fact was comprehended and one of the men gave him some rum. Standing over him they argued one with the other in a language he could not understand. Was it Spanish or English? If it were Spanish then he had won his freedom. It it were English there was doubt. They might be friendly or they might deliver him to the police. It was a lottery, another gamble with destiny.

In spite of all his will, his eyes closed, for the last atom of his strength was gone. He felt himself lifted and placed in the bottom of a boat. He felt the boat pushed off, and terror rushed over him. He roused himself to call. They shook their heads. They did not understand. But was it English or Spanish that they spoke? "Spanish," he kept repeating in his fading consciousness, "Spanish would be all right." He made a supreme effort to focus his attention. He was too weak. Yet he must know. Perhaps they were going to some Venezuelan port. If he knew that, then he could sleep. He tried again:

"Venezuela?" he asked.

"No."

Then they were British. Could it be possible that he had come

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back from the dead for this? Wind filled the sails. He was conscious of a strong odor of fish. It was then a fishing boat. But for what port was she bound? He opened his eyes and saw that the sun stood on the left. She was headed south; and with that knowledge the dark curtain of unconsciousness dropped.

Verne often told the story in the six months while he awaited his trial in the penitentiary blockhouse. He told it again many times while suffering his punishment on the Iles du Salut. And always he ended it with the bitter cry: "To have reached Venezuela at last, only to be taken on Venezuelan soil by British blacks!"

The tale is told now by those who heard Verne tell it, for the year after it happened Verne died. He was but thirty-four years old and when he made the fatal attempt at freedom, from the results of which he never recovered, he had but six months left to serve of his six years' imprisonment. He took his desperate chance in the hope of escape from the years of exile which are the cruel climax of the Guiana penal system. In the bright visions of those final hours when he had been left the solitary survivor clinging to an upset canoe, he had seen his liberty. He had known that he would never fall to the starved degradation of the Guiana exiles. He had foreseen escape, but the form it was to take had been mercifully veiled from him. To die sometime, of course,— but not on Devil's Island where a convict's body is thrown to the sharks.

And listening thus to the stories of the Devil's Island Penal Colony, I learned the power of hope to endure in men's hearts.

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WHISPERING HOUSES

FLORENCE MARY BENNETT

Drawings by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

IN my childhood I liked to "go calling" with my mother, as French children are wont to do. We were then frequent visitors in my grandmother's home in the most beautiful town in New England and so things were quite objectively impressed on my consciousness, — the narrow streets, with sandy, unevenly curbed sidewalks; the wider, brick paved or flag squared walks on the chief thoroughfares; the cobblestones in these more majestic streets; the neatly fenced patches of scrawny grass; the high steps jutting from the houses and cramping the sidewalks in delightfully unexpected idiosyncrasies; the mysterious "blind doors"; the tinkling door bells, whose sound committed you to the adventure before you, of going into a strange house; the smell of the sea and the commons, all pervasive. Memories flare up of various interiors, each an enormously real and curious thing to be studied while one sat in silence. In one prism pendants or gilt mantel ornaments would catch the eye, in another a vast painting of queer children, girls in pantalettes, boys in stiff, flaring trousers.

Waking early in the morning, aware the first thing of that ocean smell, daunted by a Summer fog outside, lonely for my father and crying a little, I would be counseled by my mother to tiptoe into my grandmother's room and ask whether I might look at her ivory fan. Oh, the treasures of that top bureau drawer, — the fan, made as it were of lace, but really of ivory, painted with pink flowers, a lace handkerchief, a pincushion after the semblance of

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red strawberries in a little blue tub! At childish summons my grandmother invariably came awake with good humor.

Yes, I have loved that town objectively and subjectively, as visitor and as resident, best of all with my very dust, akin to the soil of the place by token of the eight generations of my people who are laid in its earth. You must not quarrel with me for my epithet, you who have roots in some other *most beautiful* town, and certainly not you who have only a big city for your heart's pride. I pace those streets, — whether in the flesh or in the spirit matters little, for the reality of the scene belongs as much to the imagination as to the facts of present-day experience, — and I con this house and that, each of them an individual stamped with the imprint of life.

I could tell tales of many of these houses. On the high reach of the main thoroughfare which running gently up from the harbor to the rolling western commons cuts the settlement in two, there is a dwelling once known as the Quaker Boarding-House. It was quite literally the almshouse of that denomination, but what proper pride and fine feeling, what reticent delicacy characterized their naming it as they did! A guide-post of the spirit is this fact, pointing to the manner of the older life in that community, where many a broad brim and many a coal-scuttle bonnet moved sedately through those streets. Fancy little children in a plain, prim schoolroom respectfully hailing their master, of whom they stood in no little awe, *John!* John Boadle, that was his name, an English Quaker, whose fine enunciation and taste in language left its mark on his pupils for all time. Gone, almost every one of those who trembled in childhood before John as he paced their aisles in the linen duster worn to protect from soil his precise Friendly garb. The austere beauty of that Quaker life! Our tax-burdened, luxury-laden, novelty-pursuing folk may well sigh for those bare barracks of schools and meeting-houses, for the ascetic doctrine that naught mattered save the cultivation of the mind and the spirit.

Did you ever see the old fire buckets ranged as they used to be in one of those "front entries", — initials or full names inscribed on them and such a pretty scroll for decoration? Gentlemen were on the fire brigade in those days. How they must have hurried the tall buckets to the pumps when their candle houses and rope walks and sail lofts and wharves were threatened! My grandfather's fire-wardenship was connected with a mighty trumpet hung on a certain peg in the "entry closet". Dire consequences

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presumably would have fallen on the member of the household, young or old, who should have blown that tempting thing wantonly. What a blast in discharge of duty my grandfather could evoke therefrom! "Fire, fire, fire!" Can't you hear it in the dead of night, the fine, Portuguese bell in the gilded Unitarian tower leading the racket of all the church bells and horns and voices? A wooden town on an island far out at sea, absolutely self-dependent, visited by the storm-winds of the Atlantic. "Fire, fire, fire!" Everybody up and dressed and rushing to the scene in oldest clothes. The memory has never been allowed to die that in 1846 half of the town was swept to destruction by flames and that in the great oil fire, in which the fortunes of many prosperous men cracked, the harbor was ablaze, so that one could see to read by the glare at two o'clock in the morning on the moorland road between the first and second mile-stones.

In my grandmother's girlhood, — she was born in 1814, — the watchman made his rounds at night, as in the towns of Shakespeare's England, with his cry at intervals of the hour and the state of the elements. "'Tis a fine, starlight night, and one of the clock." Do you catch that intonation belling through the air that smelt of the sea and of the commons? There were then gates where the highways entered town, which must be opened and closed for passers in cart or chaise or wagon, protections for and against the herds of sheep that grazed on the commons. The festivals of sheep-washing and shearing meant gala for the children, a day out of town at the booths where *kickshaws* were sold and oranges, — wonderful, beautiful, costly, sweet St Michael's oranges, — were bought by Father for the carefully selected child of his flock privileged to accompany him on that occasion in the chaise drawn by "Tibby, the Little Horse."

I have dearly loved that Little Horse all the days of my life. I used to hear much of him, — of his charms of appearance and gentleness of demeanor and preternatural intelligence. What a ticklish thing it was to be driven in a chaise! How one had to hold on to almost nothing when Father drove at a reckless speed! My grandmother was quite thrown out once at a turning of the road near Sesachacha Pond. The Little Horse, and all the Aunts, and less clearly drawn Uncles, and the Pinkham Grandparents, — Susannah, a stickler for full Friends' decorum and Jethro, secretly playing his fiddle in the garret until for such contumacy he was actually read out of Meeting and restored to grace only by

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"'Tis a fine, starlight night. . . ."

Susannah's promising vicariously that he would never thus sin again and capably validating the pledge by causing his instrument to vanish forever, — how well I have known them all! And Cousin Reuben, the handsome young midshipman, — they were not all Quakers by any means, you see, — who, for propriety's sake, was not permitted to take my grandmother to the theatre when she was at school in Boston, at Mr. Bailey's Select Female Academy, on Spring Street near India Wharf. And Grandfather and Grandmother Brown!

Ah! I could diagram their house and that wonderful garden with its intricate series of fences warding flowers from vegetables and elegant shrubs from herbs, and the low stone door-step to the house, "so clean that you could have sat there in a silk dress." Departed long since, house and garden, before even my mother saw them. But we were all intimate with the place, saw it as it

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was in my grandmother's girlhood, and yearned over it. Think of her sitting down in the parlor at an odd time of day to eat something good out of a porringer, Grandfather Brown assuming severity of tone at such indulgence of the favorite, his wife stout and dignified by the fire. She, a birthright Friend, had become one of the "world's people" by marrying a staunch Congregationalist. She wore habitually a compromise sort of garb, in cut and sober color close to Quaker "plainness", in fabric and subtle accessories marked by "worldly" extravagance. I could tell you of her rush-strewn and sand-strewn floors, of the tall mahogany clock, the six Chippendale chairs in the dining parlor, the tiny ornate wine-glass from France, familiarly called "the lost art", on the mantel-piece in that room of good cheer. Another picture there is of this great-great-grandfather of mine in his late years, standing on a knoll in his garden and pointing with his cane to the Old South Burying-Ground a number of fields away to indicate the spot where he expected soon to be laid. A younger sister of my grandmother preserved as her memory of the place this and the melancholy sound of the door latches rattling in the wind. From her one might have thought that it was always drearily blowing there and that the old man was always making that gesture toward the graveyard. But I know better.

They were characteristically not a gloomy set, those Nantucketers. Possibly the strong Quaker leaven in the early population accounts for their sustained cheerfulness and love of fun. Also I suspect that the sour, self-tortured New Englander has been intolerably magnified. At any rate, these islanders were gay, fond of a joke, droll of speech, quick of apprehension. Ghosts flourished not at all in that climate. There is a lame tale of one such being connected with the farm-house at Bloomingdale, — the 'Sconset Golf Club House! I heard in my girlhood an echo from another, but I am sure that this was a trumped-up affair of contemporary birth. It was about a handsome, tree-shadowed house in town.

Oddly enough, this is one of the houses which my grandparents might have bought when they were "looking" and did not because my grandmother considered it "lonesome", — a very different thing, mind you, from being haunted. Another fine one, also in the market then, had the reputation of being "unlucky". Again, despite her Unitarian abhorrence of superstition, the lady exercised the power of veto.

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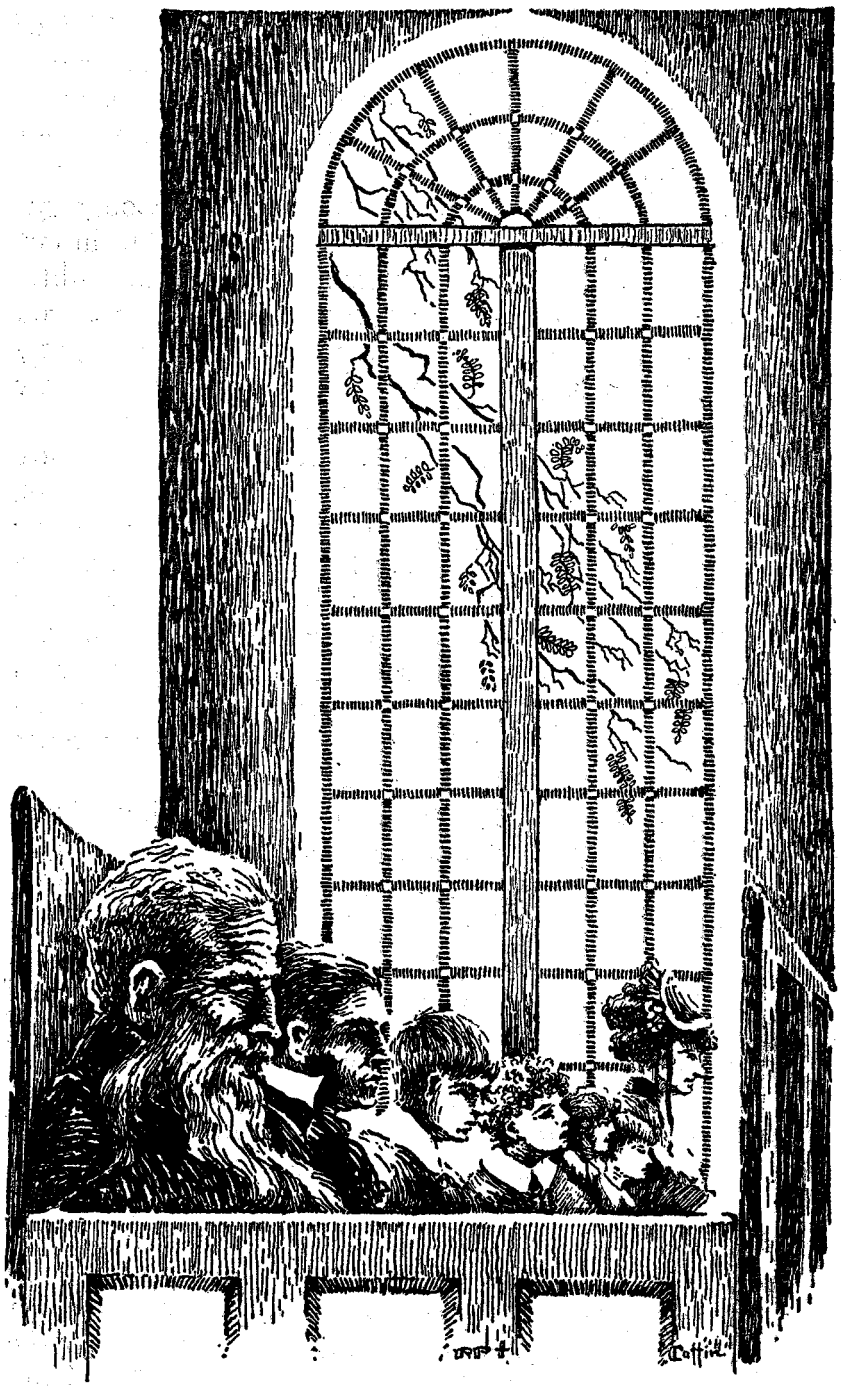

Ranged ladder-wise and buttoned in by the little paneled door

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You will smile when I tell you that they bought a haunted house. Yes, that beloved house of my childhood had, since 1858, the year when it became the property of my grandparents, been subject at various inopportune seasons to apparitions, — full materializations, these, of embodied souls, the sort of things which we call human beings. These were descendants of the couple who built it a little before the forties and they had inherited a mighty affection for the place. The older visitants were wont to mourn over the changes wrought in the garden and within doors, while the younger, who knew it only by fond hearsay, were especially prone to explore odd nooks, closets and cupboards, and the garret. I recall in particular a man with long, auburn whiskers who always had to inspect the room in which he had been married to a granddaughter of those original owners. "I declare," — my grandmother had moments of rebellion, — "they've kept me feeling as if it didn't belong to us!" However, her tender heart compelled her to yield to this tyrannous sentimentality.

The *lonesome* house, which my grandparents did not buy, was once the scene of a passionate episode. This was during the Civil War, when a young soldier-son of the house was invalided home to die. He had a sweetheart, a beautiful girl, of whom his parents so completely disapproved that they had put an end to the affair before his enlistment. Late one night, while he lay mortally stricken with wounds and fever alone in an upper chamber on the side which is bounded by a lane, or court, the girl climbed in at the window. His mother found her locked in his embrace, sobbing over him, fondling him, begging him to live. The girl was grimly escorted to her home in another part of town. The lad died. It needs but the poet to make of the fragment an enduring lyric drama. Picture that girl climbing the trellis on a misty Spring night pervaded by the fragrance of the commons and the sea!

At the reverse curve of Centre Street there is a house which has a secret room, built about the great chimney in the attic. Was it contrived as an aid to smugglers? A tale of such clandestine traffic in Revolutionary times belongs quite frankly to a low-built dwelling-house several miles out of town. Indeed, that legend of the tunnel from Polpis Harbor under the hill, a secret waterway for Miriam Coffin's obliging friends, the free trade enthusiasts of those many years ago, to her cellar has grown stale in process of narration to tourists. I prefer to account for the concealed chamber in town after a more honest, homespun manner, as a private

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Houses which transmit the whispers of the past

treasury for thriftily gathered savings. I know my family tradition of the burying of money, contained in stout bags made for the purpose, in the dirt floor of a cellar. This precaution was taken at a time when, by reason of certain catastrophes, banks were much feared in that particular town. In after years the family, duly aware by secret plat of the "bearings" of this treasure, dug it up and invested it more conventionally. Another Nantucket anecdote, more widely rumored, has it that a man in dismantling a house came upon a "pot of gold" in the chimney. Sadly enough his head was turned by that discovery. And now, although I have hinted at a dire moral, all who scan these lines will be longing to fit out a ship to explore this Treasure Island.

In that rambling town there are houses intimately familiar to me by hearsay which I have never entered. Such is a modest one in Traders' Lane, the home of my grandfather's mother at the time of his marriage in 1842. I have heard in detail all about the "second part" of that wedding, a reception which, after the fashion of that day, was given, in the evening of the day following

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that of the ceremony, by the bridegroom's folk to the bride's family and other friends. They did not then have the honeymoons which belong to our mode. The pair were married, usually in the evening and with much attention to gala dress, at the bride's home. They spent a week or two under that roof, occupying the best chamber, and after that season moved to their own quarters.

Ships returning from long voyages were heralded by signal, interpreted according to code at warehouses and at private houses too. Almost every dwelling had its "walk" on the roof, the few "mansions" rejoicing in a cupola each. The purpose was obvious, — a place where one might watch for marine tidings. Among the cupola bearers is one of my hearsay familiars. That was a beautiful house, my great-aunt's, — long drawing-rooms, with French windows at the front opening on a wrought-iron balcony; marble-manteled fireplaces; silver knobs at the mahogany doors. Velvet pelisses and crinolines, heavy silks and satins, cameos and jet ornaments, — it speaks of all these. It speaks of more, — of courage to face financial disaster with perfect cheerfulness and unspoiled good humor, sincere dignity maintained to the last. She had cared for fashion too. She won and wore the grace of relinquishment with unblemished grandeur.

In another spacious house of that town I have seen a more cruel burden borne with insuperable fortitude and nobility. Utter simplicity of gallantry, — no better word can I find to sound this individual note, which is typical of the best philosophy of conduct in that sea-locked community. Yet another mansion could give Mr. Thomas Hardy a dark theme suitable to the peculiar genius of his pen.

The sweetness of the foibles of that generation, the odd little weaknesses in their armor of impeccable grammar and stately behavior. The air of concealed pride in having gas in one's house! The hasty snatching off of the apron before a caller was shown in! The epistolary elegance of phrase and of copperplate handwriting that sometimes filtered all news to nothingness. The thousand and one excuses for all delinquencies of even the remotest cousin, — a kind of clannishness which must have sailed straight from Scotland! The outsider, the one who was merely married into the family, was entitled to extreme delicacy of treatment, but, depend upon it, if blame must be put somewhere, the in-law must bear it, never the "kith and kin". The pride with which *materfamilias*

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took her rightful place of honor in the inner corner of the church pew, all the family, from father at the portal to mother in that interior snugness being ranged ladder-wise and buttoned in by the little paneled door.

Modern artists have their studios in the old candle houses, crop haired weaveresses are fashioning homespun on the old looms, warming pans are in the parlors and old linen sheets are on service as window curtains. How odd it all seems. There is grass among the piously preserved cobblestones on Main Street. Throughout the various periods of the "old days", the town was above all things free from self-consciousness and was emulous to keep pace with the *best progress* in the country. All this sophisticated plainness, this upside-downness in the employment of the old gear, can awaken irrational emotions of jealous resentment in the bosoms of the autochthones. It may be that the best progress in this age is marked by a ritual devotion to antiques. You may well ask in what cause is my pen busy. Indeed, the preservative spirit fought to keep those beloved cobblestones and has put appreciative dwellers, "strangers" and "offislanders" though they be, into the handsome old houses. Autochthones often let things go to "wrack and ruin" in the ugly way of shabbiness. Praise then to the painters, whether of the old or the new spectrum, who record the lights and shadows in those streets. The autochthon may comfort the wounds of his queer, proud soul with the knowledge that he alone can transmit the true import of the whispers of the past.

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THE TRACKS OF THE SUN

A Short Tale of a Long Time

GERARD DE GEER

UNTIL a half-century ago, the age of the Earth, like that of certain ladies, was a matter of guesswork based on uncertain premises. Then Baron De Geer of Stockholm discovered that lake beds in certain parts of the world disclose alternate bands of clay and silt left as deposits by glacial rivers. Like the rings of a tree, these bands or "varves" are none other than the annual record of the Earth's existence, and De Geer devised the Swedish time scale as a measuring rod of the Earth's age.

THE origin of the earth like that of other stars is concealed in the fogs of utterly unknown antiquity, far beyond the reach of human guesses. Even the first accessible parts of its history are extremely distant, their traces only fragmentary; and it has been said with truth that of its earlier volumes only a few lines from scattered pages here and there remain. Under such conditions it seems strange in our day to be able sometimes to discern unmistakable markings from single minutes, or rather seconds, of those long forgotten days exceedingly well preserved. Thus, we still are able to perceive, quite distinctly, oblique imprints from the rain-drops of a momentary shower, or the sharply impressed tracks of some strange animal on the surface of an ancient, sandy beach, now hardened into sandstone and preserved by a covering of similar layers, until the stone was unearthed and broken, bringing the beach once more to light after its long repose in the darkness. But this little tale has nothing to do with such accidental markings, nor with footprints of more or less uncongenial saurians. The story it tells is drawn from certain very remarkable tracks traced in layers of clay by the very sun itself. It happened in a land farther north than southern Greenland and the greater part of Siberia, where the Gulf Stream made civilization possible. At these high latitudes the Winter is long and dark, the Spring that finally follows is sudden and brief. There is scarcely any other civilized part of the world where the difference between Winter and Summer plays such an important rôle.

It was quite natural that in this country the cold darkness of the long Winters was reflected in the bleak, icy hell of the old sagas, — a sharp contrast to the burning hell imagined by the peoples who inhabited the hot, volcanic regions of southern

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Europe and Asia Minor. Nowhere could the difference between the cold and the warm season be greater than in this land of the North. It was but natural, therefore, that the tracks of the sun were first observed in that northern country.

About fifty years ago, a young student of natural science was investigating some laminated clay-beds in middle Sweden, not far from Stockholm. These beds exhibited a sharply marked and very regular cyclic arrangement in alternating bands of sand and clay, further accentuated by alternating colors. He was so struck by the resemblance to the annual rings of trees that, in order to examine the question further, he commenced a series of investigations and measurements, which are still being carried forward. And it soon became manifest that the small, periodical layers, — for which the old Swedish word *varve* was proposed, — must really constitute a kind of annual rings of the earth itself, deposited at the end of the Ice Age as sediment from the melting waters which issued from the borders of the vanishing Quaternary glaciers.

By the middle of the eighties the student was able to indicate a method of obtaining a real time-scale by connecting varves from place to place. He did this by making a series of accurate measurements of annual varves from the oldest layers, deposited at the greatest extension of the land-ice, and by following the recession of the ice step by step to younger and younger varve series. All those steps were combined, from place to place, and the result was something like a continuous staircase which indicated a real and accurate chronology.

For a long time, however, he believed that to complete the chronology would be a very difficult task, perhaps requiring the work of several generations. But after two decades of rather scattered observations, he finally found, quite suddenly, that the ice recession could be determined and followed up, often without great difficulties, if the measurements were arranged in rows in the direction of the ice-recession and with moderate distances between the points of observation. At once he organized a systematic line of investigation of the recession of the glacial ice all the way from southern Sweden to its central region, where the last remnant of the land-ice melted away. The geochronological standard line thus obtained, was called "The Swedish Time Scale". This time scale he succeeded in extending over a part of the Postglacial Epoch which came after the disappearance of

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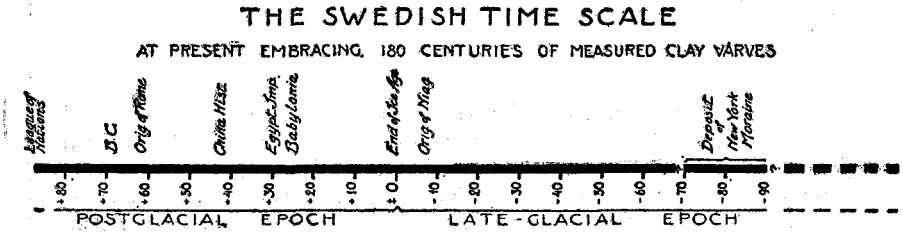
the main ice sheet in Scandinavia. In the meantime he improved and completed the late glacial part of the time scale by putting together measurements made by himself and several assistants.

Some twelve years ago an important new step was taken when it was discovered that the varve series, deposited at the same time or along contemporary ice borders, almost everywhere exhibited similar variations in thickness from year to year. Thus the time period could often be reckoned with certainty. This he found to be true for the whole of Scandinavia and, half a decade later, he verified it in the old glacial regions of North America, where the Swedish Time Scale could also be utilized. Some years later expeditions set out to the regions in the Himalayas of northwestern India and in the Cordilleras of Argentina which were formerly covered by the glacial ice. A careful comparison of all those measurements with their long, often very characteristic varve series has shown that the variations of the varve thickness in those widely separated parts of the world are so remarkably similar, year by year, and in the most minute details, that the single varves were evidently synchronous; that is, they had been deposited the same year.

Such rapid variations, similar over the whole of the earth, must evidently have been due to a common and cosmic cause. Furthermore, this cause, especially affecting the melting of the ice, could only be found in the variation of heat arriving from the sun year after year. Thus we may be justified in asserting that the clay varves, with their varying thicknesses, are really the tracks of the sun left there ages ago and antedating any human tradition by thousands of years. At present, the total number of the varves measured and registered is about 18,000, — representing as


THE SWEDISH TIME SCALE
AT PRESENT EMBRACING 180 CENTURIES OF MEASURED CLAY VARVES
B.C
Orig. of Rome
Christ
Egypt. Emp.
Babylonia
End of Ice Age
Orig. of Ning
Deposit of New York Moraine
-80 -70 -60 -50 -40 -30 -20 -10 ± 0 -10 -20 -30 -40 -50 -60 -70 -80 -90
POSTGLACIAL EPOCH
LATE-GLACIAL EPOCH

Using this scale as a basis, scientists have been able to reconstruct the history of the recession of the last land ice from northern Europe, the evolution of climate, and the migrations of plants, animals, and primitive man.

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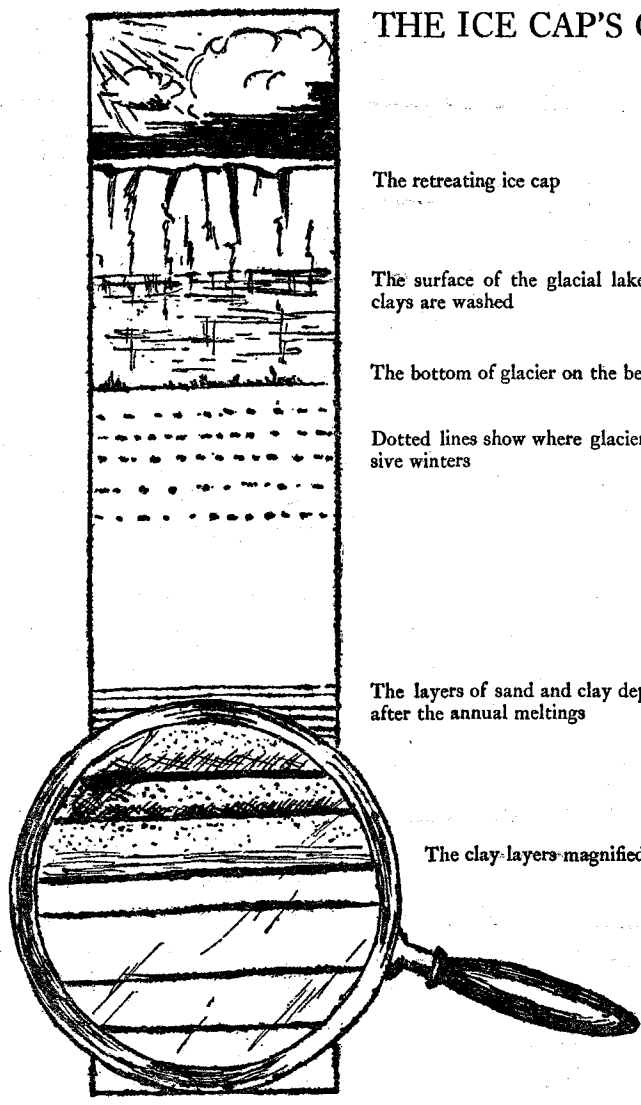
THE ICE CAP'S CALENDAR


The retreating ice cap
The surface of the glacial lake into which sand and clays are washed
The bottom of glacier on the bed of the Lake
Dotted lines show where glacier stood during successive winters
The layers of sand and clay deposited on bed of lake after the annual meltings
The clay layers magnified

The layers of clay, shown under the glass, are the ice cap's annual record. As the ice melted in the Summer, sand and clay carried first into the glacial lake were deposited on the bed of the lake, large particles first and finally a thin layer of fine clay. These layers of clay were deposited one for each year, showing not only how long the ice retreated but also, by the thickness of the layer, showing how intense the heat of the sun was for that Summer. These same layers have waited through eons in our brickyards for geologists to make a calendar.

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many years, which means that we can positively trace the age of the earth 18,000 years backward, counting from the beginning of our century.

Just at the point where this prehistoric chronology joins our own, there is still a small gap, which is estimated at about one century. This is without practical significance and will probably soon enough be filled out. But in the meantime, in order to avoid even small changes of year numbers in the use of the time scale, all datings are reckoned from a certain year about 8,700 years before our time. This was chosen as the most suitable year to represent the end of the Ice Age.

The tracks of the sun in the glacial clay for every single year, — being everywhere alike, year by year, — thus afford a means of reliable dating over a very considerable lapse of time after the maximum of the last glaciation of the Great Ice Age. In order, therefore, to comprehend the geophysical, biological, and archeological evolution of the earth, scientists must go back to these glaciated regions. From them an accurate time table of evolution must be drawn, and no doubt it will soon be realized how important a reliable knowledge of the time factor is for the study of every kind of evolution. In the absence of such a knowledge it has often been assumed hitherto that deposits from the Pleistocene Age containing remnants of similar plants and animals were contemporary. In reality perhaps they only represented a similar climatic zone or a similar stage in the shifting displacements of migrating plants and animals which are always migrating. For the real study of evolution independent time determinations are necessary.

This is especially important because it may provide more reliable means for arranging in their proper order the relics of the Old Stone Age that the archeologists have investigated.

But the most direct and at the same time the most exact results from the study of the sun tracks is to be expected in geophysics, — that is, physical science applied to the earth itself. As to the physics of the glacier ice and the laws concerning its formation, movement, distribution, melting, and retreat, investigations have hitherto been confined to small, local glaciers. Now the possibility is opened up of dating and determining the exact limits of the great Pleistocene ice sheets which extended to regions where our best crops and largest cities now flourish. The same is true of many other branches of geophysics. For example,

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the undercutting and depositing work of the waves along shores of ice-dammed glacial lakes and seas, and the similar work of rivers, is now datable. Thus the date has now been determined at which, about 9,500 years ago, the land ice and its marginal ice-lake left the Niagara region free.

In the same way the dated withdrawal of the border of the land ice from different tracts not only makes it possible for the first time to study in detail the successive immigration of plants and animals, by help of their remnants in successively formed peat bogs and other deposits, but also to study how the weathering and the soil formation successively encroached upon the new land, exposed by the retreating ice. The changes of levels and warpings of old beaches along the glacial lakes and seas which bordered the receding ice-sheet, can now be dated and this affords means of studying with exactness the geophysical movements of the crust of the earth, — which would otherwise be impossible.

But the most remarkable result from the study of the sun tracks may perhaps be the conclusions concerning the physics of the sun itself. From the renowned mountain observatories on Mount Wilson and Mount Whitney in the Far West we know from a couple of decades' observation how the amount of radiation received from the sun varies from year to year. It is now possible to extend this solar curve in an approximate way over at least 18,000 years and, perhaps, over a still longer period. We are furthermore able to state, not only that those annual variations of the solar radiation are practically the same over the whole of the earth, but also that greater periodical changes in that variation, — one embracing about seven hundred years and another about two thousand years, — are contemporary and probably due to the same cause: variations in the amount of heat received from the sun.

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EDUCATION OR ANODYNE?

The Paralysis of Mass Schooling

GEORGE WHITNEY MARTIN

DOES education make for independent thinking and a Spartan, courageous individualism? No, says Mr. Martin; mass education, like large-scale production of Fords, turns out a standardized product. We only think we think, and we don't even think of exercising our right of choice on moral questions,—we leave that to the Government. This moral paralysis begins in the home, in the assumed infallibility of parents, and our schools and colleges only perfect us in the rhythms of lock-stepping.

THE two great schools of morals, the Stoics and the Epicureans, are distinguished less by the fundamental differences in their ideals of human excellence than in the means by which each endeavors to attain its end. A system like that of the Stoics, which makes self-control the ideal, is particularly favorable to the heroic qualities; while the Epicurean system, which tends to resolve virtue into benevolence, develops the amiable virtues of utilitarianism, so necessary to modern industrial organization. Each, however, when pushed to an extreme, produces evils which lead to the reappearance of its rival and to the rise of the counter emphasis in the minds of men. "In the Roman Empire," says Lecky, "almost every great character, almost every effort in the cause of liberty, emanated from the ranks of Stoicism, while Epicureanism was continually identified with corruption and with tyranny."

On the other hand, during the French Revolution, the pendulum of opinion swung far the other way. De Tracy, a distinguished pupil of Condillac, argued that the most efficient of all ways of educating people was the establishment of a good system of police; for the constant association of the ideas of crime and punishment in the minds of the masses was one effectual method of creating moral habits, which would continue to direct and orient after the fear of punishment was removed.

Two generations later the swing of opinion back to Stoicism is recorded in Mill's *Essay on Liberty:* "The human faculties of perception, judgment, discriminative feeling, mental activity, and even moral preference, are exercised only in making a choice. He who does anything because it is the custom makes no choice. He gains no practice either in discerning or in desiring what is best. The mental and moral, like the muscular powers, are im-

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proved only by being used. The faculties are called into no exercise by doing a thing merely because others do it, no more than by believing a thing only because others believe it. If the grounds of an opinion are not conclusive to the person's own reason, his reason can not be strengthened, but is likely to be weakened, by his adopting it."

Seventy years have passed since Mill wrote, and the remarkable change in the emphasis of the philosophy now current can not but challenge the attention of thoughtful men. We see around us, not life organized along the lines of Mill's principles of freedom, but the program of De Tracy fairly in operation. No act or omission of the individual is too private but the government censors will investigate the circumstances of it and apply a correction or a penalty which will bring it into line with the necessities of the current code of respectability. The resulting simplification of moral questions and the greater ease of administering a government in which right and wrong may be settled by political fiat are advantages, in this connection, which are not to be overlooked; but the effect of the system on the moral fabric of an individual must give us pause.

The docility in individuals necessary for successful wholesale government regulation must be inculcated early in life, and the march of social organization lately from the individualism of Mill toward collectivism is reflected largely in the educational aims and methods of present-day secondary schools. With the exception of a handful of schoolmasters who are trying such experiments as the Dalton Plan, the usual method of instruction is based on a system of rewards and punishments meted out according to the impression made on the teacher; and the end of the activity is variously described as "good citizenship", "the manly Christian character," or "Americanism". The measure of success in attaining these consummations is again the impressions of the schoolmaster. No records or statistics of the careers of graduates of schools are kept so that reference may later be made to the curriculum or influence at work during their undergraduate days; no comparison is made between the school histories of subsequent successes or failures. The whole matter, even from the point of view of those in charge, is sheer guesswork and surmise, barren of data or facts, and highly colored by old hates and affections.

The befuddlement of the pedagogue is nowhere more apparent than in his own ideas of what education is all about. He will teach

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reading, writing, and arithmetic. He will teach boys to be upright and honest. But that the subjects of instruction are merely a medium for the development of the capacity to think on the boy's part is, to the schoolmaster, a perturbing proposition, the logical conclusion of which he can not foresee. He wants his boys to think, — certainly, — but he wants them to think right, i.e., to come to the same conclusions as he does himself. If they do not come to the "right" conclusion, then it were better that they did not think at all.

For, as Bertrand Russell has said: "Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth, — more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well tried wisdom of the ages."

Certainly the prospect of letting loose such a force as this in the static microcosm over which he rules is disturbing to the ordinary schoolmaster. Why trouble the even tenor of his way with unnecessary complications which he may not be able to resolve? Life is a moral probation, not an opportunity for experience, — at least, the pedagogue's existence will be infinitely eased and simplified if he can make himself believe so, — so he will preach obedience, exact a certain outward deportment, and instruct in stock answers on non-controversial topics.

Thus he links his boys to life as it seems to be and eliminates the vision of the possibility of things. The rising generation is not responsible for the world that it finds about it; and, under this philosophy, by doing nothing which can have any consequence, it will escape, forsooth, the responsibility involved in putting new ideas into execution. So we endure outworn traditions rather than risk other ills we know not of; and thus rises a vast system of synthetic morality, morally aseptic but intellectually sterile, in which the youth of the land is bound to the chariot of the social and industrial organization by tradition and the tyranny of the majority, so that it must conform or be damned.

In common with the apes, man has a diverting capacity for mimicry and a passion for admiration. All the world is a stage, and there are more *bandar-log* abroad than are contained in the Rotary Clubs. It is doubtless possible to confine and train a first-class ape so that his private life will eclipse in purity Sir Galahad's

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best records. In consequence, his strength may be the strength of ten, — but will he be moral?

Can any one be moral whose deportment is founded on fear of force? Does not such conduct become a species of expediency merely, which may be creditable, but which has no commensurate relationship to morality whatever? To be moral, said Plato, is to know what you are doing, — and why; and the moral life is not the life you *ought* to lead but that which, after solemn thought and self-examination, you *want* to lead.

This definition involves a procedure quite the reverse of the modern. To-day, we sit in a barber chair or a bishop's seat and theorize in a large way and with a complete absence of data. When we have evolved a satisfactory conclusion we prove it is correct by rationalizing. If the people are not sufficiently impressed with the justification by rationalization, a moral element can be introduced into the situation by the passage of an appropriate statute with appropriate penalties. It may well be that resort to legislative fiat to demonstrate the truth of conclusions will be had only in connection with age-long beliefs inherited from respectable ancestors, such as the cosmogony outlined in Genesis; but it is more probable that such laws as the one forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution will be passed wherever the local population is sufficiently simian in its outlook and deportment to be sensitive on the subject or lacking in self-confidence.

The fact is that men's minds differ not only in capacity but in kind, and the idea that in evolution the simpler states show the essential elements out of which the more complex organizations arise has no real support in nature. A first-class mind may be limited in its constituent parts to the same compositions which are found in a feeble mind, but the two have quite different potentialities. Certain combinations form water, which contains nothing new, but which has properties so different from those of the basic elements as to be utterly unforeseeable and unexplainable.

Earthworms can be taught many astonishing tricks by the process of trial and error. Useful as this method is in human education, it has early limitations and unexpected by-products when not supplemented by other experiences. A laboratory may be constructed in which the inhabitants are punished each time they take a drink. Eventually they will, perhaps, stop drinking; but they have not learned temperance, nor self-control, — nor have they become moral. They have merely learned expediency.

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Subject boys to a carefully devised system of rewards and punishments and they become politic. They give outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace which does not exist. They are honest because honesty is the best policy if they want to be comfortable, and to be comfortable becomes the main object in life. They become experts in giving false impressions of themselves, in posturing, in cant. In short, they become "one hundred per cent American", and unable to endure that any one should be different from them.

We can not tell what kind of man the Lord has intended any particular boy to be; but if we try to guess it, and we guess wrong, (and, being human, we are almost certain to select idealized editions of ourselves), then we produce something bogus and mediocre. For three hundred years the Jesuits were accounted the best schoolmasters in Europe; and yet "the Jesuits have produced no Aquinas, no Anselm, no Bacon, no Richelieu. Men whom they trained, and who broke loose from their teachings, Pascal, Descartes, Voltaire, have powerfully affected the philosophical and religious beliefs of great masses of mankind; but respectable mediocrity is the brand on the long list of Jesuit names in the catalogs of Alegambe and De Backer." (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*).

Parents want results. They want Brushwood Boys. If the boys can think, it is well, — if they do not get too radical; but their deportment must be conventional at all costs. This is the demand which schoolmasters undertake to supply. This is the sure thing recommended by President Coolidge when he said, "Men have experimented with radical theories in great and small ways times without number and always, always with complete failure. . . . Adherence to radical doctrines means the ultimate breaking down of the old, sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood, the insidious destruction of character, the weakening of the moral fibre of the individual, and the destruction of the foundations of society."

Faced with our chief magistrate's pronunciamento on the finality of revealed knowledge, what is an eager-minded student to do?

Professor Overstreet answers this question: "Grow the habit of critically examining basic assumptions. There are basic assumptions everywhere, — in the newspapers, in business, in churches,

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in the home, in politics, — assumptions that underlie the things that people think and believe and do. The first step towards gaining an intelligent grasp of one's world is to discover and to question these basic assumptions."

And James Harvey Robinson adds: "Descartes . . . insisted on the necessity, if we proposed to seek the truth, of questioning *everything* at least once in our lives. To all these leaders in the development of modern science (Descartes, Bacon, Galileo, Copernicus), doubt, not faith, was the beginning of wisdom. They doubted, — with good reason, — what the Greeks were supposed to have discovered; they doubted all the old books and all the university professors' lecture notes."

It is a far cry from Descartes to a contemporary Kiwanis luncheon where an imported orator will reveal, for an emolument, to the assembled yokels the latest conclusions in the social sciences, as though he had ultimate truth by the tail. In the field of natural science, the discoveries of the twentieth century have been so subversive of previous conceptions of cosmology as to give pause even to charlatans; but in the field of morals, Pharisees continue to exhort, advise, and compel the acceptance and practice of theories so at variance with the known facts as to suggest to the unimpassioned observer that we are in the presence of a little understood biological urge to be certain, from which only a high order of man can escape. To doubt takes more intelligence, and may take more courage, than to have faith. It is likewise much harder work and has distressing by-products like the black bile. It is uncomfortable; and because it is uncomfortable it is listed as undesirable by the herd, the most of whom can not support the irksomeness of thought, nor face life on their own responsibility.

"The general average of mankind," says Mill, "is not only moderate in intellect, but also moderate in inclinations: they have no tastes or wishes strong enough to incline them to do anything unusual, and they consequently do not understand those who have, and class all such with the wild and intemperate whom they are accustomed to look down upon." And Lecky: "The history of that moral intolerance which endeavors to reduce all characters to a single type has never been examined as it deserves. No one can have failed to observe how common it is for men to make their own tastes or excellencies the measure of all goodness, pronouncing all that is broadly different from them to be imperfect or low, or of secondary value."

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If the boys question the schoolmaster too closely, — that is to say, if they ask him what makes him believe his conclusions are true and how he gets that way, — he is affronted. Likewise the ministers of the Protestant denominations. It is considered impudent to invite a clergyman down into the arena where the sweaty Myrmidons from the forefront of advancing civilization are throwing mud and cabbages at one another. The teacher class and the clergy are sacrosanct. One may call them villains, but not buffoons. And the result is that these men take on the attributes of a caste apart from the rest of us. We no longer regard them as fellow men, but rather as rarefied beings incapable of coming to grips with the realities of life or of understanding the motives and thoughts of common people. And so they come to be without real influence except among the anthropoid yokels, who neither doubt nor investigate, but progress from one "hunch" to another with a faith which might move mountains if only it were tied to intelligence instead of to bigotry.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will. We explain life in terms which satisfy our limited human intellects, and just as we have laid the last brick in the imposing structure, it is toppled over by fresh discoveries of truth which will not fit into our preconceptions. The Fundamentalist way of dealing with such disappointments is to prohibit a further search for truth. The alternative is to live in a tent; for, if life is dynamic, and all knowledge is a changing flux of relativity, then civilization must ever be on the march and looking forward.

This does not, of course, imply that we should discard the accumulated knowledge of previous generations, but that mankind will not be saved, *ipso facto*, by a process called school, if only it is applied in sufficient quantities. The student himself is the product of the educational system, and he is important, not according to what he knows, but according to what he can do. His abilities and capacities may be made or marred to a considerable extent by his knowledge; but those are the attributes which count in the world, and not the number of academic credits or degrees which he has acquired. Mental power can be developed only by effort on the part of the student. No mental message nor hypodermics of facts can take its place; and it is the same with moral character.

At every age of his life, man will make an effort for objects which he wants and can see clearly. The stimulus lies in the end

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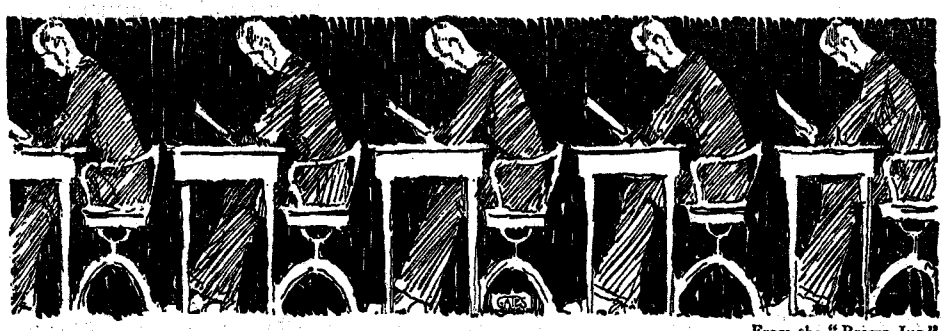
desired and understood. But mere drill is not, in itself, an end desired by many, and it is impossible to carry it so far, both in the realm of morals and of intellect, that it handicaps the subject. General Braddock undoubtedly wanted to win the battle of Fort Duquesne. If he had been anything but a well trained soldier the result might have been different. But he was not trained to adjust his actions and conclusions to unforeseen circumstances. He had not an agile mind. He did not know when to break the rules. He was instructed, not educated. He knew the answers, but not the reasons.

The clergymen who urge us to support prohibition do not accomplish this end, but excite the suspicion in the minds of thoughtful men that everything heretofore accepted from them may be the result of rationalized assumptions and expediency. The schoolmasters who exhort students to specific deportment thereby forfeit their leadership with youth in the realm of morals. For boys and men are not interested in being all of one model, unless they hope by conformity to conceal some natural dulness or incapacity. They are passionate beings, driven by destiny to think, and the delegation of this obligation, as they know, means their withdrawal from the battlefield before the fight is done.

The world is dynamic. We must expect it to tumble about our ears periodically. And we must educate the youth to regard even the everlasting rocks merely as so much gas under pressure, so that, alert and unafraid, they will progress from one phenomenon to another, curious, tolerant, and open-minded.



From the "Brown Jug"
Brown University

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PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!

Forum Medical Series — VI

SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, M.D.

CANST thou not minister to a mind diseased?" asked Macbeth; and Dr. Jelliffe answers that the modern medical man not only can but must, if he is to be more than half a physician. The mind and the body are bound into one acting and interacting system; disease may spring from "within" as well as from "without"; and the doctor can no longer ignore the double nature of his task. In this final article of THE FORUM *Medical Series, Dr. Jelliffe interprets the last oracle of Aesculapius.*

THE traveler to New York on the Pennsylvania Railroad, after leaving Newark and Manhattan Transfer, traverses a low desolate stretch of land known as the Jersey meadows, stretching, in general, from the foot hills of the Oranges to the high rocky ridge of the Jersey City heights. He then plunges beneath the Hudson river to arrive at the Terminal, again upon a less elevated rocky ridge known as Manhattan Island. There is nothing but a dreary waste to see as he crosses the meadows, and darkness surrounds him in the tunnel. Such is all that the usual traveler is aware of. But to the geologist there is an entirely different vista. With the eye of reconstructive imagination he is carried back to the Glacial Age and can see, some 50,000 to 100,000 years ago, a mighty river descending from the retreating glacial cap that covered all of upper New York State and Canada. A river from six to eight miles wide, rushing out some seventy-five miles beyond the present ocean border to a great continental shelf where it plunged five miles or so across a cliff from two to four thousand feet in height. Niagara, the falls of the Zambesi, and all other natural phenomena are but pigmies compared to that geological waterfall of ancient times. The geologist sees the present Hudson river as only a small segment of this mighty river, — a mere remnant, finding a different channel and possessing little of the turgid grandeur of its ancestor of the Glacial Age.

This metaphor may help us to envisage the respective rôles played in the mental systems of mankind by what is termed the Unconscious and the Conscious. But the metaphor must be modified. Whereas the energy of the old glacial stream has forever departed and left only the flat desolate area of the Jersey meadows to mark its ancient course, in the soul or psyche of man there has

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been preserved all this colossal dynamic power of past experience, the so called instincts in the Unconscious. The comparatively recent system of perceptive consciousness which would guide this dynamic flow of the impulses in our metaphor of the Hudson river, is the Conscious Ego. It is the Ego which would direct our musculature, our glands, and our inner organs to pleasurable ends, thus affording a discharge of the energy of the accumulated torrential impulses concealed in man's machinery.

Here, for the purposes of this discussion, a living thing may be thought of as an energy system, — i.e., a machine, — roughly comparable to the automobile. All living things, including man, get their energy from external sources, as the car gets its gas and electricity from sources outside its motor. The organs, — liver, kidney, heart, brains, — of these living things, are bits of structuralized experience which transform the energy, just as the gears, cams, cogs, wheels, rods of an automobile transform the energy of the electric-spark-converted gas. In the living animal the energy is delivered in action, — it goes here and does this and that, — by means of muscles and glands and other special organs. When the animal would direct itself, to continue the metaphor, it throws in the clutch, i.e., the cerebral mechanism (the brain), the sensori-motor system connects with the vegetative nervous system, and the dance of life is on.

This general conception, — the energy hypothesis, — formulated by Robert Meyer, is all that will enable us in the simplest possible terms to outline a broader platform of disease processes, which we believe should be better understood by the physician of to-day if he hopes to be of the greatest service to himself and to the community. Everything that comes into the human machine must be ultimately delivered. Fortunately for mankind, his billion years of experience from ameba to man takes care of his machinery automatically. He "runs" without much attention on his part. This is the "wisdom of the body" of the ancients. Happy the individual who does not throw a monkey wrench into his own machinery.

A visitor to a mental hospital who can view with understanding the wild ravings of a maniacal individual, or even a person who observes an epileptic fit, sees (to follow our opening figure of speech) the glacial torrent, — the Unconscious, — streaming directly through the Hudson channel, — the Conscious, — without any screening, any brake, any buffer. Inasmuch as only in the

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delirium of war so called healthy individuals behave in this way, one can inquire if there is not some interposed system to modify and direct, turn back or deflect this mighty Titan of the Unconscious.

The newer orientation to these problems has developed such a system, and has called it the Ideal Ego, or Super-Ego. This is what the theologians have called conscience, the sociologists, ethics, the combatants, sportsmanship. Here is the "gentleman", the "lady", achieved by a series of modifying attributes which on the one hand is in touch with the primitive, — beyond good and evil, — and on the other, with the Ego, that is, in touch with conscious Reality. Thus Freud has outlined three interrelated stages in the mental systems of mankind. They are the mental systems which distribute the energy "well" (healthy), or "ill" (disease). The oldest archaic precipitates of physico-chemical and biological experiences in the deep Unconscious he has termed the "It"; the superficial guiding principle of perceptive consciousness, — the "Ego", and between, in constant buffering tensional activity, the "Super-Ego". Man's conflicts may play their parts solely in the Ego system. Here one speaks of suppression. Again the conflict rages between certain Super-Ego precipitates and the Ego systems. The deeper and much more vital conflicts between the "Super-Ego" and the "It" systems, all fall under the head of "repressions" which may or may not be made accessible to consciousness and thus to control.

Innumerable conflicts of this nature in educational, religious, political, and other fields keep man at variance with his neighbor and cause the development of inhibitions and symptoms and at times of devastating illnesses.

First of all, then, the physician of the future must familiarize himself with the new view of man's control systems for the distribution of his energy and the resultant "inhibitions". This affords a key to many unhealthy states of the organism. From the psychoanalytic study of related inhibitions, not only in the sexual field where we find a graded series of manifestations ranging from psychical to physical importance, but also in the special occupation domain, certain outstanding factors have been brought to the surface.

Ordinary observation tells us that the individual, — all living things in fact, — is continually bombarded by a vast horde of external (environmental) stimuli to which some form of response

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must be made. No less true, but not so obvious, inner stimuli (roughly grouped by scientists as instincts) have an equal if not a superior demand to be directed and their energy (tension) be discharged. For the handling of these stimuli from without as well as for those from within, the special mental systems already outlined operate. The Ego lies in touch with Consciousness. It is more under the necessity of the reality principle and would lead to some form of adequate or partly adequate discharge of the deeper lying instinctive life which lies closer to the pleasure principle of life.

Inhibitions deal with fear of criticisms from the mass which is mostly under the sway of the practical man, — i.e. the demagog, standpatter, Babbitt, or what not. Many of the ills of mankind are essentially due to this general situation. They mostly lie in the mental sphere and are known by such names as bad temper, crankiness, eccentricity, censors, reformers, etc., which are popular words for a comparative trilogy such as neuroses, psychoneuroses, or psychoses. Most censors or reformers suffer from delusions of grandeur. If the delusion is on a large scale, i.e. shared by millions of others, they may even get government jobs, or salaries to carry out the mass delusional wish to control; if the delusion is very individualistic they get locked up in bedlam.

Thus when the contending forces within our mental systems are almost equally balanced, "compensating neuroses" arise. When Hippocrates taught that the true physician was one who also treated the "soul" of his patient, in the language of this discussion it would mean that the real physician is one who would look beyond an obvious structural variation and see the inward tensional condition of his patient; for according to the conception here advanced, it is only too frequent, if not universal, that the structural anomaly is the "spot" selected for the energy discharge in the tensional state. Thus a deviated septum, or minor ocular variation, or tonsillar enlargement, or skin sensitivity, or bladder irritability, or intestinal tension is made to "swell up", as it were, with the effort at reaching a state of equilibrium of the disturbed inner tensional relationships of "Ego", "Super-Ego", and "It" systems.

But what about "bacteria" and the like, one immediately hears from all sides. Yes, what about them? They themselves are energy systems like anything else, and when gaining an entrance into the body have to be met just as any other invader has to be

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met, — the critical attitude of the mass, the deluded reformer, the loss of a loved one, or a fortune, — these are all energy systems and the mental systems of mankind are ready for the fray. In the case of the "bacteria" one looks to the "It" system, — the automatic wisdom of the body, millions of years old, — to handle the situation, which if uncomplicated by the "wish to die", or by severe compensating conflicts, is usually overcome. Here, for the physician of the future, is one of the most fascinating fields for medical research, — the study of the interrelation between "constitutional states", here envisaged as a net product of the mental system activities and actual family hand-me-downs (heredity), and the invading energy systems from without.

Now what about stimuli from within?

Mortality statistics show that x per cent of mankind dies of this disease, that y per cent dies of that, and z per cent of some other; and were there enough letters in any alphabet all would be labeled with a figure showing what mankind dies of, for all men are mortal. But whereas only x per cent dies of this disease, and y of that, and all the others have various figures attached to them, it is amusing, if not a tragic reality, that everybody has his private skeleton in the closet, which, although it will not kill him and thus get into the percentage column of the alphabet, is nevertheless quite annoying. It rarely compels him to go to a state hospital or even to consult a physician.

In other words all mankind suffers from some form of major or minor malady, which makes life either unhappy, or bitter, or less pleasant than it might be. No matter where all this business of discontent started, whether way back in the Glacial Age, — or from the cradle, whether the infant was dissatisfied with mother's breast, the bottle, wet nurse, or Nestle's food (and in our learned scientific journals one may read about these prehistoric or these natal influences, in scientific jargon called "constitutional or dispositional"), — the fact remains, sad or comic though it may be, that mankind is rarely satisfied.

Curiously enough, — and we now speak of the majority of mankind, — no one wishes to die. At least the "death wish" only comes to the surface at rare intervals. In childhood one not infrequently hears Willy or Sally say to father or mother, "Some day I'll die and you'll be sorry!" in reaction to a denial or punishment which wounds the sensitive Ego and indicates the conflict between the weaker and the stronger. Some children, fortunately

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few, remain in this stage of self-love (Narcissism is the term favored by certain specialists borrowed from the Grecian myth of the youth who, looking into the pool, loved himself more than Echo, — the opposite sex, — and suffered the results of such an attachment). A more robust attitude toward reality, — the "Ego" system controls the "It", — overcomes this infantile stage and presents us with the actual life of millions of individuals upon the globe striving to carry out the mastery of what they find in the actual world about them, unwittingly endeavoring to adjust themselves to inward processes, or instincts.

Scientists have come to the conclusion that all actions of mankind may be reduced to the mastery of two "instincts". They have called them the instinct of "self-preservation" and the "instinct of race propagation".

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature." This is a saying which is familiar, but untrue. For if this had been the program of evolution, nothing but a repetition of the first efforts of life would have resulted. So it has been concluded that the most important of instinct-drives is that of race propagation. Without this, "evolution" as a principle is unthinkable. Self-preservation is *not* the first law of nature. Race propagation *is*. The immortality of the gods of Grecian mythology or any other kind of individual immortality is, therefore, an illusion. Creative purpose in life is the goal that leads to happiness, to health, and to real satisfaction.

Now what is the significance of this discussion as far as the title of this article is concerned? The title conveys the suggestion that there may be something wrong in the domain of Aesculapius. What is the connection between a necessity for a knowledge of the mental systems outlined and the reformation of the doctor?

"Diseases" mean inadequate handling of stimuli from without and of stimuli from within. The physician's task is to understand these forces, — both those working from without as well as those from within, — if he is to be of the greatest service to mankind. Should he limit his casual thinking solely to an understanding of "diseases" as coming from without, — such as the bacterial diseases of pneumonia, typhoid fever, or influenza, important as such may be, — and neglect the factors from within, he is only "half" a physician. Should he swing to an opposite pole and become so obsessed with the idea that our "thinking" alone makes "disease" he is even less than half a physician.

Man is an animal; this truism carries with it the fact that what

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all animals before him have learned, he also knows. His knowledge has come through one of the stages in the mental systems already spoken of, the "It". When wintry blasts come with ice and snow, many an animal undergoes an actual change. His pelt, for example, may alter in color or become thicker. He has made an autoplastic (self-modeled) adaptation to the changed environmental stimuli. To meet the same kind of change man makes an effort to change the stimulus. He builds houses, puts in furnaces, and so forth. Science calls these alloplastic (out-modeling) modes of adaptation. Autoplastic and alloplastic adaptive schemes are in action to meet the stimuli from within as well. One of the most widespread autoplastic adaptations that man has developed is the learning of foreign languages.

To meet the stimuli from within, — such as the "instinct" patterns, — one sees the whole series of "hunger and love" activities. In the open alloplastic forms, agriculture, commerce, and shops are for the former. For the latter courtship, marriage, and child-bearing. When such adaptations are held up or thwarted, witness the temporary or permanent substitutes, — temporary for hunger, temporary or permanent for the complete love life. In this latter domain one finds many substitutions which, when socially useful, science calls sublimations; when not, reaction formations or diseases.

In the main, however, we as physicians can go much further than we do in our understanding of disease processes and, therefore, in their cure. When we have grown accustomed not only to admitting but to acting on such a conception of disease, we shall be on the way to treating ourselves and thereby rendering ourselves of more service to suffering humanity.

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"WESTWARD HO!"

FOUR WOODCUTS
BY
RICHARD BENNETT

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"CASTLE ROCK" — MONTANA

Scene of a one-night encampment of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1805

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SAN JUAN ISLANDS—PUGET SOUND
From Orcas Island, the largest of the group

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IS MAN FUNDAMENTALLY DISHONEST?

CLARENCE DARROW

THE form of this question is based on the common idea that in the moral world there are straight lines and clear distinctions. It is assumed that good has no relation to bad, and right no relation to wrong. In the words of Theodore Roosevelt, "right is right and wrong is wrong." If all questions were so simple as Mr. Roosevelt thought, it would save endless controversy, and discussions over philosophy and morals would no longer attract the interest of the intellectual world.

Theology has always held that there need be no confusion on the subject of right and wrong. If perchance here and there some weak or blind traveler could not find the road, there were always the church and theology to set him right. The fact that different churches and different theologies held more or less conflicting views, seemed not to matter. Each church had its code, and every person was supposed to accept one of them for light and guidance. All these religious conceptions are now disputed. What is more important, the human machine has been tested and analyzed, and its capacities appraised. The old basis of right and wrong has been found wanting, and the scientist has slowly and patiently built a new foundation which rests upon the experience, the customs, and the habits of man. That this foundation is shifting and changing in no way invalidates its verity as the criterion of right and wrong.

Aside from the religious conception of right and wrong, it was commonly supposed that all normal men were born with a conscience which automatically told them what was right and what was wrong. We now know that man has no inherited ideas on any subject. He may bring with him into the world a few life-preserving instincts, but his conscience, which was once supposed to tell him the difference between right and wrong, is acquired after birth and is formed from the ideas of right and wrong held by the parents, teachers, and others who surround him in youth. His conscience depends upon the accident of birth. Hence, in many things, his moral convictions are questions of geography.

Fundamentally, man is always changing, both in structure and concepts. His mechanism and ideas are constantly acting and reacting upon each other and always reshaping the inherent man.

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Not only is the individual always changing, but the common concepts of morals change too. "Honesty" and "dishonesty" are very inclusive words. They carry with them so many specific ideas that no two persons would be able to classify all human conduct alike. Even though two persons could agree as to the emotions that should be classified as "honest" and "dishonest" they could never agree upon the relative importance to be attached to each. They would likewise often find themselves halting between two or more good motives which were found in conflict under certain conditions. Examples of this clash often appear between "loyalty" and "truthfulness". One of Sir Walter Scott's novels illustrates this in the suffering of a girl who was called upon to choose between telling the truth or hiding the disgrace of her sister. That this heroine chose to tell the truth simply shows that she had been brought up with an emphasized idea of truthfulness, and was really not much of a heroine. Without doubt most girls would have chosen the other course without hesitation.

It is hardly possible to discuss the question of man's integrity without stating some of the qualities that are generally understood as inherent in the word "honesty". These qualities are, of course, those which are generally recognized in the community where one lives; such qualities would include truthfulness, loyalty, frank dealing, a nice distinction as to property rights, all of which are the basis of a changing and rapidly growing conception of honesty in this materialistic age. Against these qualities can be listed lying, stealing, cheating, and overreaching. Each of these qualities can, in turn, be subdivided into many simpler ones.

No doubt the child naturally tells the truth. He tells it not because it is honorable to be truthful, but because it is easier and simpler. The child is moved in his actions by the instincts to preserve his life, to get pleasure and avoid pain. He easily learns to lie when he finds that truthfulness will bring pain. The child knows nothing about property rights. His instinct to live leads him, as it does all other animals, to take what he wants wherever he can find it. Property rights are purely social creations, and it is a long and tedious process to teach children the constantly growing code that regulates such rights. The consciousness of the child has no ideas and conceptions to fortify this code. Violations of property rights make up most of the provisions of the criminal code. This is largely due to the fact that

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the distinctions are so fine that differences in the ways of securing property are hard to grasp. Then, too, the fundamental instincts of obtaining food and clothing, comfort and pleasure, are always urging the violation of some form of conventional and legal honesty. There are no two persons who have the same conceptions of this sort of honesty. Commercial and legal honesty are far removed from ideal honesty and from the golden rule. In this age business seems to cover nearly the whole horizon of life. Getting money for the sake of money is the driving emotion. This tends to destroy any conception of honesty except legal and conventional honesty. One has only to look at the advertisements that fill the periodicals and deface the streets to see the universal attempt to overreach the guileless and get the public's money by false and misleading statements about wares that are for sale. Writing this sort of literature is more profitable than any other form of art. The principles of psychology are called into play to induce the public to buy. No merchant would expect to help his business by a plain statement of facts and an honest comparison of his wares with the goods that other merchants seek to sell. When the ruling instinct is to get money, there can be no idealistic conception of fair dealing. Does this mean that men are intrinsically dishonest? The conclusion does not necessarily follow. Men possess emotions, all of which give way to the strongest. To be too idealistic would mean destruction. And after all, self-preservation is the strongest urge in life. The changes in law have followed in the wake of greed for money. Statutes against stealing have been followed by laws against obtaining property by false pretences. These have been followed by statutes forbidding the confidence game, which means almost anything that shocks the sensibilities of courts and juries. Still, in spite of all laws, cheating is a large part of trade.

All dishonesty is not confined to commercial pursuits. Just as it is almost instinctive to a child to tell the truth, so it is natural for every one to be himself. All men have an urge to express their honest convictions on every subject that attracts their attention. Men soon learn that they can not express honest convictions. If they would succeed they can not get too far away from the crowd. Organized society has its rules. In most things men must conform. The wolves that run in packs must stay with the pack. If they get too far ahead or behind, too far to the right or to the left, they are lost. It is as fatal to be ahead as it is to be behind. Men,

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likewise, go in packs. Everywhere there is an accepted political organization a regular church organization, the full quota of clubs and societies. These are all a part of the social life of the community. The pressure, too, of the pack is very strong. The penalties of leaving it are severe. This means loss of business, loss of friends, the surrender of ambition. Every organization is fighting independence, courage, and real honesty.

Then, too, men take their petty affairs very seriously. The church is important. It is the preserver of the idea of immortality. One who does not believe in the tenets of the church is the bearer of evil news. He is not wanted. He can not live a full life. He is very lonely, and no one likes to be alone. As a rule, no one can afford to be alone. The man who is hostile to the religious views of the community must suffer. The instinct to seek pleasure and avoid pain drives him to conform. He either keeps silent and stifles his honest feelings or he pretends to believe.

The political views of the "bunch" are just as strong. Not to conform is to be marked. Something is the matter with you, or you would be like the rest. As religious ideas affect eternity, so political ideas affect the here and now. Prosperity, happiness, and the stability of the state are supposed to depend on who is president or alderman. To disagree is evidence that in some way you are wrong. The distrust and ostracism of the community is a high price to pay for political independence. The same is true of churches and clubs, — all society is organized to prevent the honest expression of opinion. Everything urges conformity. To believe is to be "constructive"; to doubt is to be "destructive". So men must pretend to believe, even in matters where no one has proof. They must stultify themselves, must be dishonest in the things of life that are worth while. Few men can afford to be honest in thought and purpose, — it costs too much. Such men find themselves doubted, distrusted, and outcast. They hear the hounds baying them to death.

The man who stifles his views, who withholds his knowledge and opinions, who conforms when he knows he should not conform, is not honest. All men do this to some extent. They are obliged to conform or die.

There are other reflections raised by this question as well as all questions that assume the existence of absolute qualities and absolute values, or anything absolute in a world where everything is relative and conditioned. Under most definitions a man

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is dishonest when he lies. Still, there are times and circumstances when one must lie, and should lie. A lie is not necessarily wrong simply because it is a lie. One can imagine nothing more disorganizing than a universal conspiracy to tell the truth. If it is necessarily wrong to lie, it would probably follow that it is necessarily wrong to suppress the truth. It must be wrong not to tell the community all the unpleasant things you know about your neighbors and your friends and yourself. Few people could live in a community if every action and fact of this life were dragged to light. Human nature is not such that one can live in a glass house, or be always on dress parade. Every community has its sanctuaries where the individual can flee for safety. Every community has its priests, its doctors, its lawyers, its bankers, to keep the secrets of the town. Every community likewise has some rare souls to whom men and women naturally flee to unburden themselves and shift a part of the load that weighs them down. The decent doctor does not tell his patient that his death is near, he lets him live in hope. He even lies to give him hope, unless there should be some pressing need to tell the truth. Most kindly disposed men and women will tell the sick that they are looking well, the old that they are growing younger every day, and at least refrain from telling the plain woman that she is ugly or old. No sensitive, considerate person feels it his duty to tell another of some fact that will make him unhappy, and which he does not need to know. Such a person would much rather tell a lie that will prevent pain.

It is probably safe to say that man is fundamentally both honest and dishonest. Intelligent men know that they can not always regulate their conduct by straight lines. The unintelligent feel this fact without knowing it. Most men are habitual liars and habitual truth tellers. They sometimes conform to severe standards of honesty, and they likewise practise deceit. Most men look for some dishonesty and deceit in the conduct of their fellows. In politics, for instance, no one expects a candidate to be straightforward and honest. All expect him to raise false issues, make absurd promises, and employ almost any means to win. The average man expects this from the highest to the lowest office-holder. It is only rarely that the straightforward and the courageous come to the top in public life, and then it is generally in some great crisis, and they disappear as suddenly as they rise.

Nearly all boys and girls are taught that honesty of conduct

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can not only be determined by straight lines and fixed rules, but can be carried out in living. They may never be convinced that this is not true, but automatically they learn that life consists of adjustments, and that many of these can not be fully figured out in advance. Life is hard enough at best, adjustments are always coming without warning, and man has little chance to do more than make them as best he can at the time. To say that all men are sometimes dishonest means only that no one can live outside of himself and those around him. He may choose what seems to him the honest way, but his nature and his life can stand only a certain pressure, — when that is reached he resists no more. He may be likened to a steam boiler. Some boilers are safe at twenty pounds pressure to the square inch, but will break at forty. The boiler is neither honest nor dishonest, — it stands a certain pressure, and no more. Man can not be classified as honest or dishonest, — he goes along with the game of life and can stand a certain pressure for the sake of his ideals, but at a certain point he can stand no more.

NOVEMBER MAKES A WORLD

THIS golden quiet that November makes
Is all of painted trees and painted ground,
And oceans of stilled air where no wave breaks
On any shore with any lightest sound, —
Less like a world than like a painter's dream
Of worlds remote and strange and beautiful,
Till the heart's grief itself will scarcely seem
More than a golden leaf upon a pool.

For all is lost and lovely in this light
That fades at last along the stirless hush
Of afternoon gone golden to the night
Whose darkness glimmers with a ghostly blush
That might be aster . . . or a painted leaf . . .
Or the thin shallop of a golden grief.

— *David Morton*

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THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE RELIGION OF AMERICA

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Forum Americana Series — X

DRAWINGS BY E. H. SUYDAM

ON a memorable occasion we celebrated the founding of our nation and the service of one of its greatest leaders, who embodied its genius and its history. Certainly we may say that if it had not been for Thomas Jefferson, — his character, his influence, his prophetic insight, — the story of the founding of our Republic would have been very different, how different no one can tell. He was one of a group of extraordinary men, providentially trained, who laid the bases of our national life, and who are now our immortal contemporaries. The figure most often set alongside Jefferson is Lincoln, yet the two men were very unlike. So unlike, indeed, that it would serve no purpose to institute a comparison, except to say that of the two, Jefferson was more complex, more original; if, in fact, we may not say that he was the most original mind in the history of American statesmanship. The mind of Lincoln was derivative; his greatness was moral, — a spirit of justice, charity, fortitude, patience, pity. The mind of Jefferson devoted itself to creating, elaborating, and expounding an entire philosophy of democratic society, to which Lincoln appealed in an hour of crisis.

One recalls the letter of Lincoln read at a Jefferson dinner in Boston, in 1860:

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"Soberly, it is no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them 'glittering' generalities. Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies'. And others insidiously argue that they apply only to 'superior races'.

"These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect, — the supplanting of the principles of free government and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. . . . Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, can not long retain it."

Those words might have been written to-day, so apt are they to the present world situation when eight dictators are in the saddle; and it behooves us to heed them, because the highest principles of freedom are easily lost sight of in days of prosperity and power, — doubly so in an hour of cynicism and reaction.

However, my purpose is in no wise political, but rather to set forth, first, the relation of Jefferson to the democracy of religion in America; second, the prophetic basis in his ideals for a religion of democracy yet to be realized; and finally, his faith in and enthusiasm for education as the means for the fulfilment of the highest political and spiritual ends of the Republic.

Remembering the things by which Jefferson wished to be remembered, in the order of his preference, first of all stands the Declaration of Independence, one of the greatest documents of all time. To have written that august instrument and to have had it adopted with very little change as he wrote it was a distinction unique and unmatched in our annals. Hardly less important, in some ways more important, was the fact that he led and won the long fight for religious independence, first in the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and, later, in the first amendment to the national Constitution. Jefferson saw that an autocratic Church in a democratic society was an anachronism as well as an anomaly, since a people can not long remain half free and half slave. Some of us feel that the outstanding achievement of the life of Jefferson was that he strove for and secured the absolute separation of Church and State, which was an emancipation for the Church no less than for the State, and an unmixed

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blessing to both. Few now remember, if they ever knew, that up until the Revolution, Church and State were united in America, or in most of it at least. The New England theory was that of a theocracy, a Church which included the State. In Virginia, if the State included the Church, they were none the less united. In the middle states there was more freedom, due to the diversity of population and divergent development. The Dutch had established freedom and tolerance, making New Amsterdam a haven of refuge for persecuted peoples. But, taken as a whole, the old ecclesiastical yoke rested upon the New World, and intolerance and bigotry were in vogue to a degree almost unbelievable. Outraged by frequent infringements upon religious liberty, Jefferson led and Madison followed in a heroic fight for the disestablishment of the Church, beginning with the Virginia Statute. The heart of that Statute, couched in noble language, is as follows, — it is a part of the sacred writings of the New World:

> "We, the general assembly of Virginia, do enact that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry, whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body or goods, or shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions to maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities."

Read in the setting of that age, those were memorable words, and their author is entitled to the perpetual and reverent regard of his countrymen. Yet it is a curious fact that while he did not differ widely in his religious views from Franklin, Adams, and even Washington, it was Jefferson who was singled out for the most savage and unreasonable attacks. He was branded as a skeptic, an infidel, an atheist, — words which had terrifying meanings in those days, — all because he held that every man should have the right to hold and advocate such religious faith as seemed to him true and right and good. Of course, his political enemies made full use of these fulminations, which continued throughout his lifetime and echoed long after his death.

The fact is that Jefferson was brought up in the Church, a vestryman in its service, and a fairly regular attendant upon its offices. In his own religious faith he was a "liberal", whose thinking was colored by the rationalistic philosophy of the eighteenth

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century. And he held his faith in a liberal spirit, with due regard for the faith of others. And it is the spirit that matters. A man may hold a conservative faith in a liberal spirit, and a liberal faith in an illiberal spirit. Jefferson was a liberal in both spirit and in faith. The New Testament was his favorite book. The teachings of Jesus fascinated him. During his first term in the White House he found time to make a syllabus of the doctrines of Jesus compared with the moral codes of other religions, in which he made out a strong case for the superiority of the ethics of Christ. In a letter to Thompson in 1816 he tells what he had been doing:

> "I have made a wee little book, which I call *The Philosophy of Jesus*. It is a paradigm of his doctrines, made by cutting the texts out of the book, in a certain order of time and subject. A more beautiful and precious morsel of ethics I have never seen. It is a document in proof that I am a real Christian, that is, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus, very different from the Platonists who call me an infidel and themselves Christians, while they draw all their characteristic dogmas from what its author never said or saw."

Often in his letters he speaks of his religious attitude, and at times with pungent epigrams worthy of long pondering, as when he said: "Had there never been a commentator there never would have been an infidel." If character is Christianity, surely, if ever of any one, we may say that Jefferson was a Christian. One hundred years ago he died, murmuring as he sank into the great sleep the old, beautiful Bible prayer: "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." So passed a great patriot, caught up from the Little Mountain in a chariot of sunset fire.

To Jefferson, more than to any other one individual, we owe the religious democracy of America, and it behooves us to guard it as a thing sacred and not to be violated. To-day, as in the past, eternal vigilance is needed to keep what has cost so much. Efforts are always on foot, — sincere and high-minded, but mistaken, — seeking to use the State to enforce either the dogmas of the Church or its moral precepts. Already we have gone further in that direction than it is wise or safe to go, putting in jeopardy the rights of the minority, as well as the rightful influence and work of the Church. Also, there is need to remember that mere toleration is not enough: it may mean only that we agree to allow others to exist until they come to their senses, — that is, until

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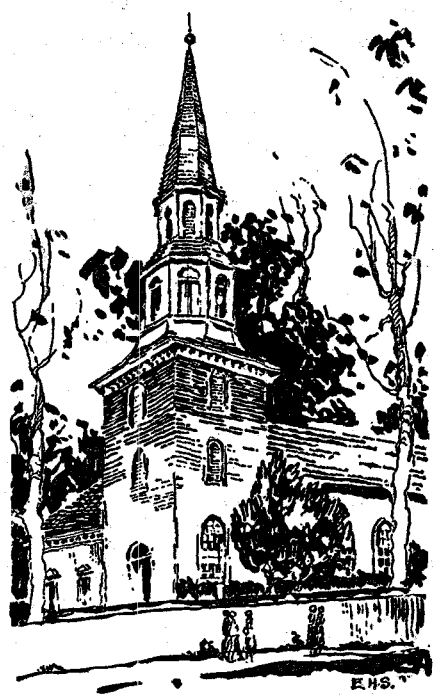
they come to our way of thinking. Often of late one has recalled the saying of Penn that men who fight about religion have no religion to fight about, since they do in the name of religion what religion itself forbids. What we need is more insight, more understanding,—a mirror in the mind to enable us to see other points of view. Tolerance is not enough,—we must cultivate appreciation, fellowship, cooperation, if freedom of faith is to bear its finest fruits.

From the democracy of religion, for which we are indebted to Jefferson, we must go forward and achieve the religion of democracy,—that is, the religion which traces and trusts the will of God revealed in the growing, unfolding life of the people. Not yet have we fathomed the religious meaning of our fundamental American ideas and ideals. The theology of America has yet to be written, a hint and prophecy of which Elisha Mulford gave us when he called his book of theology *The Republic of God*, in which he sought to open the gates of heaven a little wider than they had ever been before.



Jefferson's House of Worship
Bruton Parish Church, Va.

What is democracy? More than a phrase, more than a philosophy, more than a political system. It is something pungent and poignant of the people,—a vision of the worth of every human soul which makes the worth of life. It may be summed up in two propositions,—first, that the things common to all men are far more important than the things peculiar to any man or class; and second, that the most vitally important things must be entrusted to the collective experience and sagacity of mankind. So defined, it is closely akin to the religion whose gospel was the "good news of great joy" which the common people heard so gladly on the hillsides of Gallilee, when the Son of Man lodged with the fishermen by the sea.

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Put otherwise, it is the faith that society can safely be founded on the self-directing power of personality, and that it is only on this foundation that a true community can be built. Fortunately our fathers kept their theology and their politics apart, seemingly unaware of the conflict between them. That is, they reversed the theological teaching of ages and risked the fate of a republic upon the inherent divinity of man; and our history thus far down the ways of time has justified their faith. Such an idea, if thought through, means an appeal to experience, — to the living and continuing revelation of God, — as the basis of religious faith, no less than of political truth.

Always, by the creative logic of experience, a new faith in man implies and involves a new vision of God. We worship in the presence of an Eternal Father, who is always and everywhere accessible to the humblest man. The logic of the American idea leads to faith in a Divine Love, universal, impartial, and everlasting. If the faith of the religion of democracy is the Fatherhood of God, its service is the brotherhood of man.

Such is the spiritual meaning of the American ideal, however far we may fall below it, defaming it by exclusiveness or defiling it by our unworthiness. To that ideal we are pledged by the very genius of our history, by the revelation of God in our national experience, and we fulfil it in the measure that we weld this vast medley of peoples into a Beloved Community, — many races without rancor, many faiths without feud. Hitherto, we must admit, the peoples that have been notably creative in religious thought have been infertile in democratic ideas, and democracies have been deficient in spiritual creativeness. What the future of America will reveal remains to be disclosed, and its history will be its judgment.

What of the present? Bryce, in his survey of a century and a half of modern democracy, finds a sad deficit between what the theory of democracy requires and what the practice of it reveals, — "the failure of citizens to reach the needed standard of civic excellence." Back of this civic failure lies a moral failure, due to the fact that our democracy, so far at least, has been imperfectly religious. Agnosticism may be a better basis of democracy than total depravity; but it is utterly inadequate. With uncanny insight the picturesque Dictator of Italy said recently: "The democratic-liberal state, weak and agnostic, is no more." There is enough truth in his thrust to make it uncomfort-

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able. Our democracy has been too rationalistic, too utilitarian, too agnostic, and, if we except Walt Whitman walking down dreamy Democratic Vistas, almost entirely non-mystical. An atheistic democracy is a terror and a calamity; its shadow now lies dark over Russia, a menace to mankind.

As Lincoln said, our history has been a constant fight for the faith of democracy, and to-day it is a fiercer fight against sophistries and cynicisms of which he never dreamed. Against all of them we must fight the good fight, in the name of the worth of man and his right to be free, — his duty to rule himself and to serve his fellows. But if democracy is to realize its ideal, it must be under the inspiration and consecration of profound and creative vision of God, the Father of men. Church and State must be kept separate, but religion is the cement of society and the glory of the life of man.

To the future, Jefferson looked forward with serenity, having an almost mystical faith in the efficacy of education. From Paris in 1786 he wrote to George Wythe: "Preach, my dear sir, a crusade against ignorance, establish and improve the law for educating the people." And in proof of his own faith he founded the University of Virginia, — a free university with no religious tests for professors or pupils, — to be a home of culture and a friend of "the great freedoms of the mind". As its motto, Jefferson selected these words of Jesus: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Students of theology were invited to enjoy the lectures and the library. Manifestly his hope lay in salvation by education, — the Attic light of learning blending with the altar fire of faith. Here lies our hope of the future, whose unknown days and issues will be swayed and solved by three forces working together, — the spirit of science, the democratic principle, and the light and power and sanctity of an emancipated spiritual evangel. With these forces toiling as friends, we can not fail. Without their friendship, we can not win.

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OUT OF SIGHT 'N' SOUND OF THE SEA

MONTANYE PERRY

Woodcut by Howard N. Cook

THE old Hayward farm sits far back from the sea cliffs. You come up from the old wharves of Marblehead where nothing more important than a coal barge or a millionaire's yacht ever docks, past the ancient Custom House grieving for lost glories, through a tangle of narrow streets, across a jumble of old shops and new garages, along a wide thoroughfare edged with dignified Colonial mansions.

Turning off this thoroughfare you follow a dirty side street which presently becomes a clean country road and runs proudly ahead to show you the way to green fields and wooded hills.

Once again you turn, into a brown, woodsy lane that skirts a pond and jumps a brook and climbs a hill. And there, on the hill-top, bare to the sun and the long, clean sweep of the winds, is the Hayward Farm.

Not that Haywards live there to-day. They were the folk who first cleared and leveled the land. Generation after generation they grubbed a living from the soil, until at last came that anomaly of New England life, the family with only one child. Clifford Hayward he was, and when the farm became his own he promptly sold it. That was how Clarissa Pickering first happened to place a home there for Pa.

She had talked about it ever since Ma died. She had plenty to do, with a husband and a dahlia farm and her small son, Raymond, child of her middle years. But a responsibility was a responsibility. Ma was dead and Clarissa felt she ought to make a home for Pa.

At first Clarissa took it for granted that Pa would come and occupy the spare room off the parlor. Every one always said it was a real pleasant room. Its windows looked out on the dahlias in Summer and they certainly were sightly. Folks came from as far off as Gloucester just to see them. But Pa kept putting off his moving. He stayed on in the little house at the end of a street which ran swiftly down a side hill and all but plunged right over the sea wall into the surf. He said he wanted to take care of his garden stuff before he closed the house. Daytimes he puttered

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around, harvesting the onions and beets and hubbard squash, sitting in Ma's rocker on the back porch when he was tired, which was pretty often. The old chair had a head-rest, crocheted of carpet warp, and he always patted this gently before he sat down. He couldn't get over the feeling that Ma's head, with its thin, yellow-white hair, ought to be there.

Evenings he sat on the front porch while the tide pounded at the sea wall or drew away from it with rhythmic swishes. If it were moonlight you could see across to the Beverly shore; but Pa liked best the nights when it was just starry, so he saw only the white heads of the waves riding in from the other side of the world with secrets to tell if you listened. Pa always listened.

Quite often he went fishing with Jim Stevens, who owned a leaky old dory. Nothing made Clarissa so put out as to know Pa had gone fishing with Jim Stevens, who called himself a lobsterman and didn't amount to Hannah Cook!

It was on an October morning following one of the fishing trips that Clarissa went down to take a firm stand with Pa. He was rocking on the back porch and he made a mollifying gesture toward a row of brimming baskets.

"I'm cal'latin' to carry all them up to you to-day. Best hubbards I ever raised. And the sugar beets certainly are tasty."

"While you're carrying, don't forget your clothes," she admonished. "It's getting too cool to be without fires, and there's no use starting yours up."

"No, I wasn't cal'latin' to start any fires," said Pa mildly, "but I'm going to take a little trip before I settle down, Clarissy."

The astounding news was broken! Pa was going on a fruit steamer, clear down to the end of South America. He didn't know just when he would be back. Might take a notion to go right on around the world, for all he knew. He was going to work his passage, helping out the cook or the stewards. They'd enough sight rather have an old sea dog like him than a green boy that didn't know starbo'd from port. 'Twa'n't as if he was asking wages.

Clarissa's genuine grief and dismay were tempered by no beneficence of understanding. "You ought to take some comfort in your old age," she almost wept. "You've tossed around up and down the world in boats pretty much all your life."

"That's just it," Pa explained.

"And Ma's gone, and you're most seventy years old. You can't expect to have a lot more years before you!"

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"That's just it," Pa elaborated.

"If you must go rampagin' off at your time of life, why don't you take a nice trip, like anybody else would? There's no call for you to work your way like a tramp. Take one of them world tours, with everything all managed easy, and somebody to see to you."

The ghost of a whimsical smile fluttered across Pa's face. "Clarissy, I followed the sea fifty year. From cabin boy to first mate. In storms and fires and wrecks and mutinies and wars I've been on deck a-doing my share. And you want me to take a rubberneck tour!"

"You care more for the sea than for your own blood and kin!" Clarissa charged with bitterness.

"Not if they need me. I stayed right close with Ma all the time after she begun to fail. But you got your family, and you're young yet, and well. I've set out here nights alone since Ma went, and looked and listened, — I got to have one more good cruise!"

The following Summer Lafe Pickering, out to deliver five hundred gorgeous dahlia blooms, followed the woodsy lane because it was a short cut to Topsfield. Passing the Hayward farm he slowed down, his eyes narrowing as he scanned its fields. The man who had bought it from Clifford Hayward stopped his work, came down and leaned on the fence to talk. He was that kind of farmer. Lafe listened, asked a question or two, made no comments. He was that kind of conversationalist. The next day he made a trip to Boston and when he got home he broached his project to Clarissa. She let him get almost half through his first sentence before she interrupted. She was that kind of listener.

"Buy a farm and raise cabbage seed! Have you gone crazy, Lafe Pickering?"

"I figure there's all of five hundred pounds of seed on that farm right now," Lafe ignored her purely rhetorical question. "And he didn't set out to raise cabbage seed, he set out to raise cabbages. But the ground won't grow good heads. Some soil won't. They didn't head up. All went to seed. I took a sample of it to the seed company to-day and it's worth a dollar and a half a pound. I could raise a ton of it, easy enough, another year. And you could have twice as many dahlias as we have here and room for tulips like you've always wanted."

"A ton of cabbage seed! Nobody else in the world would need to raise any."

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"Seems so, don't it? But they buy a ton of it every year. And they're only one seed company. I cal'late there's big money in it."

"Let's go up and look at it to-morrow," was all Clarissa said. She was strangely silent too, when she stood on the hilltop, looking over the broad acres bare to the sun and the wind except where a double row of hickories made a shield for the house and a few splendid elms gave it shade. It was almost a shock to Lafe when she said suddenly, "I'm satisfied, if you are. How soon can we move?"

They were half way home before Clarissa explained her easy acquiescence.

"It'll make a home for Pa, out of sight 'n' sound of the sea. As long as he can set and look at the waves and imagine they're calling him, he'll never be contented. If he's up there, with something to do when he feels like it, puttering around in the flowers or the cabbages, he won't get so restless. He's sure to be back, come Fall. It'll be a year since he went."

But Fall came and went six times without bringing Pa. He had gone on around the world. Infrequent letters came, bearing indecipherable postmarks and wholly inadequate accounts of himself. Every Fall he just happened to be in a nice, warm climate and thought he'd better stay there through the cold weather. Every Spring he just happened to get a chance to make a nice cruise north, which of course was the sensiblest way to spend the hot weather. He sent Clarissa a chest of tea and sticky preserves from China, a silk scarf from France, a necklace from Italy, a gay mandarin coat from Japan. She'd look nice planting dahlias in that outlandish get-up, was her ungrateful comment. In the first year of his absence he sent his grandson a perfect model of a full-rigged ship. Raymond was almost twelve years old now and he still insisted on keeping that little ship on the stand beside his bed. Sometimes he stayed awake to see the moon come in the window and turn its sails to silver. Clarissa didn't know that. She disliked everything that reminded her of Pa's wanderings.

Then, one hot noontime, a shadow fell across the tulips. Clarissa looked up and there stood Pa.

"Thought I'd surprize you," he chuckled. "Got a horse and team to fetch me up from the dee-po. Why, why, why, don't cry, Clarissy! What's the *matter*, Clarissy?"

For Clarissa, for the first time in fifty years of capable and

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He sent his grandson a perfect model of a full-rigged ship

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well ordered life, had collapsed in hysteria. The worry of Pa's long wandering, the fear that death might come to him in some "outlandish place", the thoughts of what all the neighbors must be saying, had been too long penned in an inarticulate soul. After the first outburst she fell into a hard, dry sobbing, which it seemed nothing would ever stop. Lafe finally called the doctor. And all that afternoon Pa sat beside her, patting her arm clumsily, saying, "Don't, Clarissy! I won't ever go again!"

She was around the next morning, crisper and snappier than usual, to hide the shame of a woman who has been reared to regard a nervous breakdown as a disgrace rather than a disease. Pa settled into his place among them and never again broached the matter of going away. Clarissa told Lafe every day that she had known what she was talking about when she said Pa would be all right, once you got him away from the water.

"Look at him," she said one morning, "out there on the bench, contented as a cat in the sun. He takes a sight of comfort with Raymond, too."

The bench was one that Pa had built under the biggest elm. It stood well out away from the house, on a bit of knoll. Pa had taken a notion to that particular spot, as old folks have a way of doing. Clarissa wished it was nearer the house. She never had time to go out there and sit with him. But Raymond did, hours at a stretch. He was a serious child, accepting life's responsibilities with a sort of grave sturdiness, ready for work if there was a needful chore to be done, but caring nothing for noisy or romping play.

"Sometimes I wonder if he hadn't ought to be more with them of his own age," Clarissa said now. "He never brings any of the boys home from school, nor stops to their houses, as I know of. But there! Pa's nothing more 'n a child himself. It's nice they keep each other company so." Her eyes embraced them with the passionate fervor of the woman who allows herself no other caress. Lafe permitted himself one of his slow, rare smiles.

"He gets to favor Pa more every day," he said. "Their eyes is just that same bright blue, and always sort of excited, like they could see something other folks couldn't. Queer how Pa's eyes don't seem to fade any. And look how Raymond sets just like Pa."

The boy had leaned forward, shoulders hunched a little, short legs crossed, golden head tilted, his whole attitude a faithful copy

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of the old man's. Clarissa's eyes darkened suddenly. "Yes, he does favor Pa," she said crisply, and went about her work. Lafe stood for a moment, wondering if it wasn't pretty damp out there for the old man. A northeast storm had been raging for two days and though the third-day clearing had begun, the wind had not yet shifted enough to be anything but raw and chilly. Lafe took an old woolen scarf from a hook on the porch.

"Come, get Grampa's tippet for him," he called.

The boy came running across the grass, his yellow hair rumpled by the wind, his cheeks scarlet, his young body curiously, vibrantly aflame. Lafe glanced at him with the sense that he sometimes had of something utterly unfathomed in this child of his.

"What makes you and Grampa stay out there in the damp?" he asked. "There's a nice fire in the house."

The boy looked up quickly. His eyes, under their very long, tawny lashes, were of an amazing blueness. He spoke a little breathlessly, "We just like to watch the storm break up, and see the blue come out in the sky, and the clouds turn bright. The wind's whipping around to the west, fast. It's lots warmer than it was. The sun will be out before another hour."

"Grampa's gettin' you to be a regular old weather prophet," chuckled Lafe. The boy laughed, and ran back to the bench, where he sat until the sun did blaze out triumphantly. Then he slipped away to feed his rabbits, but Pa sat still, his eyes fixed on the horizon as if he saw far beyond it, quite around the world.

As the years slipped by the tie between the old man and the boy seemed to strengthen. Pa's step grew slower, his hands less clever. It bothered him to read, but it was surprizing how keen his hearing was. When Raymond, at seventeen, graduated from the high school in Danvers, Pa went down to the exercises and heard every word of his oration. They planned to send the boy to Amherst that Fall. When he was through there, Lafe would be ready to retire and let him carry on the seed business, now grown to an enterprise of real importance. Raymond gave but listless approval to the program.

"If there's anything you'd rather do, say so!" Clarissa broke out once, rather tartly. "You've never shown any real bent for anything."

"No, I guess not," drawled the boy, half smiling, "cabbage seed's as important as anything, get enough of them in a heap."

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"That's a good boy!" exclaimed Pa with such fervor that they all looked at him rather curiously. The color had sprung to his wrinkled cheeks. He laughed, feebly, and went with wavering steps out to the old bench.

"He's failin' fast," sighed Clarissa. "Nobody knows how thankful I am that he's here with us. I never could have kept him if we hadn't moved up here out of sight 'n' sound of the sea."

The morning wore away. Raymond, working in the cabbages, glanced over at Pa now and then. At noon he laid down his hoe and went across the grass to the bench. The old man slept and the boy stood for a moment looking down at him, before he laid a hand on the thin shoulder.

"Asleep, Grampa?" he asked gently.

Grampa didn't answer. Once more he had slipped away on a solitary voyage.

Clarissa mourned with the tempered grief of one who has done her full duty and has nothing to regret. Every one said Raymond took it "awful hard for such a youngone". He took to sitting alone on the bench, cherishing solitude, resenting interruption. Clarissa, yearning over him wordlessly, longed for the time when college would open and give him something new to think about.

He went in to Boston one morning on the seed truck with two of the men. They came back in mid-afternoon, without him. Clarissa took the sealed note they brought her. She read it twice before she called Lafe.

"He's sailed for China! Shipped as a cabin boy!" she said, and sat in stony anguish, twisting the bit of paper between her fingers. Lafe, tight of lip but not uncomprehending of eye, touched her gently.

"It'll only be a few months. Maybe one trip will take it out of his system, so he'll be glad to stay home."

"No," said Clarissa heavily, "I know. It's got him. I was always afraid of it, because he favored Pa. But I thought he was safe from it, up here out of sight 'n' sound of the sea."

She arose and went about the business of getting supper. But while the men were eating she slipped away, and Lafe, through the open door, saw her sitting on the bench under the old elm. He couldn't bear it more than a few minutes. He left his supper and went out to her. He was almost at her side when she suddenly lifted her drooped head, tilted it, listening. He saw that she had turned very pale.

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"Lafe!" she exclaimed in a queer, breathless voice. "Listen! What's that noise you can hear?"

Lafe, too, lifted his head, listened, and turned white. For a moment both of them were locked in utter stillness against which there beat faintly, rhythmically, the far, clear, unmistakable sound of the sea.

"You can hear it!" breathed Clarissa. "When the wind's just right it carries, all this way! That's why he picked this spot for his bench. That's why he'd sit here by the hour, so still. That's how — "

"Yes," finished Lafe brokenly, "that's how!"

PAEAN

AMID the murk which shrouds the shifting sea,
His dripping oilskins dank on limbs of steel,
He watches sail and compass ceaselessly,
Braced to the restless tuggings of the wheel.
Undaunted by the fury of the storm,
Unenvious, it seems, of mates below
Sheltered from sleet and spindrift, dry and warm,
He drives the schooner onward, humming low
A song ne'er written, never heard on land:
A noteless melody, of joy in strife
With warring winds and waters, chasms spanned
Or plumbed 'twixt this and that mysterious life, —
The same, with differences of time and tongue,
Utica's lord, gale-driven, may have sung. . . .

— *Harold Willard Gleason*

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BLACK BALLOTS IN THE WHITE SOUTH

GEORGE FORT MILTON

IT is a well known fact that ever since the original Ku Klux Klan rescued the South from Negro domination following the Civil War, only a very few colored citizens have cared or dared to approach the polls on election day. Recently the South has had this state of affairs flung in its face as a reproach for its defense of prohibition. Here Mr. Milton tells how the South has literally disfranchised half its citizens without nullifying the provisions of the famous Fifteenth Amendment.

AMONG the South's famous stories is that of a Georgia Negro who, deciding he wanted to vote, presented himself to be enrolled on the registration list. The registration official glanced at him, opened a large book, and proceeded to read to the colored man a section of Georgia's state constitution. "Tell me what that means, and then I will register you," he told the darky in a business-like manner. "Boss, it mean jus' dis," the Negro replied, "dis nigger ain't gwine ter vote."

The anecdote well expresses a belief, widely held through North and South alike, that the colored man below the Mason-Dixon line is in some manner deprived of the ballot which was guaranteed to him by the Fifteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution. In recent months several voices have been raised in the North protesting irritatingly and even belligerently against this state of affairs, and urging that something be done to uphold the supreme law of the land against Southern nullification. The object of this article is to prove (and I think I can prove) that the popular opinion that the Negro is unduly deprived of citizenship is not well founded and that this nullification, against which an outcry is raised, is more apparent than real.

But before going into the question of Negro suffrage in Southern states, it is curious to examine the reason for this belated protest by certain factions in the North in behalf of the Southern Negro. For the most part, these hints, innuendos, and threats come from a group of Eastern politicians and newspapers, — notably the New York "World", — who are not at all concerned to open the polls to the Negro, but are mightily concerned to defeat prohibition. The South, being ardently "dry", is asked to explain how it can consistently demand strict enforcement of one amendment to the Constitution (the Eighteenth) while openly nullifying

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another (the Fifteenth). Thus by agitating a question long since settled, the "wets" hope to intimidate the Southern people with the old spectre of Negro domination. In view of the patent insincerity of this "wet" agitation, it is hardly fair to call it a threat: it is rather an invitation to the South to strike up a corrupt bargain. "Wink at our nullification of the prohibition laws," say these politicians, "and we'll wink at your nullification of Negro suffrage."

But the South is not to be so easily intimidated. The Eastern "wets" evidently believe, as do the uninformed general public, that the South constantly and unconstitutionally denies the Negro's right of citizenship because of the color of his skin. Apparently they do not realize that the status of Negro suffrage in the South has been determined by a long line of decisions by the United States Supreme Court, and that, if there be any nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment, it is nullification upheld by the highest court of the land. A brief survey of the question is sufficient to prove this point.

The Fifteenth Amendment, — the bone of contention in this belated dispute, — came into being in a curious fashion. It was a pet child of the rabid and radical Congress which sought to impeach Andrew Johnson. It was a war measure, a skirmish in the war of retaliation and revenge imposed by the radical Congress on the conquered South. It was part of the sentence of reconstruction, — a congressional episode in the reign of carpetbagger, bayonet, and graft. After histrionic oratory by Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, "Beast" Butler, and others of the sort, the resolution was passed on February 27, 1869, and provided as follows:

> Section 1. The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.
>
> Section 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The amendment was rejected by the legislatures of California, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, and Oregon. The Tennessee General Assembly never acted upon it. The other thirty states ratified it, some of the Southern carpetbag legislatures amid scenes of wild rioting. New York rescinded its ratification two months before the amendment was proclaimed and demanded that the amendment be withheld. But the Secretary of State gave no heed to the protest, and on March 30, 1870, declared the

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amendment constitutionally ratified by the requisite number of states.

Following the three Civil War amendments, extreme efforts were made to secure for the Negro full legal, social, economic, and political rights, identical to those accorded the White man. The most fantastic legislation of this class was the Civil Rights Act passed by Congress in 1875. It went so far as to penalize discrimination against the Negro in hotels, theatres, restaurants, and public conveyances. Prior acts of Congress, with the same end in view, endeavored to secure identical treatment for Negroes and Whites at the polls and in jury service.

It has been said of the Civil War period in American history that the conflict amounted to this: the South said the Negro wasn't a man; the North said he wasn't a Negro. The war had settled the question of the Negro's humanity, and in the succeeding legislation the radical Congress did its best to prove that black was white. But the Supreme Court was not long in upsetting this Utopian attempt, and as a result of its decisions, the Fifteenth Amendment lapsed into innocuous desuetude.

Within a year of the passage of the final Civil Rights Act, the Supreme Court handed down two decisions which demolished the plan of the radical reconstructionists to protect Negro rights by federal statute. In the case of United States vs. Reese, Chief Justice Waite held that under the Fifteenth Amendment the power of Congress was limited to that of protecting the Negro "by appropriate legislation" against discrimination in voting because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; and that voting was a privilege accorded and regulated by the states, not by the United States. In the case of United States vs. Cruikshank, the Supreme Court decided that the right to vote came from the states alone, and that the federal Government could only exercise its authority to prevent discrimination on account of race or color.

The practical effect of these decisions, says Warren's *History of the United States Supreme Court*, "was to leave the Federal statutes almost wholly ineffective to protect the Negro, in view of the construction of the amendments adopted by the court, the lack of adequate legislation in the Southern states, and the extremely limited number of rights which the court deemed inherent in a citizen of the United States, *as such*, under the Constitution."

These decisions were the first epoch-making acts of the new

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Chief Justice, and contemporary editorials testify to the delight with which they were received. The New York "World" said that Waite "has vindicated his disposition and capacity to emulate the fame of Jay, Marshall, and Taney." The "New York Times" said that these opinions "afford abundant evidence that his appointment was a judicious one, adding strength and dignity to that great tribunal." The Chicago "Tribune" said that "for clearness of thought and trimness of expression", the opinions would "commend the new Chief Justice to the confidence of his countrymen."

After several other decisions of the same general purport, the Civil Rights Act of March 1, 1875 was held to be unconstitutional. The opinion, delivered by Justice Bradley, ruled that the act was beyond the power of Congress, and reiterated that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments did not invest Congress with power to legislate on subjects within the domain of the states; Congress could not step down into the realm of local administration and prescribe rules for the conduct of individuals in society toward one another.

In other words, these Supreme Court decisions restored to the states the right to determine the conditions upon which suffrage would be granted, with the single proviso that race, color, or previous condition of servitude could not be made grounds for discrimination. From the very beginning each state had possessed the right to say which of its citizens should vote and which should not, and it was the general rule in the early days of the republic to grant the suffrage only to those citizens who owned property or paid taxes of a certain value. Even as late as 1820 Daniel Webster opposed the abolition of the property qualification in Massachusetts. In his eloquent speech of protest he said "that equal suffrage was incompatible with inequality in property". Now that the rights of the Southern states to regulate the suffrage within their own borders had been redefined by the courts, each Southern state set about reestablishing its suffrage laws in a practical manner.

It is true that the states attempted and succeeded in limiting the effectiveness of Negro suffrage. This one purpose underlies all the suffrage laws adopted by the several Southern states. None of their provisions mentioned the Negro by color or race, but at the same time they were drawn up with a shrewd knowledge of his actual habits of life. By hedging the voting privilege with

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conditions and qualifications which force the citizen who wishes to vote to undertake affirmative steps involving considerable trouble, attention to detail, and a certain minimum of intelligence, their primary object has been attained. Legally the Negro is not debarred from voting; practically, however, he is debarred very effectively, — not as a race but, for the most part, as a class which, in common with certain Whites, can not meet the requirements imposed.

These requirements, on the whole, do not differ in kind from the suffrage limitations enforced by many states in the North. All states in the Union require that the voter shall have lived for a certain length of time in the particular state, county, precinct, ward, or other subdivision where he seeks to vote. As a rule Southern states require longer residence than other states. Six call for two years residence in the state, and in addition Louisiana requires six months in the precinct and Mississippi a year. Since the Negro is far more migratory than the Whites, the practical effect of these laws is to reduce the Negro's voting strength.

Poll taxes are a prerequisite of voting in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Florida, Louisiana, and Mississippi require payment of the poll tax for two years preceding the election, Virginia for three. As Negroes are less inclined to pay taxes than White people, more Negroes than Whites are thereby eliminated from the polls. In some states, notably Tennessee, it is illegal for one man to purchase a poll tax for another, this provision being aimed to prevent the purchase of large blocks of Negro votes by political manipulators.

Educational qualifications are by no means a Southern invention. Five years before Lincoln's first election, Connecticut required that its voters be able to read the state Constitution. Two years later, Massachusetts did the same, and several other Northern states still do. In Alabama the applicant for the voting privilege must be able to read and write the United States Constitution. In Georgia he must also be prepared, if physically disabled from reading and writing, to "understand and give a reasonable interpretation" of either the federal or the state Constitution. It was on this clever Georgia clause that the Negro of our story looked so somberly. In Louisiana he must be able to read and write, and must apply for registration in his own handwriting.

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Again, so far as discrimination in a legal sense is concerned, these tests do not afford it. But in a practical sense they are very effective. The election officers can give an easy passage of the constitution to the White man and a very difficult one to the Negro. He can permit halting reading by one and require letter-perfect rendition by the other. Yet, whatever discrimination there is, arises not from the law but from the discretionary powers of the officers of the law.

As an alternative for the educational test, several Southern states have a property qualification. Alabama's requirement is forty acres of land, or personal property worth three hundred dollars upon which taxes were paid the year before; and in several other states the principle is the same, although the values vary. Mississippi, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Florida have no property qualification. In the states that do, if the applicant can not satisfy the educational test but can meet the property test, he may register and vote, and vice versa. Such disfranchisement of the Negro as follows from these requirements is practical and not legal. He is given the same opportunity as the White man to acquire property, and has an equal opportunity to register under the suffrage laws. Moreover, tens of thousands of Negro property owners and freeholders throughout the South do register and vote.

The famous "grandfather clauses" of Southern state constitutions may be mentioned in passing, because, unlike the other provisions already referred to, these devices for legal discrimination against the Negro were actually tried and found wanting. The "grandfather clauses" were all annulled by the federal Supreme Court. The other suffrage regulations of the kind described above not only remain in effect, but have been upheld by the courts. That Negroes do not vote in large numbers in the South is not, therefore, to be laid to legal discrimination, even though the laws have the practical effect of limiting their voting power; and no real case can be made to support the charge that the South has annulled the Fifteenth Amendment.

In the course of preparing this article, I had occasion to write to reliable and well informed leaders in several Southern states seeking information concerning the present status of Negro voting. The responses I received demonstrate clearly that there exists to-day a new Southern attitude toward the Negro vote.

Educated Negroes of good character vote in Alabama, — not

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in tens of thousands, to be sure, but enough of them have the franchise to encourage others to make themselves worthy of it. In Arkansas and North Carolina a healthy Republican party exists and thousands of Negroes vote. In Georgia, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Mississippi, the Negro vote is smaller but numbers several thousand in each state.

Colored voters often hold the balance of power in special school and bond elections in Mississippi. Early in 1926 a Vicksburg mayoralty election was determined by Negro ballots. In the interesting municipality of Mound Bayou, Mississippi, which was founded by a slave of Jefferson Davis's family, there are no White people and the administration of the town is entirely in colored hands. It is certain that more Negroes could vote in Mississippi if they made the effort to do so. That several thousand do vote regularly, is evidence that when they can satisfy the statutes or the constitutional requirements, they are not kept from the polls by force.

South Carolina has a smaller Negro vote than any Southern state; but in Texas some fifty thousand Negroes exercise the franchise in general elections. In Tennessee no discrimination of any kind operates against Negroes and they cast their ballots with great regularity and effect. I should estimate that something over thirty-five or forty thousand Negroes vote in Tennessee, and they are always the vital elements in municipal campaigns, where, in the three largest cities, — Memphis, Nashville, and Chattanooga, — a vicious type of boss domination depends upon the purchasable Negro vote to control municipal affairs.

Many alert political leaders in Virginia look upon the shrinkage of suffrage in that state as a more serious problem than the once keenly felt fear of Negro domination. Consequently, a movement is now under way looking toward a simplification of the voting requirements by which a simple literacy test will bar the ignorant and unfit. The general extension of Virginia's school program is increasing the number of voting Negroes.

Many Southerners like myself favor a greater exercise of the franchise by the Negro throughout the South, believing that he would be a greater asset if he were trained for political, legal, and economic equality with the Whites. But I confess freely that the voting Negro in cities which have come under my observation, has hitherto served merely as a tool for debauching elections, and maintaining corrupt and unfit men in power.

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But there are hopeful features in this situation. Intelligent and educated Negroes show an increasing tendency to revolt against casting their ballots in bloc at the bidding of a local political machine. As Negro education increases, as his economic condition improves, the Negro will undoubtedly show a greater tendency to pay his own poll tax, qualify under the law, make up his own mind on political issues, and cast his vote. The next generation will inevitably see a great change in the condition of Negro suffrage in the South.

PSYCHOLOGY

NO sovran mood may ever hold
A moment of our life's long wear,
Nor may the reckoning be told
Of all the aspects that we bear;

But as the sun in each degree
Tells all degrees of night and day,
Sets as it rises, and must be
That instant the meridian ray,

So we achieving still with fears,
Despairing still with fortitudes,
Tell every moment of the years
In motley of a million moods.

— *John Drinkwater*

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A PASSAGE TO FORSTER

Reflections on a Novelist

I. A. RICHARDS

THE meteoric career of E. M. Forster, author of "The Celestial Omnibus" and many another excellent novel little known in this country, has puzzled many of his American admirers. For years Mr. Forster had been known to a limited literary circle, mainly in England, even before readers of THE FORUM *made his early acquaintance. He had, in fact, published half a dozen notable novels when "A Passage to India" brought him the extraordinary public success, the secret of which is here subjected to analysis.*

TURNING over the leaves of a Public Library copy of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* I find, neatly scribbled on the margin of the seventeenth page, *"What is it all about?"* This seems an early page for such a query. Later on it might appear less surprizing; but in any case Mr. E. M. Forster is not a writer whom we should naturally suspect of obscurity. In his ultimate intention, his philosophical goal, yes, perhaps; but not in his preliminaries, his superficial lay-out, the ordinary page by page texture of his writing. His prose seems, on the contrary, the clearest and simplest possible. And yet, like a mote in the eye, this scribbler's query has made me uneasily conscious of things that we ordinarily take for granted. There *is* something odd about Mr. Forster's methods as a novelist, and this oddness, if we can track it down, may help us to seize those other peculiarities which make him on the whole the most puzzling figure in contemporary English letters.

The oddness has to do with the special system of assumptions he tacitly adopts from the very first page in each of his books. Every writer, perhaps, starts with assumptions which he leaves the reader to discover. They make up his intellectual individuality and differentiate his angle of vision from that of the next man. The moment in our perusal when we first pick up these assumptions and feel our minds fit in, or fail to fit in, with his is the moment when we begin to judge him as an author, to decide whether we like his book or not. But in Mr. Forster's case the assumptions are less obviously aside from the conventional centre than in most cases, and for this reason they are the harder to pin down in words. Yet they influence his handling of every scene. Where another writer possessed of an unusual outlook on life would be careful to introduce it, gradually preparing the way

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by views from more ordinary standpoints, Mr. Forster does nothing of the kind. This very sentence tacitly assumes that the personal point of view is already occupied by the reader, who is left to orient himself as he can.

This may lead to lamentable misunderstandings. For example, once we have picked up the author's position we see that the characters in his early books, Mrs. Herriton, Harriet, Gino, Mr. Eager, Old Mr. Emerson, are less to be regarded as social studies than as embodiments of moral forces. Hence the ease with which Miss Abbott, for example, turns momentarily into a goddess. *Where Angels Fear to Tread* is indeed far nearer in spirit to a mystery play than to a comedy of manners. This in spite of the astonishingly penetrating flashes of observation by which these figures are sometimes depicted. But to understand why, with all his equipment as an observer, Mr. Forster sometimes so wantonly disregards vivisimilitude we have to find his viewpoint and take up toward them the attitude of their creator.

For some readers the task is easy. A mute conspiracy becomes at once established. This is why, although there is no Forster Society, and although no little handbooks have yet been written expounding a Forster philosophy, something very like a cult early grew up around his books. When with *A Passage to India* he burst into public notice, many of his admirers undoubtedly felt an obscure grievance. Unconsciously they had allowed their admiration to take on a snobbish tinge. But they may have felt, also, and rightly, that a great number of his new admirers were scarcely aware of their author's presuppositions as these show themselves in his earlier books, and that if they had understood them better they might have felt less in sympathy.

For the underlying bias in Mr. Forster's work is not one which a reader as sincere as Mr. Forster would wish his readers to be will find easy to accept or to adopt. Mr. Forster never formulates his criticism of life in one of those principles which we can adhere to or discuss. He leaves it in the painful, concrete realm of practice, presenting it always and only in terms of actuality and never in the abstract. In other words, he has no doctrine but only an attitude, differing in this from such exponents of current tendencies as Mr. Shaw or Mr. Wells. He resembles an Ibsen rather than a Ruskin, — to name two authors with whose viewpoint Mr. Forster's has some analogies.

It is a commonplace that English readers like pinpricks, but

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they like them in the form of direct accusations or in the tickling form of satire. They take to Mr. Shaw or to Samuel Butler as to an agreeable stimulant. They are much less ready to listen to criticism when it comes from the more wounding hands of an artist. For this reason Mr. Forster's novels are unlikely ever to become a vogue. And even the small cult which I have mentioned may be noticed perhaps to have a very large proportion of deserters, and to contain not a few adherents whose motives are open to suspicion. For Mr. Forster is a peculiarly uncomfortable author for them who are not content merely to enjoy the surface graces of his writing and the delicacies of his wit, but make themselves sufficiently familiar with his temper to see life to some degree with his eyes. His real audience is youth, caught at that stage when rebellion against the comfortable conventions is easy because the cost of abandoning them has not been fully counted. So as time passes Mr. Forster's admirers tend to forget him or to see him in quite another guise from that in which he first appeared to them. We become less enthusiastic for the light of truth as we realize how high a maintenance rate even a modest installation entails. The divine beam comes to seem merely hurtful to the eyes.

These may seem strange terms in which to discuss so suave and polished a writer. It is Mr. Forster's peculiarity that he offers his discomforting vision with so urbane a manner. He is no "holy howl-storm upon the mountains". He has no thunders, no hoots, no grimaces, nor any of the airs of the denunciating prophet, yet at the heart of his work there is less satisfaction with human existence as he sees it than in the work of any other living writer I can call to mind. The earliest of his books, *The Longest Journey*, is perhaps an exception to what has just been remarked about his manner. It has the rawness and crudeness and violence we should expect in the work of a very young writer. Those who have not realized the intensity of the dissatisfaction behind Mr. Forster's work would do well to read it. There is much there, of course, which time has mellowed. But the essential standards, the primary demands from life, which still make unacceptable to him so much that ordinary people find sufficient, have not altered.

Mr. Forster's peculiar quality as a novelist is his fiercely critical sense of values. What was, in the days of *Longest Journey*, a revolt, has changed to a saddened and almost weary pessimism.

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He has, in his later writings, in *Pharos and Pharillon* and in *A Passage to India*, consoled himself to some degree by a cultivation of the less militant and more humorous forms of irony. He has stepped back to the position of the observer from which in his *Where Angels Fear to Tread* he was at such pains to eject his Philip. But his sense of values remains the same. He has the same terribly acute discernment of and the old insuperable distaste for what he once called "the canned variety of the milk of human kindness" and for all the other substitute products that in civilized communities so interfere between us and our fellows. Most people after a while develop a tolerance, if not even a liking, for these social conveniences. Officialdom, overt or disguised, ceases to offend them. The impersonality of the doctor, for example, his lack of any but a professional interest in their case, comes to strike them as natural and even desirable. The artificial, inculcated brand of bonhomie and comradeship, to take another example, upon which in certain American universities social life is deliberately built, is for them a satisfactory *modus vivendi*. And the patriotism which springs from the suggestive power of a slogan is counted as better than nothing. These things appear to them the inevitable consequences of large communities, and life not to be vitiated because such substitutes enter into it. But to Mr. Forster life does seem constantly vitiated by automatism, by official action, by insincerity, by organization when it touches charity, or any of the modes of human intercourse which once were governed, in small communities, by natural human feeling alone. That nothing itself would, after all, be better than the only life which now seems possible for millions, appears to be his final position. I am curious to know what Mr. Forster's Ansell, if he had outgrown his Hegelianism, would have thought of it.

We can trace to this horror of automatisms in human affairs, to this detestation of the non-spontaneous, very much that might seem unconnected and accidental in his books. The passion for the Italian character which animates *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and *A Room with a View*, the unfairness to the medical profession which crops up so markedly from time to time, as in *Howards End*, the exaggeration which mars his depiction of schoolmasters apart from Fielding, clergymen, and others in authority, his sentimentalization of Old England, and his peculiarly lively flair for social coercion in all its forms, — all these spring from the same source. And I believe that the theme which more than

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any other haunts his work and most puzzles his attentive readers has the same origin.

A special preoccupation, almost an obsession, with the continuance of life, from parent to child, with the quality of life in the sense of blood or race, with the preservation of certain strains and the disappearance of others, such is the nearest description of this theme which I can contrive. In itself it eludes abstract presentation. Mr. Forster himself refrains from formulating it. He handles it in the concrete only, or through a symbol such as the house, *Howards End*. (Mrs. Willcox, the most mysterious of his creations, was a Howard, it will be recalled). This preoccupation is extremely far removed from that of the Eugenic Society, — which would be, precisely, the canned variety; the speculations and calculations of the geneticist do not bear upon it, for it is to Mr. Forster plainly a more than half mystical affair, a vision of the ultimate drift or struggle of the universe and the refuge into which an original strong tendency to mysticism has retreated. The supreme importance to him of this idea appears again and again in his books and it is when automatisms such as social pressures and insincerities threaten to intervene here that he grows most concerned, — witness *A Room with a View*. In *Longest Journey*, Rickie's mother appears to him in one of the most dreadful dreams in fiction. "Let them die out! Let them die out!" she says. His son has just been born a hopeless cripple. Gino in *Where Angels Fear to Tread* stands "with one foot resting on the little body, suddenly musing, filled with the desire that his son should be like him and should have sons like him to people the earth. It is the strongest desire that comes to a man, — if it comes to him at all, — stronger even than love or desire for personal immortality. . . . It is the exception who comprehends that physical and spiritual life may stream out of him for ever." Compare also the strange importance in *A Passage to India* of the fact that Mrs. Moore's children are Mrs. Moore's.

But the most fascinating example of the handling of this theme is in *Howards End*, the book that still best represents the several sides of Mr. Forster's worth, and in which its virtues and its occasional defects can best be studied. Two different aims are combined in *Howards End;* they have their interconnections, and the means by which they are severally pursued are very skilfully woven together; but it is true, I think, that the episodes which

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serve a double purpose are those which are usually regarded as the weakest in the book. One of these aims is the development of the half mystical, and inevitably vague, survival theme which we have been considering. The other is the presentation of a sociological thesis, a quite definite piece of observation of great interest and importance concerning the relations of certain prominent classes in Modern England. For that matter, they can be found without trouble in every present day community. To this second aim more than half the main figures of the book belong. A certain conflict between these aims is, I suggest, the source of that elusive weakness which, however, high and distinguished a place we may find for *Howards End*, disqualifies it as one of the world's greatest novels.

It will be convenient to begin with an instance of this weakness, a passage where the two aims come together and where there is a curious forcing of the emotional pitch of a kind which, were there no other explanation, we should be inclined to describe as sentimentality. Margaret Schlegel has just told her sister Helen of her engagement to Mr. Willcox. The scene is a slope of the Purbeck Hills. "Helen broke right away and wandered distractedly upwards, stretching her hands towards the view and crying."

This is a passage which, I am afraid, has gone home to many hearts and bosoms, yet if we consider it carefully, weighing especially the exact effort of that "somehow seen her" and the results of the sudden appearance of the adjective "brave", can we help but regard it as affected? It is a mild but a clear case of that literary imposture known colloquially as "putting it over". Mr. Forster has always had a peculiar gift for charging his sentences with a mysterious nervous shiver. The scene of the idiot messenger in *Where Angels Fear to Tread* is a notable example. So, too, is the Wych Elm scene towards the close of *Howards End*. In these instances and, indeed, in all but a few places, nothing could be more admirable. But his admirers have not been without a fear that this gift might tempt Mr. Forster to overwork it, a fear which some of the Mrs. Moore scenes in *A Passage to India* have not lessened.

But, to return to *Howards End*, the few passages which awaken this discomfort in the reader are, I believe, all consequences of the mixing of the two aims of the book, the half mystical preoccupation with survival overforcing the emotion in scenes which

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have apparently only to do with the sociological thesis. It is time to expound this thesis more fully. It concerns the two kinds of people mentioned in the passage I have quoted, — the able, competent, practical, effectual Willcoxes, and the speculative contemplative, critical, and imaginative Schlegels. It concerns the relations of these two sorts to one another in the community, the separation and antagonism of people of vision and people of action. The situation is illustrated by their reactions toward a third sort of person, one which is the result, ultimately, of their separation and antagonism, — Leonard Bast, who is both crude as compared with the Schlegels and feeble as compared with the Willcoxes, but a victim and horribly alive. The presentation of Leonard Bast, in its economy and completeness and its adequacy to the context, would be enough by itself to give any novelist a claim to enduring memory. Consider only Chapter VI, the description of Leonard and his "wife" Jacky in their semi-basement flat. It is only ten pages long, but what other novelist, though taking a whole volume, has said as much on this theme or said it so clearly?

While Leonard remains what he is here, the tragically revealing instance of Mr. Forster's thesis, no admiration is too much. But something happens, he becomes needed for another purpose. The other aim of the book, Mr. Forster's peculiar personal preoccupation with the continuance of life, claims him. A string of incidents is developed in which he becomes no more than a dummy. His collision, — it is little more, — with Helen, his last brief appearance when he is killed by Charles Willcox, these do not match with the rest. There is a disaccord, and in a minor degree the same thing happens with the other figures in the book, with Helen and Margaret and Mr. Willcox. They are used for a double purpose, and the two aims do not quite agree. Only Mrs. Willcox and Charles Willcox are free from the subtle inner disharmony, because each is claimed only by one purpose, — Charles only by the thesis and Mrs. Willcox only by Mr. Forster's incommunicable idea, his glimpse of the mystical significance of life. With this incommunicable idea, *Howards End* closes. It is purely, I think, to let Leonard live on, that he is so wilfully given a child. There is something in Leonard which Mr. Forster will not let die. Leonard himself being worthless is killed violently, and flung aside, but he lives on in Helen's child. This event is Mr. Forster's confession of faith.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

SUMMER READING

SEVERAL correspondents have asked about the Summer reading of a Pedestrian. No two Pedestrians, I hope, will read the same books at the same rate of speed, — the standardized practice, I observe, of the flivverous throng! Still, one can say a word or two in general and can speak for himself in regard to specific books, — the more clearly perhaps in long retrospect.

Summer reading, like the Summer girl, has a frivolous tradition. Just as some people take their vacation by preference in August, when it is too muggy to work, without stopping to think that it is also too muggy to play, many people who are willing to read serious books in Winter, when they are in fact busy with other things, seem to feel that in Summer, when they are not so busy, they must ruin their mental health with literary confectionery and opiates. It is not their taste to do so; it is a TRADITION, with capital letters.

I don't mean, of course, that there is nothing to say for reading as mere recreation, even in Summer; and, to be honest, I must confess to a good deal of it. But I don't believe my list would serve anybody else. When I want a mental vacation, I read Joseph Lincoln. He actually takes me away with him, — to the Cape. The spell of others, even of Stevenson and Conrad, breaks at times: there are bad moments when I am dimly aware that it is make-believe after all; I am still at home, untranslated. But Lincoln "takes me there" body and soul, so that I return with all the benefits of a trip and without a cinder in my eye. For a quarrelsome mood, H. G. Wells is useful; for a nasty one, Mencken; for a bitter, Galsworthy. But if I am looking for "daliaunce and fair langage", I am inclined to stick to well-tried authors. Each to his tastes in this. I find mine best suited by Chaucer, Shakespeare's Comedies, Fanny Burney's *Diary*, and Bernard Shaw (passim). An odd company, from which Milton and Wordsworth will be glad to have been omitted.

But I would not recommend the above list to any one else. I

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mention it merely to lay the suspicion, before I grow serious, that my reading is as dull as my writing. What I meant to object to in Summer reading was not the disposition to seek entertainment, but the disposition to seek an anodyne. I count that Summer lost whose daylight-saving sun does not find me richer for many hours in the garden, wherein I may chew the cud of one or two good books. Some of our reading, at least, should set us thinking, should punctuate and enliven our solitary toil. Two books, as I look back on the vanished Summer, did just that thing for me, and I wish to report my gratitude in some detail.

One was *The New Age of Faith*, by John Langdon-Davies. It is an unpleasant book. The author, in the Introduction, warns us that his book is intended as a purge; but this in no way justifies the graceless sarcasm expended on the pillars of quackery in science. Still, his manner does not invalidate his argument, a much-needed support of science, slow but sure, as against magic masquerading as science.

Many readers, of course, will be interested in his statement (Part III) of the real contributions of science in the matters of heredity and environment; others, with a flair for a fight, will be waylaid by the exposure of what he deems arrant quackery in Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, and A. E. Wiggam. In my own case, since I had just read Buchan's *Witch Wood*, the resultant took the line of reflections on the age-long conflict between sentimentality and rationality. But, first, a brief account of *The New Age of Faith*.

The author, after pointing out that from the human point of view "'nature's plan' is not a plan at all", asserts that "Man the Meddler" has increasingly opposed "nature's plan", sometimes with dire results, but nevertheless with great benefit. "We can only extricate ourselves from the consequences of our disobedience by disobeying more." "Man's real problem," then, is to discover, by slow but sure methods, wherein it is wise to disobey, instead of following on the one hand the sentimentalists, who demand blind obedience, or on the other the get-wise-quick charlatans, who by one "scientific" doctrine to-day and another to-morrow prompt us to disobey stupidly and indiscriminately.

Now to make his position clear before he attacks the "false prophets" ("the Race Fiends," "the Heredity Fiends," and the Fundamentalists) and before he presents an exposition of "the Plain Truth", he writes a significant chapter called "From Magic

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to Scientific Control". Man, in his long contest with nature, has relied successively on Magic, Fate, Providence, Progress, Science. The doctrine of Fate, whether in Greek or Calvinistic form, was a necessary solution to a man who had seen through the mockery of Magic, but for *Homo sapiens*, who is egocentric, it was too blind and too cruel to endure; he must sooner or later invent the idea of a beneficent Providence. But that idea could remain comforting only to the comfortable, to Hannah More, for instance. A natural step (at least *humanly* natural) during the Nineteenth Century was for men to desert a Providence which did not provide, in favor of Progress through Evolution.

Unfortunately for this faith, however, the Twentieth Century brought disillusionment, culminating in a World War. But successful people, especially in America, can not abandon easily the idea of Progress; so they have fallen back on a new and sophisticated form of Magic, a new and "scientific" substitute for Fate and Providence. Nowadays man "is ashamed to leave his prejudice naked for all to see and seeks to cover it with a sort of scientific synthetic figleaf composed of words like dolichocephalic, brachycephalic, Nordic, miscegenation, and the like. . . . In the old days Hannah More invoked the dictates of religion in the interests of law and order and things as they are. . . . Nowadays chromosomes, genes, germplasm, and dominant Mendelian characters do precisely the same work."

Thence our author proceeds to attack the pseudo-scientists and finally urges us, in Part III, not to return to old devices, whether Pagan or Christian, but to rely soberly on the genuine, if slow, gains of real science. In conclusion he asserts that our knowledge to date, instead of pointing in favor of birth control, points in favor of control of environment, — "not by generation but by creation, not by controlling the living being, but by controlling the world into which it is born." Take it or leave it, the book is what it sets out to be, an excellent purge, a forceful reminder to rest our faith only on what Bacon three centuries ago called "well-grounded conclusions".

But with this later part of the book, to which I bring only a layman's knowledge, I am not concerned just at present. What kept obtruding itself as I read, with Buchan's *Witch Wood* fresh in my mind (and Buchan's *Dancing Floor* of course carries the same motif), was the deep, apparently irresistible impulse of man to return to his old gods, — to desert the quasi-rational faith for

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the older emotional one; to dress the old gods up in new disguises perhaps, to fool himself as well as others, but to embrace, in some form, the ancient magic. As a young cynic who died about twenty years ago wrote in some unpublished verses, —

Te Deum Facimus

Aforetime, when the sun was old but man
Yet little, like a child, were idols made
Of stone or wood or, lacking these, of mud.
But soon man grew to fuller stature; then
It seemed contemptible to pray to stone,
Or cross-legg'd, wooden, gilded, grinning Budd.
And so he worshiped other gods, strange rites
Perhaps performed, but not to wood or stone!
There sat no graven Thing, incarnate grin,
No horrible and palpable, squat Budd,
But still he made his motions to some Thing
Of his contriving — for he asked for rain
And dreamed forsooth this hidden Thing could twist
Eternal forces all awry, the system change,
Because he asked it and made special moan.
(For why is God if not to suit our whim?
In sooth, if not, we'll not have him for God!)
The creature was not palpable, yet still
It bore man's mintage, grinned in spirit still,
A squat and battered thing of mental mud.

It is not surprizing perhaps that man, as his latest device, should stretch science into magic, into the perfect solvent for anything in this world or the next. That, as any real scientist would tell him, is an arrogant contradiction of terms. It is not a new delusion, either, but it is an easy one to pass off in a new disguise; for man, in spite of the fact that he is an imperfect, changing being in an imperfect, changing world, will not rest content with a working ideal, as science constantly tells him he must, but will be always expecting to find a complete, immutable, perfect truth, an open sesame, a panacea. (Dupes and practitioners please read Stevenson's *Fable of the Yellow Paint*, or note, in passing, Emerson's "People wish to be settled; only so far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.") In so far as man is a rational creature, he must suspend judgment in most matters. In so far as he is an emotional creature, he can have no judgment. In so far as he is a spiritual creature, — well, it would appear, Horatio, that

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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WHAT IS COMMON SENSE?

Forum Definitions — Nineteenth Series

FOR a long time the Definitions Editor has wanted to define a definition. After months of reading the thousands of definitions which flood his mails, he is convinced that there are definitions and definitions. Some are like the halo about the moon, vague, aspiring, clinging about the subject but never piercing it. Some are mere happy combinations of words to be dismissed with a laugh. And some are keen flashes of insight that clarify the hidden processes of our verbal thinking; and these are the definitions which stiffen the competition for THE FORUM'S monthly prizes.

There is nothing a true definition so closely resembles as those little identification tags hung about the necks of soldiers in the trenches. A man might be mutilated beyond all recognition by a burst of shrapnel, but so long as his tag remained by him his identity was preserved, even though he had lost all traces of humanity. And so it is with a good definition. Within its limits it answers the questions "What?" and "Whence?" and "Why?" Its object is to lift us out of the muddle of mere words and give us a clearer glimpse of what philosophers call "the thing itself".

For example, one contributor in the present contest said: "Common Sense is that commodity an excess of which has done more harm than all other causes except a deficiency of the same." Few would quarrel with this as a statement of fact. But because it is true, it does not necessarily follow that it defines. It lacks the *essential truth* which tells us what Common Sense is, "how begot, how nourished." Likewise another contributor wittily remarks: "Common Sense is horse sense which an ass does not have." This, too, may be true, but it leaves our understanding more or less where it was when we started.

When words have more than one meaning, the Definitions Editor reserves the right to award prizes to the best definitions in the several senses of the word. Thus, in the winning definitions of Common Sense, published herewith, numbers 2 and 7 contradict each other, and yet both are good definitions according to the valid interpretations their definers placed upon the word:

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1 Common Sense is like common law: that sense "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary". It has its basis in custom, in the faith of tradition, and the good judgment of the common people. It holds no implication of ignorance, but rather of breadth of view, unprejudiced by too much feeling. It is the instinctive judgment of the few who have more than the average intelligence. Its intrinsic worth lies in both its origin and its application to the affairs of men, — without both of which it would be valueless. (*Elizabeth M. Stetson, Berkeley, California*).

2 Common Sense is realistic thought. It is the sense that has a pragmatic sanction, the habit of thought of men who, through maturity of experience or innate quality of mind, see things as they are, not tinted by any colored glasses. It is objective, not subjective. It is opposed to the mind that develops in an artificial world, to the academic mind, the legal mind, to fanaticism, mysticism, and metaphysics. Imagination may run away with it, and usually does; romanticism is a disease that destroys its vestiges. (*H. R. Huse, Chapel Hill, North Carolina*).

3 Common Sense is that mental poise or balance which enables us to view a fact or a situation in a practical way, cleared of the fogs of theory, sentiment, or emotion. Imagination may lift our heads to the clouds, but Common Sense keeps our feet firmly on the ground. (*Helen E. Greening, Vincentown, New Jersey*).

4 Common Sense, — that all-desirable ability to detect values, to know the big things from the little ones. (*F. H. Fisher, Detroit, Michigan*).

5 Common Sense, — experience, ancestral or personal, intelligently applied to the problems of life by the normal, unscientific man; the faculty whereby a sound conclusion may be reached even in the absence of a theoretical justification; trustworthy empiricism. (*George H. Mather, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada*).

6 Common Sense, — the faculty which enables Lincoln's "common people" to make correct decisions in most cases, even without wide knowledge of the facts or keen and sound reasoning; produced by the survival of the fittest, for possessors of it will raise families more successfully than brilliant people without it; by no means infallible, especially when laziness or cowardice appeal to it to take the place of investigation and thought. (*Professor Alfred C. Lane, Tufts College, Boston Postal District, Massachusetts*).

7 Common Sense, — a heterogeneous mass of borrowed opinions applied at haphazard in framing a conclusion by a mental Jack-of-all-trades, who scorns the ordered structure built by toiling intelligence from the materials of patient research. (*Clarence Edwards, Elmhurst, Long Island, New York*).

Next word to be defined: — GENIUS. Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than December 26. Prizes of five dollars in cash or of any book mentioned in THE FORUM (*value not exceeding five dollars*) *for each winning definition.*

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DISRAELI

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A Biography in Six Instalments — III

TRANSLATED BY HAMISH MILES

M. P.

VOTING took place on July 27. Lewis and Disraeli were elected. Thus the latter was successful almost without a struggle, and within a few days obtained the seat which he had so long desired. Life was strange. Always defeated at Wycombe, where he thought himself known and well esteemed, he was suddenly victorious at Maidstone, which he had never seen until a week before. What roundabout path had chance taken to bring him to the goal? It was to the material solicitude of a talkative little woman that he owed his seat. His meeting with Mrs. Wyndham herself he owed to the friendship of Bulwer. That friendship had sprung from *Vivian Grey*. *Vivian Grey* would never have been written had it not been for the collapse of Murray's newspaper and the South American speculations. Those speculations had been undertaken by virtue of time spent in the chambers at Frederick's Place. To those chambers he had been sent because the persecutions at Dr. Cogan's school had revealed to his father the impossibility of a University education. Thus, step by step, running right back into childhood, he traced an unbroken chain of circumstances in which an unlucky event was the cause of fortunate events, and the latter in their turn the causes of disasters and reverses. How hard it was, in this perfect but obscure ordering, to find a rule or a law! How mysterious it all was! He had come to consider existence as a continuous miracle. And yet through this darkling forest, there ran a gleaming thread of Ariadne, — the will of Benjamin Disraeli.

Benjamin Disraeli, M. P., — a fine title and a fine adventure.

At Bradenham it was possible to believe that all England was agog with the entrance of Benjamin Disraeli into Parliament. In London, however, conversation centred rather on the young Queen, her ease of bearing, her intelligence, the affection which she seemed to feel for her Prime Minister, Melbourne. Many people too, coming back from holidays, were talking of their first railway journey; they had experienced a certain sense of danger, but soon put it out of their minds.

Immediately Disraeli found himself again in accord with the Wyndham Lewises. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, proud of her protégé, took him to the theatre to see Kean. He went to receive Lord Lyndhurst's congratulations, and to compliment him in turn, for this sturdy old man had recently married a young girl and his sole topic was having a son. Then Wyndham Lewis showed him the Houses of Parliament.

As the old Palace of Westminster had been partly burnt down, the Lords and Commons were sitting in temporary halls. There they were rather crowded, but Disraeli managed to make sure of a seat for himself just behind his chief, Sir Robert Peel. The latter was cordial and invited the new member to join him at a small dinner-party at the Carlton on the following Thursday. "A House of Commons dinner purely. By that time we shall know something of the temper of the House." That "we" was very agreeable. Wyndham Lewis, when he came home, said to his wife: "Peel took Disraeli by the hand in the most cordial fashion."

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From the first divisions it was plain that Lord Melbourne's Whig ministry, with the support of the Irish, was going to retain power. For a fortnight Disraeli remained a silent spectator of the debates. He had a great desire to speak, but was terribly intimidated. He saw himself surrounded by great men. Opposite him, on the Ministerial bench, in front of the official red box, was the Whig leader, Lord John Russell, very small in his black frockcoat of old-fashioned cut, his face with its downcast expression half hidden beneath a hat with an enormous brim, — Lord John, the perfect symbol of his party, who advanced the most daring ideas in the most archaic style, and pronounced "democracy" in the voice of an aristocrat. Near Lord John was Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, with his dyed and carefully brushed side-whiskers. Nearer him, in profile against the massive table which separated the ministers from the opposition, Disraeli could see from behind the imposing figure of Sir Robert Peel the brilliant Lord Stanley, with his fine curved nose, his sensitive mouth, his curled and slightly unruly hair, — Stanley the indolent, the disdainful, the intelligent, dressed with a carefully considered negligence that inspired "Dizzy". Over by the entrance, amongst the Radicals, was his friend Bulwer; and in the midst of the Irish band, his formidable foe, Daniel O'Connell.

He was troubled also by the contrast in this assembly between the majesty of its ritual and its carelessness of appearances. Nobody listened; members visited during the speeches and moved restlessly in and out; but the Speaker was in robe and wig, the ushers brought in and removed the mace, and a fellow-member was referred to only by the title "the honorable gentleman". All these details delighted a neophyte who had so long observed them from without. He was certain that on the day when he would rise to speak, he would commit no blunder, would address himself solely to the Speaker, following accepted custom, would call every barrister-member "the honorable and learned gentleman", every officer-member "the honorable and gallant gentleman", Sir Robert Peel, "the right honorable baronet", and Lord John, "the noble Lord opposite". Already in his thoughts, his phrases were cast in the parliamentary mold. If he became a minister, how grandly he would strike his fist on that scarlet box! At the close of a loudly acclaimed speech, with what an air of nonchalance would he drop into his seat on the Treasury bench, wiping his lips with a handkerchief of fine linen! But now that he had measured at closer range the powerful inertia of this great body, a certain anxiety was mingled with his impatience.

Irish and Liberals both looked with curiosity at the new orator who now rose before them. Many of them had heard it said that he was a charlatan, an old radical turned conservative, a novel-writer, a pompous orator. It was known that he had had a violent quarrel with O'Connell, and a strong detachment of the latter's friends had grouped together as soon as Disraeli rose. On the Conservative benches, the country gentlemen examined with some uneasiness this decidedly un-English face. The curls vexed them, and the costume. Disraeli wore a bottle-green coat, a white waistcoat covered with gold chains ("Why so many chains, Dizzy?" Bulwer had asked him. "Are you practising to become Lord Mayor, or what?") and a great black cravat accentuated the pallor of his complexion. It was a grave moment and he was playing a great part. He had to show the Liberals what manner of man they had lost in him, to the Conservatives, that a future leader was in their midst, to O'Connell, that the day of expiation was at hand. He had several reasons for confidence, — his speech had been elaborately prepared, and contained several phrases of certain effectiveness; and the tradition of Parliament was such that these beginner's speeches were greeted with kindliness. "The best maiden speech since Pitt's," was the remark generally passed to the orator. Young Gladstone, for example, whom Disraeli now found again on the benches of the Commons, had delivered his five years before amid general sympathy: "Spoke my first time for fifty minutes," Gladstone had noted in his diary. "The House heard me very kindly and my friends were satisfied. Tea afterwards at the Carlton." But Gladstone came from Eton and Oxford; he had a handsome English face, with firm and familiar features, dark-colored clothes, and a grave manner.

Disraeli's voice, a trifle forced, aston-

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ished and displeased the audience. He tried to show that the Irish, and O'Connell in particular, had themselves profited by very similar subscriptions. "This majestic mendicancy . . ." he said. The House had a horror of long words and there was a titter of laughter. "I do not affect to be insensible to the difficulty of my position. (*Renewed laughter*). I am sure I shall receive the indulgence of honorable gentlemen, — (*Laughter and cries of 'Question!'*) but I can assure them that if they do not wish to hear me, I, without a murmur, will sit down." (*Applause and laughter*). After a moment of comparative calm, another slightly startling association of words roused the storm. From the Irish group came hisses, scraping of feet, and cat-calls. Disraeli kept calm. "I wish I really could induce the House to give me five minutes more. (*Roars of laughter*). I stand here to-night, Sir, not formally but nevertheless virtually, the representative of a considerable number of members of Parliament. (*Loud and general laughter*). Now, why smile? (*Continued laughter*). Why envy me? (*Loud laughter*). Why should I not have a tale to unfold to-night?" (*Roars of laughter*).

From that moment the uproar became such that only a few phrases could be heard.

"About that time, Sir, when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of the monarch, — (*'Oh, oh!' and much laughter*). . . . If honorable members think it is fair to interrupt me, I will submit. (*Great laughter*). I would not act so towards anyone, that is all I can say. (*Laughter and cries of 'Go on!'*). But I beg simply to ask, — (*'Oh!' and loud laughter*). Nothing is so easy as to laugh. (*Roars of laughter*). We remember the amatory eclogue, — (*Roars of laughter*), — the old and the new love that took place between the noble Lord, the Tityrus of the Treasury Bench and the learned Daphne of Liskeard, — (*Loud laughter and 'Question!'*). . . . When we recall at the same time that between emancipated Ireland and enslaved England the noble Lord, secure on the pedestal of power, may wield in one hand the keys of St Peter, and with the other, — (*Here the honorable Member was interrupted with such loud and incessant laughter that it was impossible to know whether he closed his sentence or not*). Now, Mr. Speaker, we see the philosophical prejudices of man. (*Laughter and cheers*). I respect cheers, even when they come from the lips of political opponents. (*Renewed laughter*). I think, Sir, — (*'Hear, hear!' and 'Question, question!'*). I am not at all surprized, Sir, at the reception I have received. (*Continued laughter*). I have begun several things many times, — (*Laughter*), — and I have often succeeded at last, — (*Fresh cries of 'Question!'*), — although many had predicted that I must fail, as they had done before me. (*'Question, question!'*).

And then, in formidable tones, staring indignantly at his interrupters, raising his hands and opening his mouth as wide as he could, he cried out in a voice which was almost terrifying and suddenly dominated the clamor: "Ay, Sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me."

He was silent. His adversaries were still laughing; his friends gazed at him, saddened and surprized. During the whole of his ordeal, one man had supported him with great firmness, — the right honorable baronet, Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert was not in the habit of showing noisy approval of the orators of his party; he listened to them in an almost hostile silence. But on this occasion he turned round several times to the young orator, saying "Hear, hear!" in a loud voice. When he turned toward the Chamber he could not hold back a slight smile.

Lord Stanley had risen, and scornfully, without saying one single word on the incredible reception accorded one of his colleagues, had resumed the question seriously. He was listened to with respect. Silent and sombre, Disraeli leaned his head on his hand. Once again a defeat, once again hell. Never, since he had followed the debates of the Commons, had he known so degrading a scene. Was the life of the Cogan school going to begin again for him now in Parliament? Would he still have to fight and hate, when he desired so much to love and be loved? Why was everything more difficult for him than for others? But why, in his first speech, had he challenged O'Connell and his band? It would be hard now to swim against the stream. Would it even be possible at all? He had lost all standing in the eyes of this assembly. He reflected with bitterness on the idea he had conjured up of this début.

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He had imagined a House overwhelmed by his phrases, charmed by his figures of speech, delighted by his sarcasms, — prolonged applause, — a complete and immediate success . . . and these insulting guffaws. . . . Defeat. . . . Oh, for the refuge of the Bradenham woods!

A division forced him to rise. He had not heard the debate. The excellent Lord Chandos came up to him with congratulations. He replied that there was no cause here for congratulations and murmured: "It is a defeat. . . ." "No such thing!" said Chandos, "you are quite wrong. I have just seen Peel and I asked him, 'Now tell me exactly what you think of Disraeli.' Peel replied, 'Some of my party were disappointed and talk of failure. I say just the reverse. He did all that he could do under the circumstances. I say anything but failure; he must make his way.'"

In the lobby the Liberal Attorney General stopped him and asked with cordiality: "Now, Mr. Disraeli, can you tell me how you finished one sentence in your speech, we are anxious to know: 'In one hand the keys of St Peter and in the other —'?"

"'In the other the cap of liberty!', Sir John."

The other smiled and said: "A good picture!"

"Yes," replied Disraeli, with a touch of bitterness, "but your friends will not allow me to finish my pictures."

"But I assure you," said the Attorney General, "there was the liveliest desire on our part to hear you. It was a party at the bar, over whom we have no control; but you have nothing to be afraid of."

What was this? On others, then, the impression of an irreparable collapse had not been so unmistakable as on himself? Like many highly-strung men, Disraeli regained confidence as quickly as he lost heart. Already the cloud of despair was lifting. Writing to Sarah on the following day, he minimized the disaster, — "As I wish to give you an *exact* idea of what occurred, I state at once that my *début* was a *failure*, in that I could not succeed in gaining an opportunity to say what I intended; but the failure was not occasioned by my breaking down or by any incompetency on my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries. I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair they were. I fought throughout with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper, made occasionally good isolated hits when there was silence, and finished with spirit when I found a formal display was ineffectual." He signed it: "Yours, D. — in very good spirits."

Weddings

From January, Disraeli's success in the House was certain. He had passed through that period of waiting and tiresome gravity which had been prescribed by Sheil, and now, as the latter had foretold, they wanted him to be brilliant. His brother Jem, who came to listen at one sitting, was able to go back to Bradenham and tell them how, as soon as Ben rose, all the members came flocking back to their places, and how a sudden silence had fallen in order to hear him. Old Isaac listened to this story with a full heart, and Sarah murmured: "God bless you, dear one!" She had always known, had Sarah, that her brother was a great man.

Politics had obliged Disraeli to cut down his share in social life. Furthermore, life had altered for many of his friends. The Bulwer ménage, brilliant and unstable, had been shattered. Bulwer had taken his wife to Italy to attempt a rapprochement, but at Naples he had conceived the idea of a new novel, set himself to write *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and had neglected Rosina as he had done in London. Poor Pups, deserted in this foreign town, deprived even of her cherished dogs, had allowed herself to receive the court of an Italian prince. Bulwer emerged from his dream only to feel irritated at the realization of this, and after two or three painful episodes they had had to separate. Rosina Bulwer, poor and embittered, now only saw her husband's friends and complained of him to them. Bulwer felt remorse, and was unhappy. Disraeli found grounds here to confirm his distrust of love marriages.

The beautiful Caroline Norton too had lost her gaiety. Her odious husband, after having profited by Lord Melbourne's friendship for his wife, had suddenly brought an action against them both, charging adultery. Caroline had been able to prove that scores of times her husband himself had driven her to the minister's

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door. The jury acquitted her. But Norton, nevertheless, abandoned his wife and kept the custody of the children, whom the law of England did not allow Mrs. Norton to claim. She besought her friends, Bulwer and Disraeli, to have the law modified. In the little flat at Storey Gate with its flowery balcony and muslin curtains sounded only plaints and prayers. People did not go there so often.

Disraeli still went sometimes to Lady Blessington's on evenings when the House did not sit, but there too the scene was overcast. D'Orsay had lived in such style, and played for such heavy stakes, that money was running short. Creditors were often encountered at the door. The only house which remained tranquil and hospitable was that of the Wyndham Lewises. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis had neither the grace nor the wit of the Sheridan sisters, but perhaps a young member of Parliament, ambitious and susceptible, had more need of affection than of wit, and to Disraeli this was a precious friendship.

One morning about six months after his entrance into Parliament, Disraeli had news of the sudden death of his colleague. He hastened to the widow, whom he found overwhelmed by her sorrow.

Disraeli to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis:

> "It is natural, after so severe a test of courage that you should give way to feelings of loneliness and sorrow. It is natural and inevitable; but you must not *indulge* such sentiments, and you must endeavor not to brood over the past. The future for you may yet be full of happiness and hope. . . . As for myself, I can truly say, that the severe afflictions which you have undergone, and the excellent, and to me unexpected, qualities with which you have met them, the talent, firmness and sweet temper, will always make me your faithful friend, and as far as my advice and assistance and society can contribute to your welfare or comfort you under these severe trials, you may count upon them."

Disraeli continued, in fact, to visit her faithfully. Rosina Bulwer, a friend of the family, followed with perturbation and distrust these visits of one of her husband's friends. Mary Anne had confessed to her that Disraeli bore her an affection which was more than friendly. Rosina, who had learned to distrust men of letters, advised the greatest prudence. At the time of the Queen's coronation, each member of Parliament received a commemorative gold medal. It was to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, and not to Sarah, that Disraeli presented his. The closing phrases of their letters grew more inflamed. From "ever your affectionate friend" he had passed to "Farewell! I am happy if you are." It was significant that he was beginning to share equally with her and with Sarah those openly exultant recitals of his successes. Before her also the mask was lowered, the buckler laid aside. "Every paper in London, Radical, Whig, or Tory, has spoken of my speech with the greatest praise." "Lord Chandos gives a great banquet to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Jersey, Sir Robert and Lady Peel, Sir James and Lady Graham, and Lord Stanley. You will be rather surprized, I think, — at least I am, — that I should be invited to it, but Chandos is a good friend, and triumphs in my success in the House." "The Londonderrys gave the most magnificent banquet at Holdernesse House conceivable. Nothing could have been more exclusive. There were only one hundred fifty asked, and all sat down. Lady Londonderry was faithful, and invited me; consequently I figure in the 'Morning Post' . . ." The descriptions of rooms full of orange trees, of tables laid with rare glass, of smoked salmon, caviar, and *foie gras*, were sent at the same time to Sarah and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis. The latter was beginning to be one of the family.

Was he thinking of marriage? He had not forgotten Count D'Orsay's advice: "If you meet a widow . . ." He was not blind to the possible objections. He was thirty-three, she was forty-five. She was far from holding a status in fashionable society as brilliant as his own; the hostesses who quarreled for Disraeli were not intrigued by Mary Anne. A fortune? Wyndham Lewis had left his wife a life-interest in the Grosvenor Gate house, and an income of about four thousand pounds. It was enough to live on and to entertain worthily, but it was not a great fortune; there was no spare capital to allow for Disraeli's debts; moreover it was not a transferable

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fortune, and as Mrs. Wyndham was the elder of the two, there was grave risk of Disraeli's finding himself forced, in the prime of life, to give up his house and his mode of living. Moreover, Mary Anne was far from being a cultivated woman. Society found her rather ridiculous; it was said that she had never been able to remember which came first, the Greeks or the Romans. After a conversation about Swift, she asked for his address in order to invite him to dinner. Other women found her stupid and frivolous; she talked a great deal, and with alarming exuberance; her frankness reached the point of tactlessness. In matters of furniture or clothes her taste was freakish and detestable. A young writer and a future minister of the Crown could surely find a more brilliant wife.

But Disraeli judged otherwise. Contrary to fashionable opinion, he did not think her stupid. True, she was ignorant, but what did that matter? He had seen her in action during several elections; she understood men; she had sound judgment; she did what she had to do well and thoroughly; she would be a useful companion. Her frivolous talk amused Disraeli and eased his nerves. He had had only too many brilliant women friends, and he did not propose to put himself in the way of an assault of wit in his own home. Mary Anne admired him, — he felt that she lived only for him. In his moments of depression, which were frequent, he had need of consolation. He had suffered more severely from his thorny beginnings than his somewhat cold manner allowed one to suppose. To find another Sarah, a Sarah who was a wife as well as a sister, had long been his desire. There are some men who feel the need of keeping their independence for the sake of romantic adventures, — Disraeli had tested passionate love, only to find that it was in conflict with ambition. To him the refuge of a lasting tenderness was far more tempting. He had always been impulsive. As soon as he felt persuaded that Mary Anne was a desirable wife, he told her so. His declaration was not ill received. She had the highest esteem for his talents and the fullest confidence in his future; but self-controlled as she was, she was anxious to give herself time for reflection, and asked him for a year in which to study his character.

Parliament was in recess. Bradenham was tranquil and flowering. Disraeli was in love. He set himself to write a tragedy. Day by day he kept Mary Anne abreast of the work and of his love. "My progress has been great and brilliant; you know I am not easily satisfied with my efforts, and not in the habit of speaking of my writings with much complacency. You may therefore believe that there is some foundation when I tell you that I think my present work will far exceed your expectations. . . . I envy the gentlemen about you, but I am not jealous. When the eagle leaves you the vultures return. There! that is sublime. There is hardly a flower to be found, but I have sent you a few sweet-peas."

Four days later: "I write in good health and in good spirits. I prosper in my work. I am satisfied with what I have done. I look upon my creation and I see that it is good. Health, my clear brain, and your fond love, — and I feel that I can conquer the world."

Six days later: "I can not reconcile love and separation. My ideas of love are the perpetual enjoyment of the society of the sweet being to whom I am devoted, the sharing of every thought and every fancy, of every charm and every care. . . . I wish to be with you, to live with you, never to be away from you, — I care not where, in heaven or on earth, or in the waters under the earth."

But soon the answers to Disraeli's letters became fewer and colder. A strange and prolonged silence on the part of Mary Anne disturbed him. What was happening? She had asked for a year to study his character. Could it be that the final judgment had been unfavorable? He asked for an interview, which he obtained, and a rather painful conversation took place. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis was surrounded by friends who disapproved of this match. Young Disraeli was known to be heavily in debt. How could it be supposed that he loved a woman thirteen years older than himself? No doubt he had paid her his court only to ward off the moneylenders with the news of this marriage. Rosina Bulwer had been constantly talking of Dizzy's great love for Mary Anne's four thousand a year. This was the finishing touch to the portrait of this handsome and unscrupulous adventurer; he had flattered

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every party in order to obtain a seat; he was ending by marrying an old woman in order to have a house and a revenue. These rumors had reached Mary Anne, and had given her pause. She was an orderly woman and kept her accounts with care. She loved, but she did not wish to be duped and said so rather harshly. After leaving her house, Disraeli wrote to her: ". . . By heavens, as far as worldly interests are concerned, your alliance could not benefit me. All that society can offer is at my command; it is not the apparent possession of an income that ever elevates position. I can live, as I live, without disgrace, until the inevitable progress of events gives me that independence which is all I require. I have entered into these disagreeable details because you reproached me with my 'interested' views. No, — I would not condescend to be the minion of a princess, — and not all the gold of Ophir would ever lead me to the altar. Far different are the qualities which I require of the sweet woman who shall share my existence. My nature demands that my life be one of perpetual love. . . . Farewell. I will not take it upon myself to wish you happiness, for it is not in your nature to obtain it. For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle. But the time will come when you will sigh for any heart that could be fond, and despair of one that can be faithful. There will be the sad hour of regret, — then you will think of me with remorse, admiration, and despair; then you will recall to mind the passionate heart that you have forfeited, and the genius you have betrayed."

Mrs. Wyndham Lewis to Disraeli: "For God's sake come to me. I am ill and almost distracted. I will reply to all your questions. I never desired you to leave the house, or implied or thought a word about money. . . . I have not been a widow a year. I often feel the apparent impropriety of my present position. . . . I am devoted to you."

On August 28, 1839, they were married at St George's, Hanover Square. In her account book Mary Anne entered a note: "Gloves 2/6. In hand, £300. Married 28. 8. 1839. Dear Dizzy became my husband."

A few days previously, he had written to her: "I feel that there never was an instance where a basis of more entire and permanent felicity offered itself to two human beings. I look forward to the day of our union as that epoch in my life which will seal my career: for whatever occurs afterwards, will, I am sure, never shake my soul, as I shall always love the refuge of your sweet heart in sorrow or disappointment, and your quick and accurate sense will guide me in prosperity and triumph." This, indeed, was exactly what he expected of the marriage.

During that same year another member of Parliament was married, younger but no less brilliant, that same William Gladstone with whom Disraeli had dined at Lyndhurst's. It was a very different marriage, and it is not without interest to make brief mention of its circumstances. Gladstone had met his betrothed during a journey in Italy; she was the daughter of Lady Glynne and was traveling with her mother, her sister, and their attendants, in a large family coach. In Florence, a young man with regular and powerful features had greeted them. "Who is that?" Catherine Glynne had asked. "Do you not know him? That is young Gladstone, the man who, according to what every one is saying, is destined to be Prime Minister of England."

The young statesman on holiday had immediately established a friendship with this handsome, pious girl. He had had a long conversation with her in Santa Maria Maggiore; they spoke of the contrast between the parsimony of the English in the ornamentation of their churches and the luxury of their private life. "Do you think," she asked him, "that we can be justified in indulging ourselves in all these luxuries?" In his diary he noted: "I loved her for this question. How sweet a thing it is to reflect that her heart and will are entirely in the hands of God. May He, in this, as in all things, be with her." He had asked her hand in marriage when they found themselves alone together in the Coliseum, beneath the Roman moonlight. She had hesitated, but he had seen her again in England, and strolling with her in a garden near a river, he had told her the story of his soul, and how he had wished to become a clergyman, how his father had opposed it, how he had resigned himself to politics, realizing that a states-

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man can consecrate his power to the glory of the Church. This moved her, and she consented to become his wife. She brought a touch of whimsy into the austere life of Gladstone. He was all method and punctuality; she had natural good sense and humor. He classified everything; she lost everything. She teased him, saying it was good for him to have an untidy wife because it made him more human. He for his part had taught her to analyze her sentiments, to watch over her soul, and to keep a diary. There, for instance, one could read: "Engaged a cook after a long conversation on religious questions, particularly between her and William."

She was charming, Catherine Gladstone.

A married man, a fine house in Park Lane, — dinner for his colleagues, with forty places set; fewer chains, a little less lace, — Disraeli had greatly altered in a few months. Mary Anne might have a thousand faults in the eyes of others; she was the very one whom this proud and sensitive man had needed. She made him live in a paradise of slightly comical adoration, but its security was soothing after long and painful vexations. She accompanied him everywhere. At Bradenham the family adored her; she brought good humor into a house invaded by old age. Mr. d'Isaraëli was going blind, a hard lot for a man to whom reading was the one pleasure of life. Sarah, taking notes for him all day long, enabled him to continue his labors. Mary Anne and her sister-in-law communed together in admiration for "Dizzy".

Frequently the Disraeli couple would spend a few days in the country, in noble houses where Mrs. Disraeli's naive remarks enjoyed a great success. To some ladies who were discussing the beauty of certain Greek statues, she replied: "Oh, but you ought to see my Dizzy in his bath!" To another lady "I find your house is packed with improper pictures. There's a horrible one in our room. Dizzy says it is Venus and Adonis. I had to stay awake half the night to keep him from looking at it." One morning, when the pair had spent the night in the room next to that of Lord Hardinge, she said to the latter at breakfast: "Oh, Lord Hardinge, I think I must be the happiest of women! When I woke up this morning, I said to myself: 'How lucky I am! I've been sleeping between the greatest orator and the greatest soldier of the day!'" There was much laughter; but the laughter had to be prudent and only when the husband had his back turned. Although more alive to the ridiculous than any one, Disraeli defended his wife with ferocious loyalty. He never uttered a word of reproach to her.

Peel in Power

On August 30, 1841, Sir Robert Peel went to Windsor to kiss the hand of the Queen. At first, the Queen had disliked this grave, shy-mannered man, so different from the charming Lord Melbourne who made her live like a sovereign of the eighteenth century. But now she had married the handsome Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and Albert, austere himself, liked Sir Robert and held him in high regard. Everything that Albert liked was admirable, and this time the Queen welcomed the Tory leader with confidence.

For several days unofficial lists of ministers had been in circulation. They all contained the name of Disraeli, but Peel had not yet summoned him. Soon Disraeli learned that his friend Lyndhurst was Lord Chancellor; Lord Stanley had the Colonies; the Duke of Buckingham, the Privy Seal; young Gladstone, the Board of Trade. One by one all the posts were being filled. At the Carlton nothing could be seen but groups of politicians exchanging congratulations. Only Disraeli had received no message from the Premier. Was Sir Robert going to abandon one of his best lieutenants? It seemed impossible, but if by ill chance it were so, what a deception, what a disaster! Once in power, the Conservatives would stay there a long time. To be excluded now would mean exclusion for the duration of one legislature, perhaps two. All the patient work of four years was crumbling. Already he thought he could read in the glances at the Club an amused irony, and certain conversations stopped short on his approach. At the end of the week, in despair, he decided to write to Peel:

"Dear Sir Robert,

I have shrunk from obtruding myself upon you at this moment, and should have refrained from doing so

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if there were anyone whom I could trust to express my feelings.

I am not going to trouble you with the sort of claims of which you must already be wearied. I will not remind you that I have fought since 1834 four contests for your party, that I have expended great sums, have exerted my intelligence to the utmost for the propagation of your policy, and have that position in life which can command a costly seat. But there is one peculiarity in my case on which I can not be silent. I have had to struggle against a storm of political hatred and malice which few men have had to experience, from the moment when, at the instigation of a member of your Cabinet, I enrolled myself under your banner. I have been sustained under these trials only by the conviction that the day would come when the foremost man of this country would publicly testify that he had some respect for my ability and my character. I confess that to be unrecognized at this moment by you appears to me overwhelming, and I appeal to your own heart, — to that justice and to that magnanimity which I feel are your characteristic traits, — to save me from an intolerable humiliation.

Believe me, dear Sir Robert,
Your faithful servant,
B. Disraeli."

On the previous night Mrs. Disraeli, unable longer to endure her Dizzy's sadness, had written to the Prime Minister without her husband's knowledge:

"Dear Sir Robert,

I beg you not to be angry with me for my intrusion, but I am overwhelmed with anxiety. My husband's political career is forever crushed, if you do not call him. . . . Do not destroy all his hopes, and make him feel his career has been a mistake.

May I venture to name my own humble but enthusiastic exertions in time gone by for the party, or rather for your own splendid self? They will tell you at Maidstone that more than forty thousand pounds was spent through my influence only.

Please do not answer this, as I do not wish any human being to know that I have written to you this humble petition.

I am now, as ever, dear Sir Robert,
Your most faithful servant,
Mary Anne Disraeli."

To Disraeli Peel replied in a dry letter, making special insistence on an unimportant phrase in the former's letter: "from the moment, at the instigation of a member of your Cabinet, I enrolled myself under your banner." He drew his attention rather acidly to the fact that no member of his cabinet had been charged with any such mission. (Disraeli had never mentioned any mission, — he had only meant that he had attached himself to the Conservative party through the influence of Lyndhurst, a member of the Peel Ministry). Peel added that he had a bare sufficiency of posts at his disposal for those who had already served under him and that he thought the insufficiency of the means at his disposal would be understood by men whose collaboration he would have been proud to have and whose qualities he did not dispute.

The truth was that Peel would have liked to have given Disraeli a post; but he was surrounded by colleagues who would have none of "that adventurer". Croker for instance, that Croker "more detestable than cold veal", who had been the eyewitness and the cause of Disraeli's defeat at the time of the establishment of the newspaper, and Lord Stanley, who, haughty and familiar, had declared that "if that scoundrel were taken in, he himself would not remain."

But Peel had not managed to defend Disraeli with much ardor. The pair were too widely different. Round his own parliamentary cradle Peel had assembled Fortune and Morality and Respect; round Dizzy's belated baptism there flitted no doubt the pale phantoms of Debt, with Cynicism and Fancy by their side. The Peels were famed for their good taste. Their London house was charming, with its flowered balconies overlooking the river, and its admirable collection of Dutch masters. Lady Peel was beautiful and kind; her portrait by Lawrence, modeled on the "Straw Hat" of Rubens, was held by many connoisseurs to be the painter's finest picture. Everything con-

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nected with Peel evoked ideas of Flemish solidity and virtuous beauty. Everything connected with Dizzy seemed gimcrack. On Lady Peel diamonds gleamed with bright fire; on Mrs. Disraeli the finest stones looked as if they were glass. Mary Anne's house at Grosvenor Gate was decorated with a taste that screamed aloud. The furniture was dreadful, her gowns ridiculous. Small details: but they added to the Minister's mistrust. Moreover, he found the doctrine no less displeasing than the man. By his birth Peel was much nearer to the factory than to the manor or the cottage, much more of a Puritan than a Cavalier. In fact, he was essentially a member of the middle-classes on a grand scale. In his heart and mind he was in his opponent's camp. He was attracted by the reasonings of the economists, by their honest aspect, rather than by the irony of a too brilliant orator. Gladstone was a man after his own heart, like him "Oxford on the surface, and Liverpool at bottom," like him, a parliamentarian at twenty-one and a Sub-secretary of State at twenty-five, Gladstone, who said a prayer before he rose to speak, and could completely envelop the simplest question with long, obscure sentences. Disraeli abased himself to the point of soliciting office; Gladstone, when offered a ministry, wondered anxiously whether the Cabinet's religious policy would permit him to accept. It was a great relief to an honest and timid soul like Peel's to find ambition thus wrapped around with appropriate sentiments. When Gladstone at last accepted, Peel clasped the young minister's hands firmly and said to him: "God bless you!" How could he possibly have treated the cynic Disraeli in that way? Stanley was right, — the fellow was impossible.

The Ministry once formed, Parliament met; Disraeli went to the House full of apprehensions; his position was difficult. In opposition the party had been glad to make use of him, — but henceforward the unhappy Conservative without a post would be left a solitary creature. Proposals would be defended by the ministers themselves. Nothing was now expected of him but his vote, a painful lot for an original mind. His enemies were amused by his mishap; his bearing was spied upon with malicious curiosity. They waited for him to turn against the leader who had abandoned him; many false counselors egged him on to that; the Radicals made him advances.

He realized the danger. Against Peel he was animated by sentiments of great force. The refusal of a post was quite proper, but the tone of the refusal had been ill-judged. When Disraeli looked at the Ministerial bench and saw the smug faces of the mediocrities who had spurned him, he had a furious desire to jump the traces, but he kept a firm rein on his overkeen spirit. Now more than ever, he had need of patience. This was likewise the opinion of Mary Anne, who was admirably tender during these hard times.

To its surprize, the House saw Disraeli punctually in attendance, voting for the Government with perfectly good grace. Seeing him passed over by Peel, there were many who had doubted his talents. His return to the stage in his speech on the income tax was startling, and all the more remarkable as the subject offered him so little assistance. Among the most ardent in their congratulations on this success was a group of young men just lately down from Cambridge, returned to Parliament by the recent elections. This modern eloquence of Disraeli, with its freedom from stereotyped phrases, delighted them. "It is exactly as if you were talking at the Carlton or at your own table," said young Smythe to him. "The voice not at all forced, the elocution distinct, — a trifle nonchalant, and always with a tincture of sarcasm." They were charming, this young Smythe, with his friend Lord John Manners and all the little circle surrounding them. Belonging to ancient and illustrious family, they were owners of dream-castles perched high in the hilltop mists, or deep hidden amid the trees of great parks. They had been brought up at Eton and Cambridge, where they had formed noble friendships and united in constructing a political doctrine based on the revival of the old institutions, and on the reconciliation of the people with an aristocracy conscious of its powers. It was the purest Dizzy.

Peel deceived this ardent band of youth. He lacked genius; his commonplaces bored them to extinction. The eloquence of Disraeli intoxicated them. Disraeli

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found it delightful to be surrounded by disciples, but time was flying irrecoverably. Peel was in power, more solid than ever. Every road toward useful action remained closed. "I think," he said to his wife, "that this is the moment to imitate Talleyrand, who, when he could not see very clearly what ought to be done, took to his bed," and he decided to spend a winter in Paris. Before departing he went down to his constituents and explained his conduct to them. He would continue to vote for Peel out of party discipline, except however in the event of the Prime Minister's betraying the agriculturalists.

He installed himself with Mary Anne at the Hotel de l'Europe in the Rue de Rivoli. He had an introduction from d'Orsay to his sister, the Duchesse de Gramont, who welcomed them with great cordiality. Soon, too, the Disraelis were invited by Madame Baudrand, the wife of General Baudrand, aide-de-camp to the King, a lovely Englishwoman, and young enough to be her husband's daughter. There they met the Anglo-French couples of Paris, the Lamartines, the Odilon-Barrots, the Tocquevilles. General Baudrand undertook to inform the King that M. Disraeli, a member of Parliament, would be happy to set forth a few ideas to his Majesty on the state of parties in England.

The King received the young statesman at Saint-Cloud, and his curiosity was aroused by this sad, clever face, shadowed by long black ringlets, — Disraeli interested him and pleased him, and was invited to return. He became an accepted figure at the palace. The Queen, Madame Adélaïde, the Duchesse de Nemours, sat around a table and worked. Ices were passed; the King led Disraeli into a neighboring room and talked with him, now of politics, now of his youth, his strange adventures, the hard life he had led. "Ah, Mr. Disraeli, mine has been a life of great vicissitude!" he said in English, which he was very fond of speaking, — he had a slight American accent. He told Disraeli that he alone knew the art of ruling the French: "The only way to manage these people is to give them their head, and then know when to pull up." This intimacy with a monarch of such unusual intelligence intoxicated Disraeli. One of his childhood dreams had come true.

The Oak and the Reed

It was a saying of Disraeli's that after the publication of a book his mind always took a bound forward. A novel was for him a means of analysis, the testing of an attitude, the rehearsal, as it were, of a political policy. "Poetry is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write." Having now expressed in *Coningsby* and *Sybil* the ideal side of politics, he returned with pleasure to the practical. Where did political England now stand?

The House of Commons was more than ever dominated by Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Robert Peel was anxious to have done with party government. Conscious of his strength, he believed himself capable of imposing respect on his adversaries no less than on his followers.

About this time Disraeli found pleasure in repeating a maxim of Cardinal de Retz: "Everything in the world has its decisive moment; the crowning achievement of a good conduct of life is to know and pick out that moment." From a close analysis of the parliamentary atmosphere he judged that the decisive moment had come. After long and patient observation his diagnosis of Peel's case was now clear. Like all intelligent men who are not in any way creative, Sir Robert was dangerously sympathetic toward the creations of others. He would defend a policy long after the time when it would have been wise to compromise, and then, with a sudden understanding of his adversaries' objections, would become an advocate for the opposition policy. It was in this way that, after fighting Canning with an almost cruel doggedness for his anxiety to emancipate the Catholics in England, he himself, after Canning's death, became the Catholics' emancipator. And now, too, elected by the country gentry to defend a custom-house policy, he was plunging headlong into the Free Trade camp. Thus it came about that always at the instant when he was most sure of his good faith and intellectual courage, he seemed in other men's eyes to be a deserter. Disraeli fixed upon the most appropriate point to launch the attack, and drove it firmly home.

The opening skirmish was brought about by a retort of Peel's. Disraeli had just concluded some observations with an

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appeal to the Minister not to see in them an act of hostility but, on the contrary, one of amicable frankness. Peel arose, and turning toward Disraeli, quoted with cutting disdain some lines of his illustrious predecessor, Canning:

> Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
> Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn, the blow;
> But of all plagues, good Heaven, Thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend!

A rash quotation to come from one who had played beside Canning just that same part of the dangerous friend, some would even say the treacherous friend. Glances were exchanged; eyes were turned sidelong on Disraeli. He made no reply. A few days later he arose again, to protest against the system of appealing to the loyalty of the Tories in order to make them vote for Whig measures. "The right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes. He has left them in the full enjoyment of their liberal position, and he is himself a strict conservative of their garments." The whole House laughed and cheered. With impassive seriousness, Disraeli continued, "If the right honorable gentleman may find it sometimes convenient to reprove a supporter on his right flank, perhaps we deserve it. I for one am quite prepared to bow to the rod; but really, if the right hon. gentleman, instead of having recourse to obloquy, would only stick to quotation, he may rely on it it would be a safer weapon. It is one he always wields with the hand of a master. And when he does appeal to any authority, in prose or verse, he is sure to be successful, partly because he never quotes a passage that has not previously received the meed of Parliamentary approbation, and partly and principally because his quotations are so happy.

"The right honorable gentleman knows what the introduction of a great name does in debate, — how important is its effect, and occasionally how electrical. He never refers to any author who is not great, and sometimes who is not loved, — Canning for example. That is a name never to be mentioned, I am sure, in the House of Commons without emotion. We all admire his genius. We all, at least most of us, deplore his untimely end; and we all sympathize with him in his fierce struggle with supreme prejudice and sublime mediocrity, — with inveterate foes and with candid friends. The right honorable gentleman may be sure that a quotation from such an authority will always tell. Some lines, for example, upon friendship, written by Mr. Canning, and quoted by the right honorable gentleman! The theme, the poet, the speaker, — what a felicitous combination! Its effect in debate must be overwhelming; and I am sure, if it were addressed to me, all that would remain would be for me thus publicly to congratulate the right honorable gentleman, not only on his ready memory, but on his courageous conscience."

The winged and envenomed darts of these sentences had been shot with amazing skill. A feigned humility to begin with, a low and monotonous pitch of the voice, a slow preparation. Then suddenly the "Canning, for example . . ." giving all his listeners the pleasure of foreseeing the attack, and the attack coming all the more irresistibly in being veiled by the perfection of the form and the insinuating softness of the voice. The effect was prodigious, the enthusiasm so loud that a minister who rose to reply had to stand a long time in silence. Peel sat with bowed head, very pale, breathing heavily. Disraeli alone remained indifferent, as if human passions had no hold on him. "The scene would have brought tears of pleasure to your eyes," wrote Smythe to Mary Anne. At Bradenham, the old blind father, seated at Sarah's side, kept repeating those words, "The theme, the poet, the speaker!"

Peel felt the storm over his head. He was a sensitive man, and accustomed to respect. He had great difficulty in restraining himself. What! Would the House tolerate this treatment of the greatest of parliamentarians at the hands of this insolent fellow? And how unjust! Canning? Of course he had loved Canning. Circumstances were complicated . . . there were wrongs on both sides . . . as always. He tried to explain, but found his audience hostile. By some subtle shifting of humor, he was piqued into a violent hostility toward those agricultural interests which had put him into power. As the Budget showed a favorable balance, many Conservatives were asking that this surplus

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should be used toward helping the farmers. Peel refused, through one of his ministers, without even troubling to answer in person. And now the House, with an impatience of mingled anxiety and enjoyment, was waiting for Disraeli to speak. It was painful to see Sir Robert's noble features turn pale and quiver, but the sight was none the less welcome. It was like the scene when some fine animal enters the arena to give battle, its coat gleaming with strength and fitness, and the gazing crowd feels the agony in advance, and rejoices in the *banderillos* provoking it to fury.

This time Disraeli addressed his protectionist friends and scolded them ironically. Why these unreasonable complaints of the Premier's conduct? "There is no doubt a difference in the right honorable gentleman's demeanor as leader of the Opposition and as Minister of the Crown. But that's the old story; you must not contrast too strongly the hours of courtship with the years of possession. 'Tis very true that the right honorable gentleman's conduct is different. I remember his making his Protection speeches. They were the best speeches I ever heard. It was a great thing to hear the right honorable gentleman say: 'I would rather be the leader of the gentlemen of England than possess the confidence of sovereigns.' That was a grand thing. We don't hear much of the 'gentlemen of England' now. But what of that? They have the pleasures of memory, — the charms of reminiscence. They were his first love, and, though he may not kneel to them now as in the hour of passion, still they can recall the past; and nothing is more useless or unwise than these scenes of crimination and reproach, for we know that in all these cases, when the beloved object has ceased to charm, it is in vain to appeal to the feelings. You know that this is true. Practically every man has gone through it. My honorable friends reproach the right honorable gentleman. The right honorable gentleman does what he can to keep them quiet; he sometimes takes refuge in arrogant silence, and sometimes he treats them with haughty frigidity; and if they knew anything of human nature, they would take the hint and shut their mouths. But they won't. And what then happens? What happens under all such circumstances? The right honorable gentleman, being compelled to interfere, sends down his valet, who says in the genteelest manner: 'We can have no whining here.' And that, sir, is exactly the case of the great agricultural interest, — that beauty which everybody wooed and one deluded."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the effect produced. The tone added greatly to it. The words all came forth in a low, monotonously pitched voice, which was silent when the cheers and laughter became too loud, and then resumed, still unchanged and with no apparent effort, like a continuous stream of humor and blame falling drop by drop on to the massive form of the Minister. The House was simultaneously delighted and shamefaced, — overawed by the power of the man whom it thus dared to stand up to, it applauded without looking at him. Peel pulled his hat over his eyes and could not conceal his nervous movements, and Lord John Russell murmured, "That is all true," and even the fierce Ellice laughed and Macaulay seemed gleeful.

The parliamentary recess came in time to give Sir Robert Peel a short but welcome respite. He found pleasure in rejoining his family in the country. For this stern minister was the fondest of husbands and fathers, and no doubt Disraeli, himself a man keenly alive to domestic affections, would have felt some pity if he could have read the letters which Lady Peel received.

But almost always the unmasked face of a man remains hidden from those who know him only in public life. Peel and Disraeli stood facing each other, both of them unjust, both estimable, both firmly barred to each other, — two helmeted knights giving battle. Their lances met nothing now but steel, and never again, for either of them, would the vizors be lifted.

With Parliament at a safe distance, Peel recovered his confidence. With his charming wife beside him, in his beautiful house at Drayton, he found once more a world of harmony wherein he was the unquestioned master, an atmosphere of trust and praise in which hope revived. All in all, the session had concluded without definite defeat and left him as powerful as ever. Seen from the distance of

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solitude, little Disraeli seemed no more to this lion than a gnat.

The month of July, however, was rainy, and slowly the downpour that had drowned the Eglinton Tournament was forming the torrent which was to sweep Peel away.

Sarah, replying to Dizzy's request for news of the harvest, replied: "It rains here so much that I do not think a dove would find a dry spot to rest upon. It is a very bad harvest." During August Peel learned that a blight had attacked the potato crop. The fear of seeing England struck by famine fitted in so aptly with the Free Trade theories to which his feelings were drawing him closer and closer, that he now embraced them passionately. He immediately made use of that word "famine". No potatoes: therefore famine in Ireland. No corn in England: therefore no solution but the abolition of the Corn Duties and the authorization at last of free import of foodstuffs. Yes, the ports must be thrown open, these monstrous duties suppressed. What would the party say? Would it not still be shouting of betrayal? No matter. Peel had a thirst for martyrdom. Cobden and Bright would approve his action. Disraeli would make a sarcastic speech and amuse the House for an hour, but Peel would stand out to posterity as a benefactor who sacrificed the interests of a party to those of the country.

Soon London learned that four cabinet meetings had been summoned in one week; that Peel, throwing overboard the doctrines which had meant power to him, wanted to abolish the Corn Duties; that Lord Stanley had threatened to resign; that the blight on the Government was worse even than that on the potatoes. Peel's panic was a surprize to every one. Lord Stanley said he could not understand; nothing could be known for certain about the harvest for two months yet; the importation of corn would not fill the stomachs of the Irish, who had not a penny to buy it with. What was more, Peel was talking of maintaining a moderate duty for three years, and in three years' time the famine would be a distant memory. Disraeli learned the news when he was making another stay in Paris, and reflected: "These rotted potatoes are going to change the fate of the world." Thiers said to him, "If it be a *real* famine, Peel will be a great man. If it be a *false* famine, he is lost."

When the decision was final, Stanley resigned, and all the Ministry followed suit. The Queen summoned Lord John Russell, who immediately restored to Peel the poisoned cup which the latter had handed him. But Peel found an agreeable taste in the hemlock. He said to the Queen, "I shall be your Minister whatever may happen." And to a friend he wrote, "It is a strange dream; I feel like a man coming back to life." What others called betrayal was in his eyes a pious conversion. The Queen and Prince Albert, ardent Free Traders, kept assuring him that he was saving the country. He knew that he was invincible because no one was willing to take his place. All would yet be well. Like Ulysses, he was the one man who could bend this bow.

Parliament reassembled. In the Lords a Protectionist party directed by Stanley had been formed against Peel. Croker had gone over to examine the situation in Ireland and warned his chief that, as Thiers had said, the famine was not a real one. John Manners wrote to Disraeli, "The famine is wicked moonshine and the prospects of next year are glorious." Ireland had no more connection with Peel's decision than Kamchatka. But Peel was going through his intellectual crisis, and nothing could have stopped him.

At the first sitting he informed the party that all his economic ideas had altered. The country gentlemen listened with horror to his declarations, but they were uttered in such a tone of authority that not a single murmur was heard. Moreover, on this progress to martyrdom, the Prime Minister kept all his tactical mastery. Gladstone, on rising to speak one day, asked Sir Robert in a whisper: "Shall I be short and concise?" "No" the Chief replied, "be long and diffuse." And it was this method which he himself applied in that difficult sitting. To an astonished House he spoke endlessly on the price of flax, the price of wool, interposed a dissertation on lard, and another on the salt meats contracts for the Navy. The whole affair was so commonplace, so dreary, that the audience, seeing the familiar figure of Sir Robert standing

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there before his scarlet box, and facing him Lord John's woe-begone features, half-hidden as always beneath his wide-brimmed hat, wondered whether the whole drama might not be a dream.

In spite of everything, it seemed as if the curtain would fall on a Government success, when Disraeli rose. After a few sentences on the tone of the Prime Minister, a tone intolerable in a man who had just announced the complete reversal of his policy, he went on in his even voice, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, "Sir, there is a difficulty in finding a parallel to the position of the right honorable gentleman in any part of history. The only parallel which I can find is an incident in the late war in the Levant, which was terminated by the policy of the noble lord opposite. I remember when that great struggle was taking place, when the existence of the Turkish Empire was at stake, the late Sultan, a man of great energy and fertile in resources, was determined to fit out an immense fleet to maintain his empire. Accordingly a vast armament was collected. The crews were picked men, the officers were the ablest that could be found, and both officers and men were rewarded before they fought. There was never an armament which left the Dardanelles similarly appointed since the days of Soliman the Great. The Sultan personally witnessed the departure of the fleet; all the muftis prayed for the expedition, as all the muftis here prayed for the success of the last general election. Away went the fleet, but what was the Sultan's consternation when the Lord High Admiral steered at once into the enemy's port. Now, sir, the Lord High Admiral on that occasion was very much misrepresented. He, too, was called a traitor, and he, too, vindicated himself. 'True it is,' said he, 'I did place myself at the head of this great armada; true it is that my sovereign embraced me; true it is that all the muftis in the Empire offered up prayers for the expedition; but I have an objection to war. I see no use in prolonging the struggle, and the only reason I had for accepting the command was that I might terminate the contest by betraying my master.'"

The cheers lasted for several minutes, and were addressed not merely to the artist or the orator; the statesman now could feel himself on solid ground. At the close of the sitting Disraeli was surrounded by the country gentlemen, talking of the formation of a protectionist party in the Commons, to oppose the Prime Minister.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Cultural Competition

Mr. Alain Locke presents his rebuttal to Mr. Lothrop Stoddard after their debate in the October FORUM *on the question, "Should the Negro Be Encouraged to Cultural Equality?"*

Editor of THE FORUM:

M. André Siegfried, looking at the same situation with none of Mr. Stoddard's Freudian obsessions, sees in the Young Negro point of view just the opposite attitude on the question of race relations. Describing "advanced Negro thought" in his book *America Comes of Age*, he credits "this American élite" with "strengthening the unity of the darker races all over the world". "Among these people," he continues, "a Negro who 'passes' is a traitor, a woman who marries white is criticized, and if she becomes a white man's mistress loses caste entirely." This reading is far nearer the truth than Mr. Stoddard's. Race fusion is in our minds too tainted with the assumptions of White dominance and aggression, too associated with the stigma of inferiority rather than equality, for race amalgamation to be the social ideal and objective of an intelligent and self-respecting race consciousness such as we are now developing. In brief, the progressive Negro of to-day wants cultural opportunity and cultural recognition, and wants it as a Negro.

It is Mr. Stoddard and the position he defends that are illogical. He says, "Let there be no mistake: White America will not abolish the color-line, will not admit the Negro to social equality, will not open the door to racial amalgamation." Since when has the color-line become blood-tight? It is notoriously not a blood barrier but a culture barrier. It is a sign of the Negro's lapsing sense of inferiority that he recognizes this clearly, and that, to put it bluntly, he says to the America of Mr. Stoddard's persuasion, "Spare your blood, and share your civilization." I suspect that the real cause for frenzy and alarm among the advocates of White Supremacy is based upon this real threat of economic and cultural competition, unless it be the inner panic of having contradicted themselves biologically.

Like a modern Canute, with imperial condescension, Mr. Stoddard moves back the throne of White Supremacy a few paces before the "rising tide of color". He offers a "biracial" régime based not on caste discrimination and economic subordination but on fair and equitable separation, —"a vertical line drawn through society from top to bottom, permitting individuals to rise as high as their talents will take them, on their side of the line." To the extent that it is possible, American prejudice is already building this expensive sort of social structure. The Negro has everything to gain and little to lose by it. But I predict one or the other of two things: either the general costs will be so great that subsequent generations not afflicted with colorphobia will refuse to continue to pay them, or that the general relation of the white and the colored peoples in the world at large will have so altered that it will be actually dangerous for America thus to maintain a socially solid black minority. Of all persons, the author

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of *The Rising Tide of Color* and *The Revolt Against Civilization* ought to appreciate the latter alternative.

ALAIN LOCKE

Washington, D. C.

Black Biscuits

Editor of THE FORUM:

Returning recently from my vacation and finding the September FORUM on my desk, I attempted to glance through the magazine hurriedly before beginning the old grind. But I was highly unsuccessful. With the third sentence of "Black Biscuits" I realized that my vacation must be extended another hour at least; and so I settled back to enjoy that hour.

I am not a critic, but my personal reaction to Panteleimon Romanoff's story "Black Biscuits" is that here is all the power of the realism of Gogol and Chekhov and Andreyev and Dostoievsky and Gorky, with the pointed deftness and delicacy of the modern feministic writers. It is the logical development of the older Russian realism in contact with to-day's cultural and artistic standards. As for the sociology of the story, the analysis is adequate; the synthesis is implied; and the conclusion, although definite, is still as inconclusive as life itself. And that, it seems to me, is as it should be.

If Romanoff's novels are structurally and artistically on a par with this short story, I shall have to read them all.

ROY A. TOWER
Professor of English, Indiana University

Bloomington, Ind.

Boom Town Days

Chicago's "booms" continue to reverberate down the centuries.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Chicago is a great city. And Chicago is soon to become a greater city. The growth is evident on all sides and continues apace. Yesterday it was livestock, to-day it is furniture, to-morrow it will be steel.

But for the present this great city is still in the boom stage. It is located with all the Rotarian vigor of an up-and-coming Main Street, or all the wild and uncontrollable enthusiasm of a roaring oil-boom town of the Southwest. And therein lies the tale so disappointing to native Chicagoans and so disillusioning to those attracted to the city by its alluring promises of fame and fortune. The very existence of "easy money" assures the existence of "easy people", — both those of easy conscience and those classed as easy prey. When the first flush of discovery is passed and sobriety once again rules, these unpleasant phases fade into memories, and even Jesse James has a sentimental value in historic retrospect. But Chicago is apparently still being discovered.

This hub of the nation, — if not of the world, as some of the best boosters insist, — sums up its boom town spirit, as would a boom town, with a general speed of all things. The East may have more business in the aggregate, the Northwest more dashing cowboys, the West more Hollywood beauties, and the South more dancing darkies, but it would seem a safe wager to back Chicago as the scene of the greatest general activity per second of any spot in the universe. Here all mankind seems to have become involved in a maelstrom of society.

It is true the world over, of course, that men rush on knowing neither whither nor why. But in Chicago the superlative is to be found. It is early to work and late to cease, late to bed and early to rise, with top speed and cut-out open at all times. It is truly the boom town of the world. Here are all types mingling for the common good, — or ill. Here is the true melting pot of this nation of melting pots.

Probably the phase of a city best known beyond its own confines, — now that culture is subjected to the autocracy of the dollar, — is its industrial and commercial development; and here is Chicago arrayed in its most characteristic gown of the boom town days. Here is the coming world market, — already the agricultural, live stock, rail, furniture, steel, printing, and hotel hub, as well as leader in other lines. And yet here is a strange city of business whose customs and habits are like few others of like rank and character. There is no city in the world with a wider "open door". The endless chain system of door-to-door promotion required to see the Eastern executive is unknown here. It is only the super self-made executive

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in Chicago who has the egotism to secrete himself in this way from callers.

Also, there is no more intensively commercialized city in the world. The rule of early to work and late to cease, with all taking every phase of the work overseriously, is carried to a maximum here. Even the noted butter-and-egg men take their office hours seriously. Chicagoans assuredly live to work not work to live. What other city could have originated the stand-up lunch counter for the hurried and harried executive?

All of this would go to develop a tremendous and enviable business organization. But there is another phase developed with this, a direct growth of the boom town days, which is the disconcerting feature. The business ethics of Chicago, due to the attraction to this dollar Mecca of the dregs of the commercial world, are not what they might be. Whether in general sales work or in industrial production, the contest of the survival of the fittest is here seen in most notable proportions and operating under the old principle that all is fair in love and war.

As for politics, an honest Chicagoan would prefer that that sore spot be left untouched. But Chicago is merely paying the price of its boom. With its suddenly developed and very sizable public till, it has proved a magic magnet to all the world. The two political parties have here become so thoroughly festered and rotted with filth and graft that no true party follower is quite willing to admit publicly his affiliation.

Another phase, somewhat tied up with both industry and politics, is labor, which is again distinctly Chicagoan. Chicago labor has achieved unquestioned first place in wage scales and working conditions, but has also taken first place as an autocratic, unreasonable faction. The unions have seemingly adopted the capitalistic slogan, "What the traffic will bear." Instead of taking advantage of this era of prosperity to work out some definite and constructive program, they have gone into the fight to get what they could as long as they could.

Stepping down the line to religion, Chicago upholds tradition. The churches are feeling the boom. As the dollars flow more freely, so does the spiritual enthusiasm ebb more swiftly. Throughout the city the churches have been put to a severe test, and those surviving have done so by an unusual offering of wares. All of the intensity of commercial competition has here been evidenced.

And now down to the last phase of modern Chicago, — not only last because so judged by its people, but because so warranted in this case, — the culture and literary development may be considered. Chicago is still a boom town and not yet ripe for "*Der Tag*" of literary supremacy. This accounts for the repeated failure of repeated attempts to develop a literary nucleus of note. They will continue, however, for this hodge-podge of peoples will ever produce creative spirits and new attempts will be made, some one of these to be successful in some future era. It is still a dollar-crazy boom town.

And that is Chicago. It is all generalities and superlatives. Seldom is a boom town developed to the extent now enjoyed in Chicago without promise of a greater future. Chicago is a city of futures, — with a shady past and present. But there is a future.

CHESTER C. NASH, JR.
Evanston, Ill.

Chicago's Permanent Wave

Or perhaps it is "naturally curly".

Editor of THE FORUM:

Kate Sargent, in her two-part article (October and November), gives two excellent reasons, one general and the other specific, why Chicago has run amuck. The first is that Chicago is adolescent, the second is that the gang controls politics. The second is, of course, an effect of the first. She hits the nail on the head. A further search for causes, I think, would reveal other interesting and contributory factors.

For one thing, Chicago is proud of her brutality, her ignorance, her magnificent ability to put on a rip-roaring, snorting melodrama of life in the raw. Her own poet, Carl Sandburg, addresses her ecstatically as the tall, bold slugger, set vividly against the little soft cities. The Spirit of Chicago replies "'Atta Boy" and proceeds to prove it. Like all primitives, the city glories in making a mess. Community sentiment, — most of it, — seems to have

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absorbed this spirit and, as Mrs. Sargent shows, applauds her thugs. If you tell a Chicagoan that you've heard you have to walk the streets of his city in a steel vest, he is likely to be enormously tickled. It is fame, — the kind of fame enshrined in the tabloids.

For another thing, Chicago seems to be a successful experiment in democracy. Democracy is supposed to give the people what they want, and Chicagoans evidently have what they want. Thompson cuts the kind of capers they enjoy and they hoist him again to the throne. Their appetite is that of the groundlings in the pit of the Elizabethan theatre, — they want a lively, obscene farce.

A beautiful city, a civilized city, develops through the control of a natural aristocracy, through the efforts of a few wise and powerful men who can hold the mob while they entertain it. Chicago, on the other hand, is ruled by mob. Its most influential leaders and heroes are men without culture, men who have risen above the mob without sloughing off the point of view of the mob. Its condition is not alleviated by its organs of opinion because they, too (witness the Chicago "Tribune" editorials), can be uninformed and reactionary.

Chicago is full of heat, but she has no sweetness and she has no light. No wonder her journalists leaped on Matthew Arnold when he visited our shores. Chicago is ignorant and glad of it. As long as she is, cheap beer won't help any.

HAROLD BLODGETT

Keuka Park, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

If the conditions in Chicago as described are true it is about time we called in a Mussolini.

It seems to me that this is a result of the confusion of license and freedom. We as individuals want absolute freedom, forgetting the price we must pay in service. Cities are given too much home rule. We lack the strong hand of a centralized control.

If the good people of Chicago are too lethargic to clear their own name of this stain, then outside state regulation should help to secure real liberty. An intelligent back-to-the-ballot-box movement might bring desired improvement. After all it is the heart of the brute that is wrong. Let's go back and begin over by stressing the simple old ten commandments and the golden rule.

CLAUDE PARKER

Jamestown, N. Y.

Ghosts

Lines inspired by Christopher Morley's mouse, "and, perhaps, a taste of cheese," the author confesses.

Near my cookie jar they linger,
Ghosts of mice, who yesterday
Flapped in Negro syncopation
Grotesque tails in gleeful play.
But their ghosts, alas, are saddened, —
Death, you stalk a sombre way.

So I wonder when this body
Shall unclamp my spirit's play,
Shall I tread with solemn footfall
Hill-tops that I romp to-day. . . .

If my ghost can not know laughter,
God, let Death not come my way!

MARJORIE HARRISON

New York City

In Explanation

Miss Abbott is Chief of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.

Editor of THE FORUM:

My attention has been called to a letter by Professor E. M. East in Our Rostrum of August 1927, by requests from readers for the "memoirs which the Children's Bureau has issued on birth control".

May I be permitted space to say that the Bureau has no such publications? Professor East referred, I take it, to reports on the causes of infant mortality, which give the findings of studies made by the Children's Bureau of more than 23,000 infants. The correlations which the facts showed between poverty and other factors, such as number of children, age of mother, etc., with reference to infant mortality may seem to some to support an argument for birth control as a preventive measure. The Children's Bureau, however, has not drawn that conclusion.

GRACE ABBOTT

Washington, D. C.

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Will the Democratic Party Split?

"Yes," maintained Mr. Stanley Frost in THE FORUM'S *debate on this subject in the November issue, "the Democratic party has come to include two mutually antagonistic groups." "No," affirmed Mr. Roland S. Morris, "the Democratic party was never stronger than now." The following excerpts have been made from a group of letters advancing personal opinion.*

YES

It is not a question as to whether the Democratic party will split, but as to whether it is not already divided and whether there is any issue on which it can unite. The only reasonable expectation of such unity would lie in the present tendency towards centralization of authority in the Federal Government and such an intrusion upon local rights as may in a few years again arouse general resentment against such domination and a reassertion of state and local authority.

CHARLES FISKE
(*Bishop of the Diocese of Central New York*)
Utica, N. Y.

A political party is held together by a good cause or a strong candidate. Lacking a cause, the Democrats must unite on a strong candidate and unless they can heal their factional differences and concentrate on one man, they are doomed to disaster.

FRED W. DALLINGER
(*Congressman from Massachusetts*)
Washington, D. C.

In my judgment the Democratic party will split in the forthcoming campaign, just as they have in the last two.

O. W. COURSEY
Mitchell, S. D.

As an observer of the situation both in the West and in the South I unhesitatingly say that it is my candid belief that if Governor Smith of New York is nominated, the party will split.

MILLARD A. JENKENS
(*First Baptist Church*)
Abilene, Tex.

NO

The Democratic party, I believe, is in no more danger of disruption than the Republican. Both parties include groups of men and women whose opinions on various matters are widely at variance; and both parties would be better off if they could swap a large number of adherents who vote as they do merely from personal habit and tradition. Yet most Democrats, in all probability, feel to a considerable degree the pull of the non-personal and historic tradition represented by the party,—the tradition of liberalism and of insistence upon the political rights of the individual.

GORDON HALL GEROULD
(*Professor of English, Princeton University*)
Princeton, N. J.

I do not believe there will be a permanent split in the Democratic party nor would such a contingent be desirable. If this party can get back to its older tradition and belief it will be a power for good in the country. In recent years the Democratic party has suffered from a lack of vigorous and unselfish leadership and this must be corrected before it can regain power.

DR. HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN
New York City

The Democratic party will not split. The Republican party is the party of the prosperous majority, on the whole. Its left wing in the Northwest will not become Democrats. There is no reason why it should. It will continue to work inside the party, with occasional defections. The South will keep the name Democratic, even as industry develops and high tariff efforts increase. On account of the race question the fighting will be in the primaries, as heretofore.

NORMAN HAPGOOD
Petersham, Mass.

Under Roosevelt the Republican party split. The Democrats are not likely to do likewise.

CHARLES N. HERREID
(*Ex-Governor of South Dakota*)
Aberdeen, S. D.

By standing together it seems to me that the Democratic party has an excellent opportunity in the coming contest to strengthen itself as an influential minority and, perhaps, to win a victory. I give the leaders (Solid South included) credit for sufficient political wisdom to see this and to act accordingly. I do not think the Democratic party will split.

SEWELL HAGGARD
(*Editor, "The Shrine Magazine"*)
New York City

In my opinion neither the withdrawal of Mr. McAdoo nor the candidacy of Governor Smith is likely to destroy the Democratic party. There are certainly sure to be dissatisfied factions in the party, and there is very little human probability that any Democratic candidate will have a serious chance of election to the presidency at this time. But the candidacy of any one of the outstanding figures, whether Governor Smith or Senator Reed or Senator Underwood, would in my opinion be probably very helpful not only in holding the party together but in defining issues for a continuance of the party in opposition to the Republicans.

PIERCE BUTLER
(*Dean of the H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College*)
New Orleans, La.

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A 1928 Ford

Then, too, we have all encountered Fords that do not "choose" to run.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Pinci's effort to inflate what he describes as Woodrow Wilson's Ford Boom is unquestionably entertaining. In holding a time-worn brief for Woodrow Wilson and Henry Ford, Mr. Pinci apparently did not intend to be humorous. We are, therefore, indebted to Mr. Pinci for the amusement we derived from his recent article in our favorite FORUM.

And yet we are inclined to accuse Mr. Pinci of playful jocosity when he expresses the belief that "Hank" would beat "Cal", if by any chance they both were candidates in the same Presidential campaign. We acknowledge that Mr. Pinci's extraordinary article antedates the utterance of the cryptic Coolidgesque "choose" and was obviously conceived before the "wise Hank" ran his flivver through the editorial pages of "The Dearborn Independent".

We still agree with Mr. Pinci, however, that "Whether Coolidge will run again, nobody knows except Coolidge". We hold that the choice of a Republican Presidential candidate in 1928 may rest with political conditions then, and *not* with Coolidge, if only because of disagreement respecting any other Republican possibility. We do not consider Coolidge out of the running. We regard Ford as one who has never had a chance, who will never have a chance, to get into the running. This is our opinion, irrespective of whether Coolidge is or is not a candidate again.

We believe the availability of Ford is entirely aside from Coolidge.

We note that Mr. Pinci makes no reference in his article to Senator "Jim" Reed. We believe an article by Mr. Pinci in THE FORUM on the relationship of the Missouri firebrand to Woodrow Wilson and to Henry Ford would make interesting reading.

In the midst of the temperamental tempest over the League of Nations issue which undoubtedly killed the "leader and master of his party", Woodrow Wilson hated "Jim" Reed with a wailing and gnashing. Official and political Washington was reminded of this frequently.

In an hour of business stress and political peril, Henry Ford, Woodrow Wilson's Wilsonian choice for his successor to the White House, according to Mr. Pinci, turned to "Jim" Reed for counsel and advice.

To us the most interesting aspect of the Sapiro muddle appears to be the Wilsonian repudiation by Henry Ford, not of the editor of "The Dearborn Independent", but of "Jim" Reed.

It is true that Ford made no mention of the Missourian, who was his chief counsel in the Sapiro libel suit, as he sought to placate the Jews. But, Mr. Pinci, surely so able and experienced a lawyer and politician as "Jim" Reed must have inquired of Henry Ford upon what evidence "The Dearborn Independent" proceeded with publication of attacks upon Sapiro and other Jews?

If "Jim" Reed had discovered there was insufficient evidence or justification to make out a case against Sapiro, we, who have known the brilliant Missouri Senator intimately for a number of years, do not believe he would have engaged in the merciless heckling that he did as he conducted his ruthless cross-examination of Sapiro.

So far we know, "Jim" Reed has preserved silence.

We suggest to Mr. Pinci an inquiry of both Henry Ford and "Jim" Reed if it is really true they never discussed the source of, — or the foundation for, — the anti-Sapiro articles which appeared cheek by jowl with the Ford page in "The Dearborn Independent".

If they never did, then we do not know our "Jim" Reed.

Does Mr. Pinci think that in the event the name of Henry Ford should be presented to the next Democratic National Convention that he would receive the support of "Jim" Reed? Or vice versa?

We have a growing opinion at Washington that the Democratic Party could do far worse than nominate "Jim" Reed in 1928.

We also believe that the only chance the Democratic Party has of beating "Cal" Coolidge, or any other Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1928, is to eliminate the bickerings over Al Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo.

To introduce the name of Henry Ford

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in the next Democratic National Committee would, we think, only provoke other, and, even worse bickerings. Better for the Democratic Party to run Al Smith than to pick "Hank".

We are offering Mr. Pinci our humble judgment, not in a spirit of partizanship, but as one who has been a personal observer and a close student of the great American game of political poker for twenty-five years.

May we enquire of Mr. Pinci if he is not as disappointed now in Henry Ford as we are?

J. Bart Campbell
Washington Correspondent, "Philadelphia Bulletin"

Washington, D. C.

Editor of The Forum:

Mr. A. R. Pinci's article entitled "Woodrow Wilson's Ford Boom", is, I believe, an authentic contribution to American history. The political kaleidoscope since 1923 has had so many turns and presented so many combinations of popular impressions that Wilson's intention then may appear improbable or fantastic now. But it is the kind of thing the War President might very naturally have planned for the salvation of the Democratic Party as the vehicle of his lifelong principles and his war and peace policies.

In hitting upon the expediency of Ford's candidacy three considerations would at once appeal to him. In 1923 Ford, like Wilson, stood out in public life as infinitely removed from even a suggestion of being swayed by any corrupt influence. He had been a consistent supporter of Wilson's governmental ethics. He was, moreover, the only American of vast riches who enjoyed what seemed to be a national and universal popularity. His name was on the lips or in the mind of nearly every citizen, as a likely candidate for the Presidency. It would be characteristic of President Wilson's tenacious and unswerving loyalty to his own political ideals to pass by the possibility of placing his son-in-law and daughter in the White House, and choose to aid instead the nomination of a man who would bring to his candidacy not only allegiance to the same principles, but an overwhelming probability of success such as would secure their triumph and their continuance.

The plan was statesmanlike, practical, and in a high sense unselfish. In a word, it was Wilsonian.

Rowland B. Mahany
Former Solicitor, U. S. Dept. of Labor

Washington, D. C.

Achilles and the Tortoise

The prize for most adroitly piercing the heel of Achilles has not yet been awarded. The following letter is only one of the many letters received in comment.

Editor of The Forum:

As an occasional reader of The Forum, I chanced on the unusual article by F. P. Ramsay in the September issue. I have been meaning to write you for some time in order to tell you that I never supposed the discussions of philosophers could be so exciting. I hope your turtle dove will soon cull more green leaves from those branches of knowledge usually kept out of reach of the average reading public. But may I take you to task, while I congratulate you, for assuming an almost apologetic tone when you introduced to us this more than welcome departure from the conventional magazine policy?

Grace Mary Moore

New York City

A Warning to Bill

In American, — Bill's own language.

Editor of The Forum:

The proposed revamping of Our Nell's training for Life (capital L) sounds reasonable, but Our Bill needs a leg-up that isn't provided in his suggested arming-and-equipping. With future Nells loaded to their penciled eyebrows with charm, appeal, and what not, the poor Bills need at least a manual of arms in selectivity.

What I mean to say is: It's proposed to turn Nell loose on the world at the irresistible age of 'teen, in the heyday of her highfalutin youth and near-beauty, with all its modern aids, and she fully

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educated to take advantage of them, — all set to prey on and pick off the meal ticket she fancies. Bill, in sad contrast, has been learning merely to be useful. Surely he should have some coaching in defense at least, and preferably also in counterattack, for the sake of future divorce courts and viewers-with-alarm.

If we could just educate the poor mut to take a good look around him before succumbing to matrimony! I was about to suggest that he be educated and committed to celibacy, but it wouldn't do any good, and besides would necessitate tedious revision of Our Nell's curriculum. So I compromise by imploring: For gawd's sake warn Our Bill what's coming!

ROBERT H. MYERS

Muncie, Ind.

Here's to him, anyway!

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Our Bill" from this household has just donned the green freshman cap with a red button and gone to the university in quest of knowledge, so your article was timely and greatly enjoyed.

Bill graduated from High School in June, 1927. Before graduating, however, he worked a year for experience in a wholesale establishment and perhaps found something lacking, or was unable to measure up to the questions you ask in your article. Anyway, he finished up at school.

The question of a life's vocation is still hidden in the dark closet of mystery. Perhaps the wisdom of sophomore year will disclose it.

Now THE FORUM's view about Bill's and all the other Bills' relation to athletics can not be stressed too highly. Bill did not go to school or college to become a professional football or baseball player or to have athletics hold the primary part of his attention. As a lad we also saw to it that he did not burn himself out by engaging in a heavy athletic program while in high school. We have seen too many youngsters overdo it for the sake of advertising a certain school or certain coach.

The "Our Bill" article in THE FORUM is an eloquent plea for the development of mass athletics, fostering athletics as a whole, and not for a few chosen individuals.

Well, to close, Bill is in the University, and the old folks have made a deposit in the National Bank and will instruct Bill how to keep a cheque book and the cashier of the bank will instruct him how to avoid overdrafts.

As the father of a Bill, who is a freshman, we want him to have a well rounded education and after four years be able to take a position and make good. So here's many thanks to THE FORUM for its fine article and may great good luck be with the "Our Bills" who are in high school, college, university, and the business world.

GRIFFITH BONNER

Topeka, Kans.

"Poems We've Liked"

Interesting comments on verse which appeared in Summer issues of the magazine.

Editor of THE FORUM:

There is a poem in the July number of THE FORUM, by Etta Baldwin Oldham, that moved me very much, because it shows with the poignancy of entire simplicity that prayer does not need words. I think most people, after they escape from the delightful illusions of certainty which belong to Youth, know how helpless the human creature is when trying to be articulate to God. But I have never seen this *dumbness* put into words; and the words of "Jis' Blue" are of extraordinary beauty and significance. I think I shall write to the author, and tell her how grateful I am to her.

Your poetry editor knows his (or her) business, in printing a thing like this, and also that perfectly wonderful sonnet by Nada de Braganca, which came out a good many months ago.

Hurrah for THE FORUM!

MARGARET DELAND

Kennebunkport, Me.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Evan Morgan's poem, "The Eel," is an exquisite poem and the work of a true mystic. There is very little mysticism to be found in contemporary art, but that little exists almost exclusively in the work of a few poets. "The Eel" is not only a

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devotional poem, it is universal in its expression of a sensitive nature wearied with the frustrations and futilities of the world it knows and seeking, in a world it can only imagine, the promise of perfection without which all existence seems cruel and meaningless.

HELENE MULLINS

New York City

R. I. P.

Flowers omitted by request.

Among our literary scenes
Saddest the sight to me, —
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

HARVEY M. WATTS

Philadelphia, Pa.

What Have You?

Has our philosopher, the Pedestrian, any suggestions?

Editor of THE FORUM:

Could you please write and tell me what kinds of vocations call for the least work and the most pay? I would also like to work for myself anywhere, wherever I cared to go or to live, in either town, country, or a city, and to be independent to work for myself, be my own boss. Now Dear Sir, what kind or kinds of vocations or jobs would this come under?

ALBERT E. HEISLER

Halifax, Nova Scotia

A Novel Comparison

A comparison by contrast.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Comparing *Elmer Gantry* with *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, two careers, — both logical and true to the life of their times, one of self-indulgence, hypocrisy, and sham, the other a life of self-denial, and usefulness to humanity, one wonders where sham progress is leading? Is it only a transition period, which in a generation or two will produce better and more practical ideals, or is it time to stop and consider what success really is?

ELLEN V. CRUTCHER

Tularosa, N. M.

"Whales Aground"

Fiction produces as spectacular head-on collisions as any FORUM *debate.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

As to what makes good magazine reading, the story or the writing, the only answer can be, "It depends on the reader." If he or she happens to be one of the patrons of so called popular literature it must be a real *story*, — a real *he* or *she* story preferably, — with not too many wordy frills and furbelows. Since it is likely that this same he (or she) will be gulping the story previous to dashing off to a movie where all is action without (and sometimes beyond) words, there need be little else but the meat. Hot dogs need no trimmings.

On the other hand, should our hypothetical reader number himself (or even herself) among the encouragers of those magazines which cater to a somewhat more discriminating taste, the manner of serving must receive due attention.

What then can be said of such stories as "Whales Aground" in the August FORUM? Pondering over an answer to our own question we are reminded of the venerable Shramana Ekai Kawaguchi, that eminent and adventurous Japanese Buddhist scholar who descended upon us at Madras some years ago bursting to his finger tips with eagerness to tell the world the amazing story which was later published as "Three Years in Tibet". From every pocket he drew notes dripping with stark reality; even as the hands of Elizabeth Taylor's friends of the Faroe Islands dripped with the blood of "whales aground". The painfully English-written pages of his adventures and experiences reeked with descriptions of Tibetan life vivid enough to overturn the most hardened tummies. Luckily enough the Tamil typesetters could read English only by letter and not by word, or we never should have got the proofs. We read them with our fingers pinching our noses and sent them back so blue-penciled that they looked like cross-word puzzles. "'Excrement'! My dear sir," shrieked the friend who was doing the editing, "you can't talk about 'excrement' in a book you expect the public to read!"

"But, no, no!" expostulated the holy

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lama, "this is all *true*, I have seen it myself. It must remain in the book."

And surely, if ever a story deserved to be served naked, it was his story. Yet, we believe his literary adviser was right. Western stomachs, if not western minds, are discriminating. Nausea is not as a rule conducive to intellectual enjoyment.

Elizabeth Taylor writes entertainingly and she has discovered an interesting part of the world, — there are not many of them left, — to write about. Yet we wonder if she should pay a visit to a Negro butcher on the South side of Chicago and write a story about a day in the killing sheds of the stock yards, whether it would get by the editors of THE FORUM? We liked Johanne Katrine; also, before the slaughter made the waters of the bay "thick and red", we closed our eyes and caught a pleasant glimpse of the "distant islands that gleam like jewels through opalescent mists that wander in from the lonely sea wastes of the Northern Sixties".

Yes, the author did set an attractive table and the silver sparkled most appetizingly, and yet, when the food was served, what was it? Hot dogs, with frills!

And we, it happens, are vegetarian!

Realizing, as she evidently did, that she had a somewhat doubtful justification for her bloody story, the author tries rather naively to put the blame on God. "The Lord has provided flesh (whale, of course, is not fish) for his people," devoutly cries the old man. The rye bread, tea, sugar, spices, white flour, raisins, prunes, rice, and sago mentioned earlier in the story, to say nothing of the cabbages, cucumbers, and other vegetables that undoubtedly grew in the garden that produced the fresh flowers that adorned the tables of the slaughter-house, were not evidently attributable to the same Source.

As we once remarked in an Indian village on seeing an elephant relieve himself portentously as he passed the hovel of a poor woman, thereby providing her with a month's fuel supply, "Good for God."

However, we didn't write a story about it.

FRANK GERARD

Ventura County, Calif.

Editor of THE FORUM:

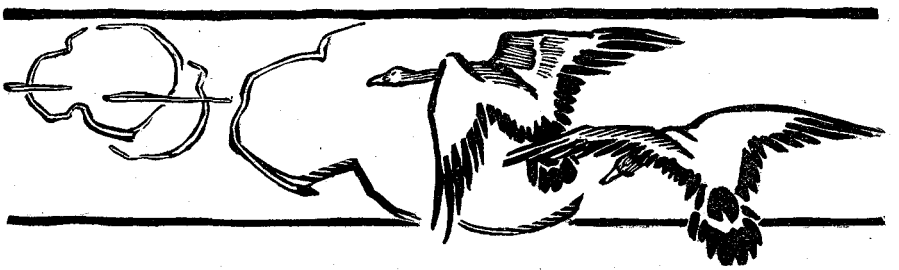
It is difficult for me to determine whether it is the unusual narrative she pens or the manner in which she tells it that conveys to me the wonderful charm of "Whales Aground!" by Elizabeth Taylor, in the August issue. The fact remains that there is a spell about the whole yarn I am unable to analyze upon any other basis than both the thing that is pictured and the manner of picturing it.

This is on a par with Frederick O'Brien's South Sea tales. I say this with caution but none the less seriously. Is it or not a bit far-fetched that the author has (in me, at least) developed the same type of pleasant reaction that comes to me from the tropical isles, though she takes me as far north of the equator as O'Brien carries me below it?

Miss Taylor will out-O'Brien O'Brien if ever she gets to Tahiti. Send her there. It will be worth your while and ours. Convey to her, if you will, my compliments for this work of hers.

LEW HEAD

Pasadena, Calif.



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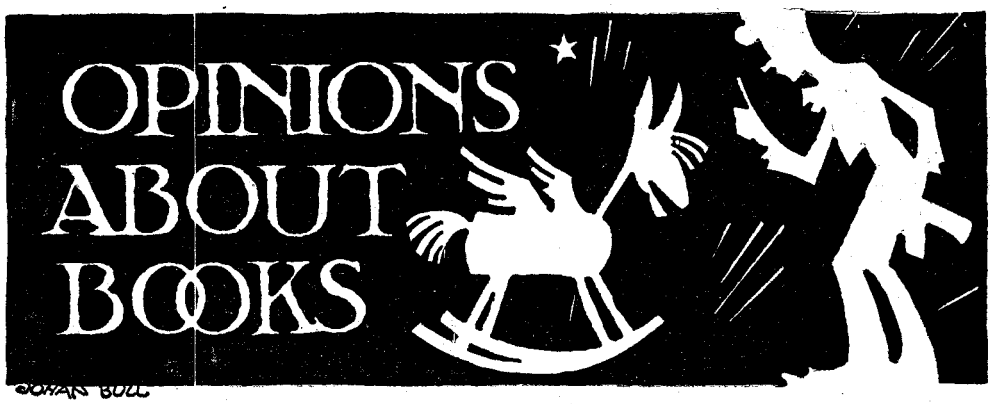

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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America Van-Looned

THE magnificent blurbage which launched AMERICA (Boni & Liveright, $5.00) informs us that Hendrik Willem van Loon has "revolutionized" American historical methods and American thought since 1922! In this connection it will be remembered that Royal Cortissoz pointed out that the only trouble with American art since 1913 was "too much Ellis Island". So, too, Kipling diagnosed current American literature as suffering from the same ailment. As one delves into the 463 pages of *America* with its 119 illustrations, the whole conceived with movie technique in chapter headings and text (make 'em snappy, snappier, snappiest!), one wonders if Ellis Island has not reared its head in historical writing too. The philosophy of the book, caricatured in picture and in text, is summed up in this: that we have "created a great nation, but have not produced a great people;" that we are "the polyglot boarding-house", and that "in due time it will be a little less polyglot but that will not change the fact that the days of the Anglo-Saxon as a ruling class of the Republic are numbered".

Opportunely, "The New York Times" ran a recent editorial showing, by the figures of an American historian, that the Senate is dominated by 81 per cent of the old substantial Anglo-Saxon groups,—exactly the same per cent that controlled the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Thus immune to facts, van Loon believes, unlike Burke, that he knows how to indict "a whole people". He presents us as a nation whose fathers borrowed their ideas from Holland and whose multitudes to-day are apparently expected to get their ideals and culture from the lately arrived intelligentsia. That we are still suffering from frontieritis and only "know things" and, of course, "worship the great god Success," is part of the indictment reiterated *ad nauseam*.

The movie captions and the general gaiety of the movie text give us a jolly book about the United States, in which smart-Aleck conclusions are mistaken for wit, slang for humor, jest for mordant irony, burlesque caricature for penetrating observation of the American scene and American achievement. Inevitably van Loon's *America* becomes a kind of comico-economic or economico-comic Merry Andrew. Our development is seen as a fight for pepper and nutmegs, tobacco, herring, rum, tea, sugar, molasses, gin, coal, iron, lead, lumber, water power, oil, silver, and gold,—with light wines and beer overlooked!

With such lovely chapter headings as

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"God and Guess" and "Uncle Tom and Puffing Billy", the real American scene goes glimmering. It was "General Bates" who won the battle of Saratoga, and "George Channing, the Secretary of State of England" who bedeviled Monroe into announcing the Monroe Doctrine. Perhaps it was William Ellery Channing! Why not? Surely a slap-dash and slap-stick jazz history of the United States is justified in all its allusions. Up-to-dateness is the very essence of the book's being; 1927 is blazoned on all its conclusions.

The lexicon van Loon consulted in preparing this *coup de foudre* apparently did not contain the word "beauty". The only chapter that deals with art, literature, and our educational, scientific, and cultural accomplishments is characteristically entitled "The Frivolous Jugglers and the Useless Players on the Lute". It snatches a glimpse at the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and dismisses it all as of no consequence.

Architecture and the magnificence of American cities only appear in pictured cartoons. The adaptation of beauty to utility, which Fiske Kimball has pointed out as beginning in the seventeenth century, is ignored in favor of cardboard canyons and "over-topped" Manhattan Island.

Poor Benjamin West, father of a score of notable American painters known as "the Tribe of Ben", is mentioned as a side issue, and then only to give Robert Fulton a dig as a good steamboat man but a "bad portrait painter". Gilbert Stuart, who produced one of the twelve unforgetable portraits known to Western art, neither thunders in the index nor looms in the text, and, of course, Whistler and Sargent are quite outside the horizon of things.

The merry facts and ribald conclusions here presented suggest Horace M. Kallen, Waldo Frank, and Ludwig Lewissohn, — the school of "our America, your America, and how do you like the hideous thing?" Page after page the latitude of the humor is that of the Court Jester who, sooner or later, sees that "everybody gets his'n". In the end one can but marvel how this unfortunate country has managed to get along all these years without the guiding hand of Flying Dutchmen.

HARVEY M. WATTS

No Answer, — Dusty or Otherwise

"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this life."

THUS do Meredith's lines on the title page explain to us the purport of Rosamond Lehmann's arresting title, DUSTY ANSWER (Holt, $2.50). It is well to note this fact at once to save the reader idle queries and perhaps irritating uncertainty. For nowhere is there any answer, dusty or otherwise. With all the temerity and extravagance of youth, the author thrusts at life, demanding everything, risking everything, and failing, is ready at the end of the book to begin again. Perhaps that is the answer, this readiness to begin again.

"When Judith was eighteen, . . . the house next door, empty for years, was getting ready again." In this house had lived a grandmother with five grandchildren, "all cousins except two who were brothers, and all boys except one, who was a girl." These were the only children solitary Judith, tutor-taught, had ever intimately known. Scenes from this intimacy are retrogressively sketched through Judith's insistent memories. In the meantime, Charlie had married Mariella and died in the War, leaving a child. And now the others, — Julian, Martin, Roddy, and Mariella, — were coming back, grown up.

Straightway in turn the boys proceeded to fall in love with Judith. At least Judith thought Roddy fell in love with her, so deeply in love with him was she. Martin did fall deeply and truly, offering her an old-fashioned constancy and devotion. Julian made love to her after the cynical manner of the dilettante in erotic love. To unappreciative Roddy she gave herself. Martin she tried to marry to save her pride, but could not bring herself to do it. From becoming the mistress of Julian she was rescued by the sudden news of Martin's drowning at sea. It is as if Judith lived three separate lives between eighteen and, — was it twenty-five?

Dusty Answer is the story of Judith's inner life, her desires and her bruises, her yearnings and her disappointments. It is the story in reverse of the butterfly bursting from its chrysalis, — youth, the butterfly, coming out a drabbish worm as, I

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suppose, maturity must seem to butterfly eyes. To our older eyes that have forgotten the butterfly's world, it has a different guise. And that is what makes it difficult for us to appraise a youthful cry of disillusionment like this. We can say it is beautifully, most beautifully done, — as it is. We can speak of the "possibilities it prophesies", — as it does. We can marvel at the struggle for truth it indicates. But our maturity is as hesitant to comment on the emotions it reveals as our fingers to touch the still wet wings of the butterfly.

This book gave me the feeling that sometimes follows Sylvia Warner or Virginia Woolf, that the author was trying to convey some awareness never conveyed before, trying to move through words into the shadowy chambers of the mind and bring forth something never quite realized, — something in character or emotion, or of the stuff of life, — trying to say something I could not quite "get", perhaps something unsayable or even not to be said. I could not even be sure she knew herself what it was she wanted to do, although I felt her effort; I felt that mystery of something unknown trembling just beyond consciousness. But she may know, and it may be she will convey it, if not to me, then to another generation.

This young person can write. She knows how to use words. She does not flinch before facts. She loves and can serve beauty. When she has lived a little while, — ah, then indeed, we may hope for an answer! Meanwhile let us be grateful for this poignant, exquisitely embodied protest against the waste of "everybody loving some one who loves another person".

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

A Political Curiosity

IN the main it is Disraeli's political life that Mr. D. L. Murray stresses in his DISRAELI (Little, Brown, $4.00), a biographical study of the Prime Minister whose epigrams and laces enlivened the dinner parties of Victorian England. Mr. Murray is rather sparing of the fopperies, the peacocks on the terrace at Hughenden, and the always waiting Mary Anne with the little supper, even when "Dizzy" had kept the House till four o'clock in the morning, — those little revealing bits of personality which André Maurois has known so well how to employ with a Frenchman's grace and savor in his *Disraeli*.

Mr. Murray concerns himself with the seemingly more vital and discriminating matters. He fashions much that is interesting around the figures of Peel, Derby, Gladstone, and Palmerston in the changing political alignments of the nineteenth century. He tells us much that is informing concerning the "spirited foreign policy" of Disraeli, which showed itself in the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, in the Eastern Question, the Russo-Turkish War which brought "peace with honour" to England and was as if "he had fought and won a second Crimean War without the loss of a soldier". Indeed, if one may be said to play favorites in wars, the war between Russia and Turkey is quite distinctly Mr. Murray's, and is the occasion of some of his most vivid writing. More space is given to it than to the Crimean War; but then England gained Cyprus, and "Dizzy", although far from well and the Queen most solicitous about him, went in person to the Congress of Berlin and matched minds with Bismarck and the others. He was at home "on the field of diplomatic duelling".

Disraeli as the father of the political novel is another facet that is pointed up. With the publication of *Coningsby*, — the first of a planned trilogy on Young England, — social and political London had the delight of a *roman à clef*. Even Lord Palmerston, so Mr. Guedalla reminds us, lost no time in sending it to his brother at Naples with a key to all the names. His earlier novel, *Vivian Grey*, had brought only a *succès de scandale* to the young author. But *Coningsby* was in different case altogether, even if it drew caustic comment from Thackeray and the critics, for with all its flamboyant style it stung with its satire. In it occurred that remarkable passage on the Hebrew intellect: "You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe, in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at the moment preparing in Germany . . .

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is entirely developing under the auspices of the Jews, who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany."

It is to *Coningsby* that Mr. Murray so often refers to substantiate what may be called his contention, — that many of the qualities of mind of the Prime Minister are to be explained through pride of race and understanding of its history. In his acceptance of Christianity, for example, Disraeli's mind is satisfied, since "Christianity is completed Judaism or it is nothing", — a doctrine foreshadowed in *Sybil* and accentuated in *Tancred*. This is the side of Disraeli best analyzed, perhaps best understood by this biographer in whose veins runs a blend of Jewish and British blood. The volume is scholarly and, within its limitations, comprehensive.

To the end, Disraeli will remain one of the "Curiosities of Politics", — the general title of the series of which this volume is one, — in part, through the anomaly of such an exotic in British public life, and in part, because in politics, as has been said, two and two usually make five!

ELISABETH BROWN CUTTING

Dreiser The Dull

READING that first of English novels, *Pamela*, one pictures Richardson's heroine as a person who met the trails of a saccharine existence, pen in hand. Anthony Trollope comes to mind as the author most like gentle Pamela; were he upon the deck of a steamer or in a railway compartment, his pen was ever clutched in an untiring fist. Theodore Dreiser is, in this respect, a contemporary Trollope. Over the asphalt highways and byways of American life Dreiser plods, his route littered with manuscript from a mightily industrious pen.

Most recent among his labors are a collection of stories, CHAINS ($2.50), and a revised edition of THE FINANCIER ($3.00), both published by Boni & Liveright. The first are short stories in only one sense: they are not long stories. Dreiser's conception of a long story seems to be the rise and fall of an American figure, usually of the lower middle class, described with journalistic regard for all the surrounding facts, the whole hastily wrapped in relativistic philosophy ready for the wholesale consumer. Nor can one decry the method. One must marvel at Dreiser's diligence, for he gnaws his subject until there is little juice left in it, and sometimes, unfortunately, even when the juice is gone. He likes to give information about the collar industry in *The American Tragedy* or the stock market in *The Financier*, despite the fact that collar making has little bearing upon the tragedy of Clyde Griffiths, or that the small details of exchange play but little part in the romantic adventures of Frank Cowperwood.

However much one may tire of the slow, bludgeoning course of Dreiser's prose, so free from levity, from happy phrasing, one must admit the rugged strength of his mind. Yet his thinking is often hampered by an obtuse refusal to distinguish between man and the microscopic parade of things which surround him. Consequently, Dreiser has little to tell those of us who believe that intelligence under inner control can master the "subtle chemistry of things". His vision never rises above the relentless, fatalistic grinding of the machinery. His prevailing mood is sombre and dull. Yet one dare not condemn a writer for his philosophy alone: Hugo was great and respected gargoyles; Sterne was great and wept over a dying ass.

Dreiser's books are faithful mirrors of contemporary American types, moving through the trials and pleasures of life in an adolescent new world, where industrial progress has placed the doctrine of material comfort above that of spiritual poise. As long as these microscopic pageants are merely journalistic, they claim our attention for a passing moment; when their creator attempts grandeur of phrase and depth of vision, he goes either the way of fustian or of pure dulness. *Chains* has the merit of variety in types, yet is lacking, of course, in the dynamic force of the Dreiserian novel with all its detail. The revision of *The Financier* has removed much extraneous matter, adding form and precision of touch.

Dreiser offends chiefly in his sententiousness and in the shallowness of his philosophy; and yet he moves us with his singular power of portraying in a clear and careful light the fatality which

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attends those weak creatures who succumb to the "inevitabilities" of his view of life.

DONALD GIBBS

An Officer and a Gentleman

PUBLISHERS have suddenly discovered that for some reason, as mystifying as it is gratifying, the public is calling avidly for non-fiction. For the first time within memory, readers are just as willing to pay cash money for the loves of Lincoln as for the perils of Pauline. More surprizing still is the hankering for those works which boldly proclaim their purpose to be uncompromisingly truthful at the expense of tradition.

Lytton Strachey blazed the way for this grand crusade in his *Queen Victoria*, with a historical method which took the Little Rollo element out of our heroes without unbearable pedantry. And now it looks as if he would have to be punished along with O'Henry and Joseph Conrad, by his imitators. No other writer of our time has established a mode which seemed so easy to copy and proves so impossible. In all the present flood of historians, biographers, and psychographers, who strive to capture that same suave impishness of outlook and that same clarity of style, Philip Guedalla alone gives promise of equaling, — and even surpassing, — the master.

Among Americans, Phillips Russell has perhaps done as well as any. First in his *Benjamin Franklin*, and now again in his JOHN PAUL JONES: MAN OF ACTION (Brentano's, $5.00), he has written biographies worthy and reliable in content, intended for the man in the street. Such an undertaking can rarely be accomplished without some distortion of historical perspective, for the things which are most important historically are quite often without popular appeal. Thus Mr. Russell devotes more space to speculations upon the identity of Commodore Jones's first lady-love than to the controversy with Captain Peter Landais over the command of the "Alliance". This stupid dispute is deadly dull, to be sure, but its outcome, which deprived Jones of his first capital command at the critical moment of his career, was fatally responsible for his aborted and futile later life.

In the main, though, Mr. Russell's work has been well done. From his book a faithful picture emerges of Jones as a high strung, sensitive, tireless, contentious prima donna, with an authentic flair for sensing the full possibilities of a naval situation, an absolute fearlessness in pushing these possibilities to their legitimate extreme, but with no aptitude whatsoever for the finesse and cooperative faculty needful to carry on operations on a wide scale. In painting this part of the picture, with all its difficulties and contradictions, Mr. Russell has succeeded admirably. But he has not been so fortunate in making plain the importance of Jones's contribution to the revolutionary cause, nor his effect upon naval technique. Indeed, the main accomplishment of John Paul Jones was that he shattered the tradition which held that the British navy was invincible, especially in home waters; and this Mr. Russell does not mention at all.

I can hardly believe that the present book will prove as popular as the *Franklin*, merely because the subject has not the same wide appeal. Franklin was at once the most effective and colorful of the Colonial worthies, combining in himself two of the most potent interests of the average American, his patriotism and his libido. *Jones*, although a vintage from the same cask, is a much diluted draft in comparison with the vivid and unique *Franklin*.

ALPHONSE B. MILLER

A Mount Carmel Saga

I AM going off alone and gather my mind, I have something fiery here that will burn down the world to significance." This is what the Reverend Barclay cries out in THE WOMEN AT POINT SUR (Boni & Liveright, $2.50). But it might just as well be Robinson Jeffers himself speaking, at twenty-seven, when, financially independent through a timely inheritance, he went West as far as the Pacific to settle down to work in earnest as a poet. Here, in the course of fourteen years "gathering his mind", in the solitude of uninterrupted stretches of sea and sky, he wrote his *Tamar*, his *Roan Stallion*, his *Californians*, and now *The Women at*

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Point Sur. At forty, his attained age, he is the author of four books of undeniable merit. The critics, long delinquent, now seem to be unanimous in heralding his advent as that of "a new genius whose daring and imagination, intensity and power, bring to mind Whitman and, — even more forcibly, — Sophocles."

The story of *The Women at Point Sur* is like Jeffers's other stories: a poem narrative of "horror redeemed by beauty". As in *Tamar* and *Roan Stallion*, he turns the fierce and unmitigable focus-light of his imagination upon a handful of persons intimately known, uncovers the stark details of their emotional lives, and then at the end leaves them, mercilessly unredeemed, to their fates. To Jeffers, who passes his daily existence amid gaunt immensities, life (human and otherwise) is a grim, disheartening piece of business, — but not without its grandeur. For one thing, it is never trivial. And that is why he writes of it in poetry rather than in prose; and with the true Whitmanesque freedom rather than in the traditional manner.

The women, — April Barclay, Aldis Barclay, Faith Heriot, Natalia Randal, Maruca, — figure less as heroines of the story than does the Reverend Barclay, as hero. It is really the drama of the awakening and god-madness of this man with which the poem is concerned. After ten years of preaching, finding he has nothing to give to his flock and that, all the time, he had been "a blind man leading the blind", he abandons not only his congregation, but his wife and daughter as well, and goes off on a rampage of discovery "out of the maps". It is then that the horrible details and Ibsen-like revelations come: Dr. Barclay, past fifty, and fearing that "chastity has withered his bones", prevails upon Maruca, an Indian housegirl, to submit to him. Subsequently he lures his daughter April to the hills. She, half crazed, vaguely plots his death, but kills herself instead. Barclay goes on, inexhaustible though dying. And more of the same sort!

It is perhaps clear, now, why Jeffers has been compared to Sophocles and, no less aptly, to Whitman. He is, in a sense, both these poets at once, but nearer to the Greek in choice of material, exposition, and grasp of dramatic values. He has not Sophocles's lyrical restraint nor Whitman's broad humanity; for all his tragedy, he is not as tragic as the author of *Oedipus Rex;* nor, for all his intenseness and profundity, as penetrative and stirring as the sage from Camden. On the other hand, he has more than Whitman's stride, a keener grasp of the power and logic of words, a sheerer reach into formidable sublimities. In concentration, in cumulative effects, in impact, he is, of course, not the equal of Sophocles; but in intuition he is no less masterly.

Jeffers's fire is a cold one, but it burns dross away just the same, leaving the inner substance revealed, white and unscarred. He is, in all things, at all times and places, the uncompromising slayer and resurrector, sullen and glorious, hemmed in by loneliness "shattered with exaltation", a soul of granite walking "lightning-naked over the Pacific". He is Bryon as Manfred, sane to madness. Or better still, Lucifer the fallen angel, writing for God.

There is a tremendous, if harsh, voice sounding out of California. And it is authentic.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Dropping the Pilot

CLIO is the most jealous of muses, for she guards historical truth. For that reason she has but few favorites, although thousands dress themselves in her livery and enjoy an ephemeral notoriety at her expense. The world can have but few real historians, for the labor they undertake is one which only the seeker after truth can accomplish; and such a one must have not merely the strength of Hercules but also his contempt for money.

The great historians make a very short shelf. Gibbon and Hume and Macaulay wrote not for money and they died with Clio on their lips. In our own country we honor Prescott and Roscoe Thayer, Bancroft and Washington Irving. In France the names of Taine and Lanfrey stand forth brighter for the lapse of years; and I am tempted to add that of Anatole France for the scholarship and courage with which he rescued from ridiculous hagiology the neurasthenic peasant girl whom the Roman Church proclaimed a saint. Those two volumes on Joan of Arc

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deserve to rank with Renan's *Life of Jesus* as manly struggles to disentangle the truth from an incoherent mass of legend, not to say monkish mendacity.

There is also honest fiction whose authors can approach the temple of Clio with clean hands. In the first rank I would place James Fenimore Cooper, for in such masterly stories as *Myles Wallingford*, *The Pilot*, *The Water Witch*, he writes as one pledged to fidelity in the matter of historical accessories. To appreciate the historical value of Cooper's tales one must compare them critically with Walter Scott's *Pirate*. Thackeray is comparable to Cooper as regards phases of English aristocracy that are far from savory; and Charles Dickens has delighted us with grotesque pictures of the life he knew best; but Cooper is the master of both in so far as they pretend to teach history in pleasant form.

To-day we are inundated by a class of writers who give us neither good fiction nor tolerable history, but an unwholesome species of newspaperese hash noisily advertised and praised overmuch. It is an overfed and overpaid and wofully undereducated public that buys these books. They are mostly written by men whose names carry no weight, who were unknown until advertised in the press as having done "the greatest biography of the century"! People too ignorant or too lazy to read original dispatches or letters greedily buy something that sounds like personal revelations made by some impecunious Paul Pry.

Of this kind was an alleged biography of the German Emperor. It fell flat in the home of William II, because it was a book that merely assembled malicious gossip or disjointed phrases. The author of that book signed himself "Emil Ludwig", but a well informed friend in Germany writes me that his real name is Cohen or Kohn, and that he is highly prized by those of God's chosen people who dread nothing so much as a return of the Hohenzollerns to their ancestral throne. William II is well known in Germany and, being human, he has faults. But the man who for thirty years ruled the strongest of European powers and who expanded her commerce and her territory beyond the dreams of his most ambitious ancestors, — such a sovereign commands the respect, if not the love, of every serious historical student.

Herr Emil Ludwig-Cohen is neither novelist nor biographer, but should command a fair salary as headliner or even columnist on some Chicago daily. He has abused American credulity and innocence by publishing here a *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, a *Napoleon*, and finally a BISMARCK (Little, Brown, $5.00). There is no evidence in any of these of any fitness for such lofty labor, although his language has qualities reminiscent of Walter Scott and Carlyle, — literary ways that are acquired, as youthful actors in my day copied the failings of Sir Henry Irving. With Herr Emil Ludwig-Kohn we can not escape the feeling that his brilliant phraseology serves primarily the cause of a mercenary and vindictive minority who delight in dragging down those who made Germany a pattern of Hohenzollern government, — strong and just and free from Semitic overlordship, such as we see in the Manhattan of to-day.

The final judgment of those who *know* the real Germany of the empire period must be that this would-be biographer does *not* know: he can see but little from his keyhole; and even that little he can not interpret. A General Grant may discuss a Robert E. Lee; a Hindenburg can appreciate a Foch; but that Jew is not yet made who can understand the psychology of a William II or a Bismarck.

POULTNEY BIGELOW

A Good Woman's Vices

WITH resolution-breaking interest, I sat up late into the night poring over A GOOD WOMAN by Louis Bromfield (Stokes, $2.50). Though I liked and admired it, — in those moments when I could detach myself from it long enough to think about it, — yet now I find myself wanting to talk about its faults. The chief of these is that Naomi (one of the book's good women, though not the title-holder) steps out of the picture frame and runs away with the honors. She is so vivid and living, even in her colorlessness, that Emma, *the* good woman, dwindles to a portrait, — a striking and excellent portrait, done with seeing eye and honest brush, notwithstanding the generous blob of hate he mixes with his slate-grays.

Emma, church-pious, self-righteous,

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meddlesome, vigorous, is so dominating, so overwhelming a mother, that she has had no difficulty in getting the malleable Philip to marry Naomi, "the youngest missionary of God", and sending him off with her to darkest Africa to fulfill Emma's ambition of becoming the mother of the first Bishop of East Africa. The story opens with Philip's letter announcing his loss of faith and his impending return home. Naomi, — his virgin wife (Emma has seen to that, — yes, the incest motif, but happily unencumbered with Freudian patter), — prays all the way home and joins forces with Emma in trying to get Philip to go back to his mission. Perhaps the one false stroke in the picture of Emma is this possessive mother's eagerness to send him back to Africa. Aside from this, she is credible and the best parts of her are her fallings away from virtue, as when, to save her pride, she invents myths about her deserting husband and backsliding son. The author seems almost to like her in such moments.

But what really makes the book a distinguished one is Bromfield's presentation of the relation between the mother-smothered Philip, and Naomi, who starts out as wife-in-name-only and ends as something even less, after an interval in which she falls in piteous love with her husband and, almost against his will, produces twins. The awakening of the helpless, slovenly, negligible Naomi, her hopeless love for Philip, the falling away of her warm protecting cloak of religious fervor, are done with unflinching accuracy without a single smear of sentimentality, yet with pity and tenderness.

The other characters in the book are excellently drawn, — with the possible exception of the uncle and the woman Philip really loves. The author has a gift for characterization: Philip "had come to Africa, one might have said, without a face, — with only the soft embryonic countenance upon which life had left no mark." Also, the two backgrounds are done with vividness, — the African scenes throb with beauty and terror and power, the town is drenched with its drabness.

Partly because of Bromfield's rather classic sense of form, partly because he keeps himself free of the latest vocabularic *clichés*, partly because this book stands out as a wallop against a long familiar hypocrisy, the ultra-moderns may find it "old-fashioned". Yet under its conventional exterior, in its essentials, it out-sophisticates the professional sophisticates. It rarely falls to a self-conscious attitude, rarely compromises. The sad ending, however, seemed to me a regrettable compromise, for it was not inevitable. If Philip really had escaped his mother, as the author asserted, even Naomi's experience would not have brought about the end the author presents. Indeed, it seemed almost as if the author, unconsciously no doubt, feared the critics would not realize that this was a serious book if it ended happily. A tragic ending is all too often the passport to approval of the intelligentsia. It takes courage these days to flout the popular attitude that "life is so full of delightful things that we ought to get away from them in literature". Not that I have any prejudice against the tragic curtain, nor yet against a high death rate among characters in fiction. But they should seem inevitable. Philip's end did not. Despite all his sufferings, the dark flavor of tragedy was not his by right, and his death seemed as wrongly conventional as would, say, marriage bells on the last pages of Conrad's *Rescue*.

VIOLA PARADISE

Maurois the Magician

ADJECTIVES of unreserved praise no longer come tripping down Spring lanes, flushed with virginal beauty; at best, they are wan and pallid, worn to fragile weakness by the indiscriminate abuses of publicity. It is a pity. For, before me, is a book, BERNARD QUESNAY (Appleton, $2.00) by André Maurois which could withstand a chorus of flattering adjectives without flinching. M. Maurois has fashioned here a novel of lustre, clarity, and penetrating vision. It is as delicate as crystal, and more beautiful.

Known to American readers principally as the author of *Ariel*, a novelized life of Shelley, and now further known to FORUM readers as the author of *Disraeli*, M. Maurois upon this occasion steps out of the familiar realm and offers a book of sheer fiction. It is the portrait of a middle-class family in a little manufacturing town of France.

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In theme *Bernard Quesnay* approximates that of *The Turmoil* by Booth Tarkington. It is a study of two forces: man and machine. In Tarkington's novel the keynote was frustration, the hero despite the poetry and rebellion in him, being battered down in the end. On the other hand, M. Maurois' character, Bernard, finds in the machine a more satisfying mistress than awaited him vainly so many evenings in Paris.

At Pont-de-l'Eure are the great textile mills of Achille Quesnay, whose life is wed to his work. His grandsons, Bernard and Antoine, are taken into partnership as the story opens. Antoine seems more promising as a success in the enterprise, for Bernard's mind runs in this fashion: "If I had the will or merely good sense, I would tell Monsieur Achille this very morning that I was going, and would settle in Paris. I would go in for mathematics, history, riding and fencing, and would see Simone every day. That would be happiness."

As the novel progresses, the throb of the looms in Bernard's ears echoes in his blood. He begins to feel the spirit within the machines, and gradually neglects other affairs for the mills. Antoine, on the other hand, has a charming wife who wilts in the stifling environment of Pont-de-l'Eure. Heeding her pleadings Antoine leaves the factory, and finally Bernard who has renounced all former diversions, becomes head of the mills upon the death of his grandfather, and in the closing chapter he has become precisely like this old gentleman whom he detested a few years before.

That, in a sketchy way, is the plot. The plot, however, is least important. *Bernard Quesnay* will be remembered primarily as a work of skilful art. Told in a detached, casual, oftentimes in a most soulless manner, the story has nevertheless superb emotional qualities. Analyzed, disintegrated, the material is not unusual; but put back in its proper perspective, the charm and power of it amaze. At no time does the author enter into a character to color his attitude; the life and pronounced personal effect are thus the more remarkable. A master of concise presentation, M. Maurois captures an entire train of thought within the compass of a brief sentence. With a few deft strokes the stage is set with several clearly conceived characters moving upon it. One has no difficulty in seeing and recognizing Monsieur Achille, for instance, as a most human person.

The hum of machines dominates the story. Even when Bernard is in the presence of his beloved Simone, the reader, like Bernard can not escape this constant undercurrent. Memorable and wholly delightful is the episode where Antoine and his wife attend the theatre. The scene is achieved flawlessly, — the audience, the notables in the audience, the players. All the time a mental tumult rages within Antoine, and the manner in which the play and this upheaval are interwoven, made one, is an exquisite triumph for M. Maurois. Incidentally, in Antoine rather than in Bernard, I feel the author's powers approaching certain heights. Throughout the book M. Maurois employs the short, staccato sentence; rarely is there a flowing line. Despite this there is no sagging, no monotony, and the book is of that family which commands the reading in a single sitting.

M. Maurois, in short, is a magician. He is a magician, moreover, who does not rest content with the customary tricks of legerdemain, but must go on to accomplish feats of undisputed magic. *Bernard Quesnay* is one of these.

OLIVER JENKINS

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